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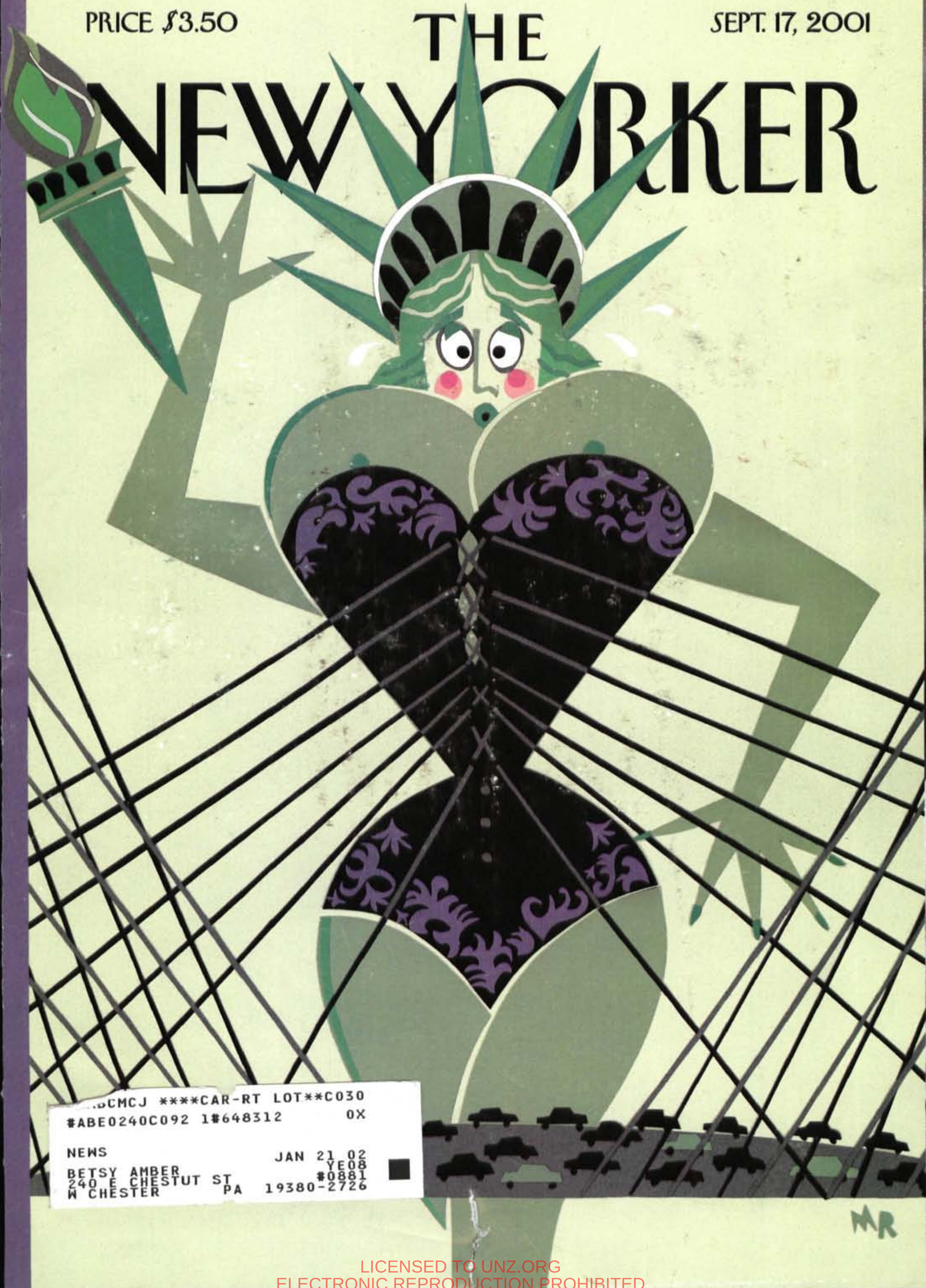
SEPT. 17, 2001



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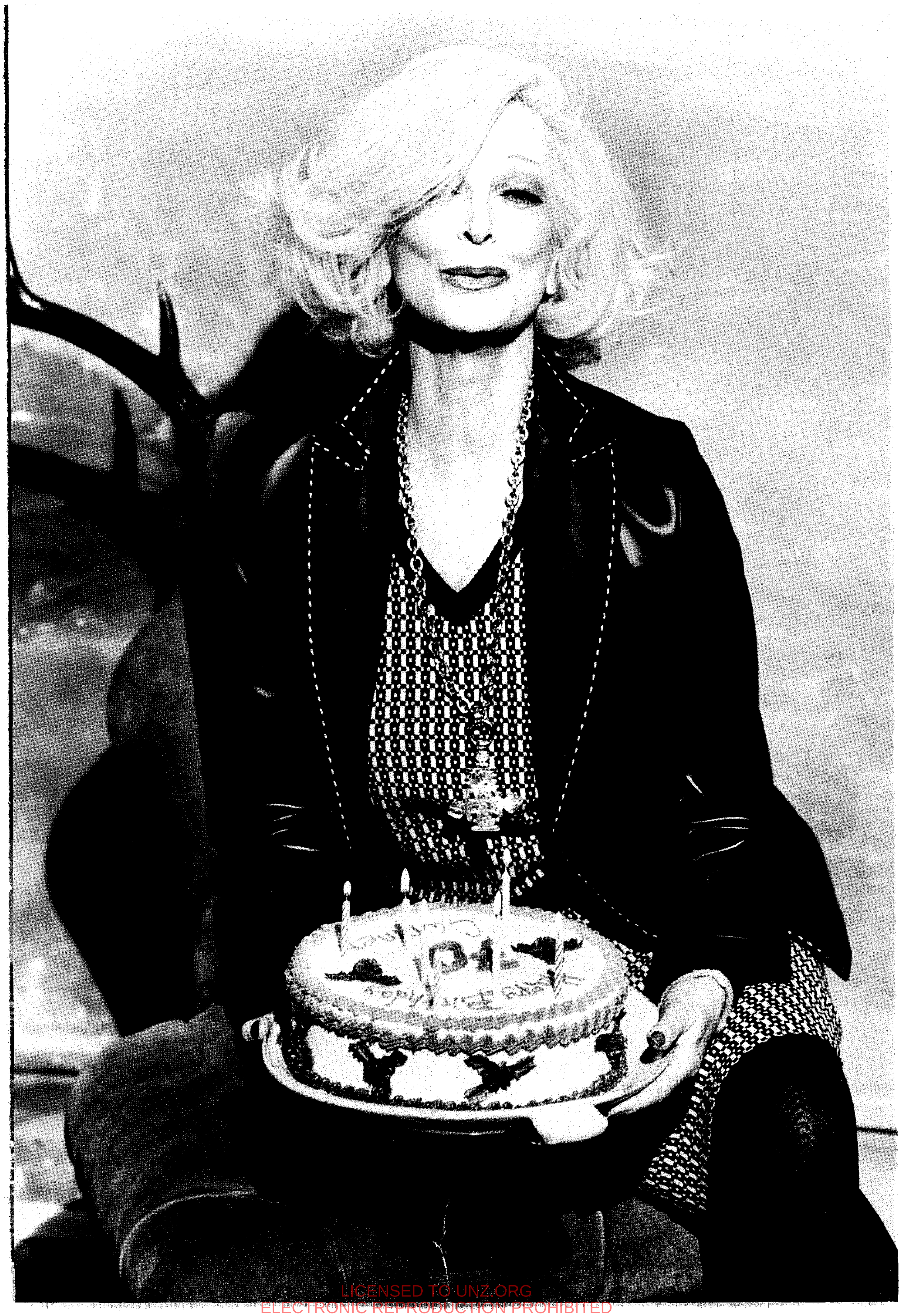
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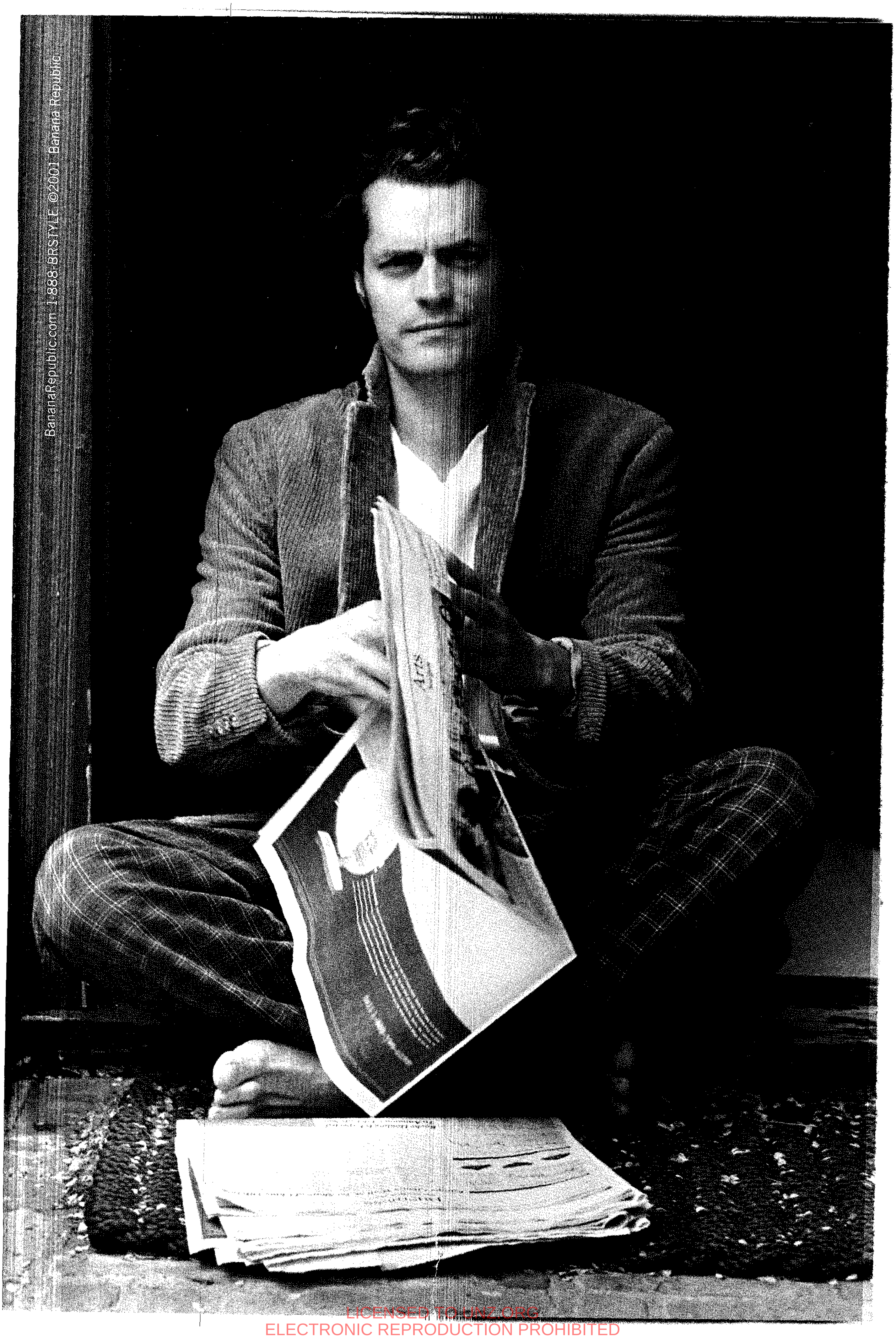
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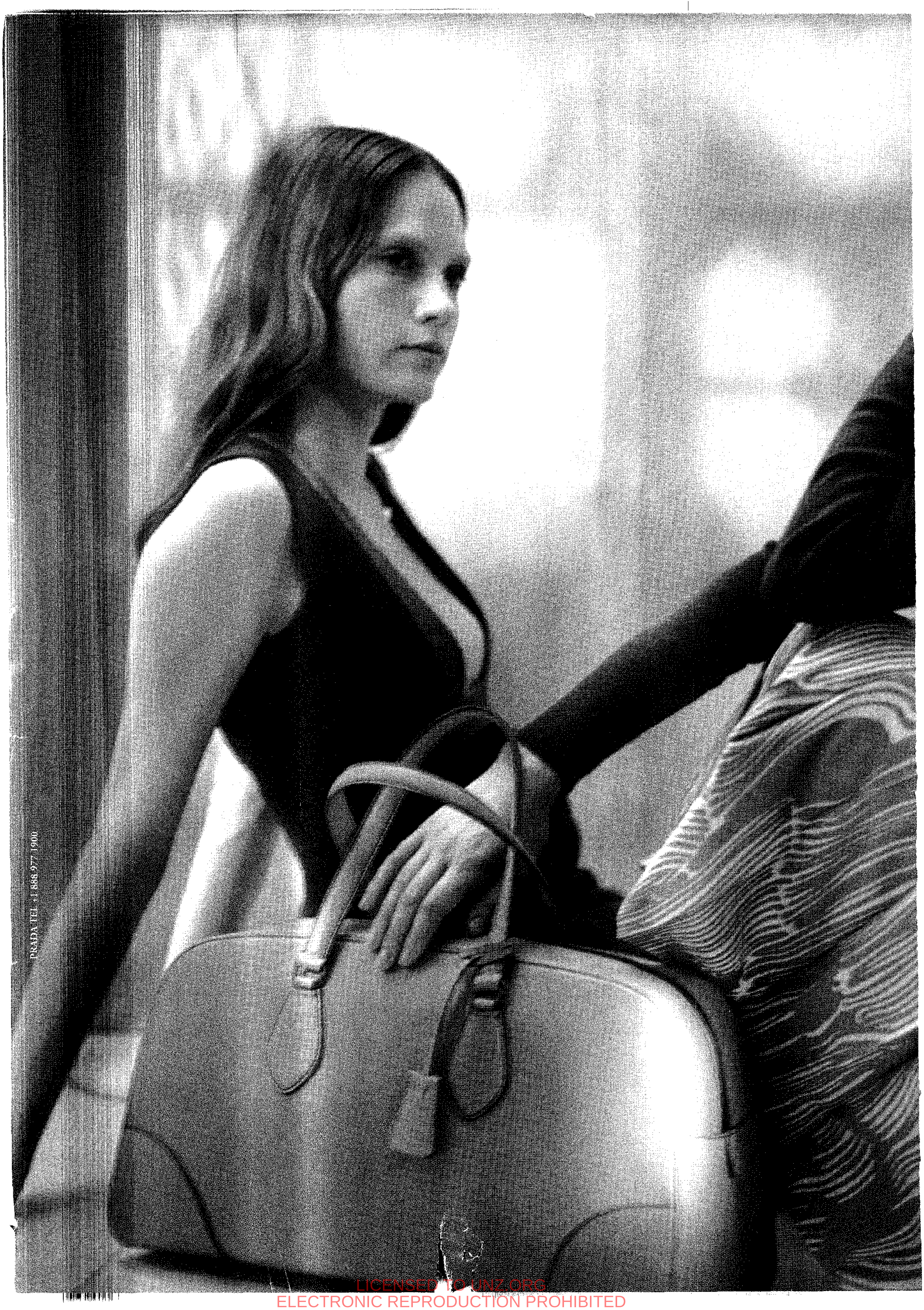
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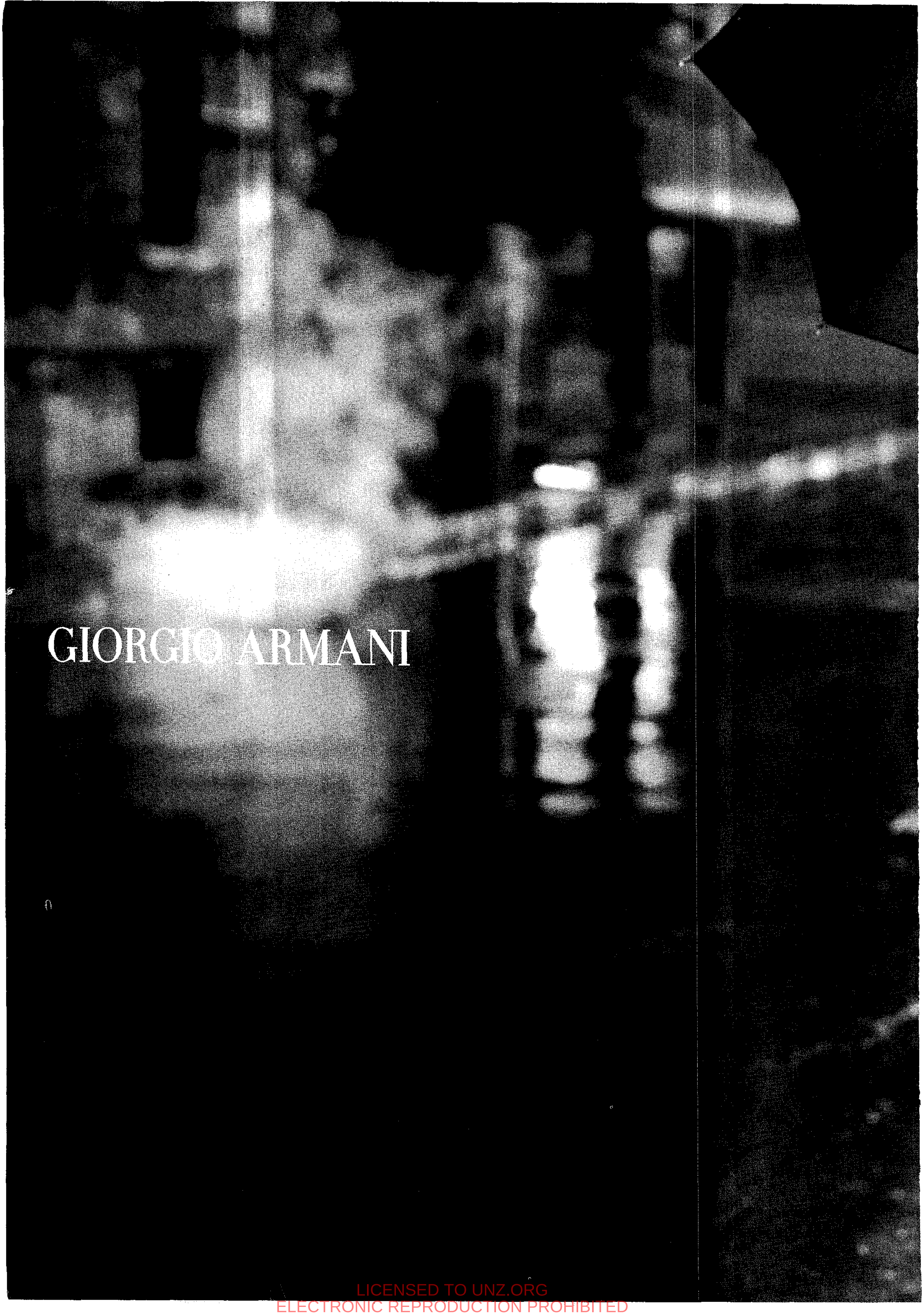
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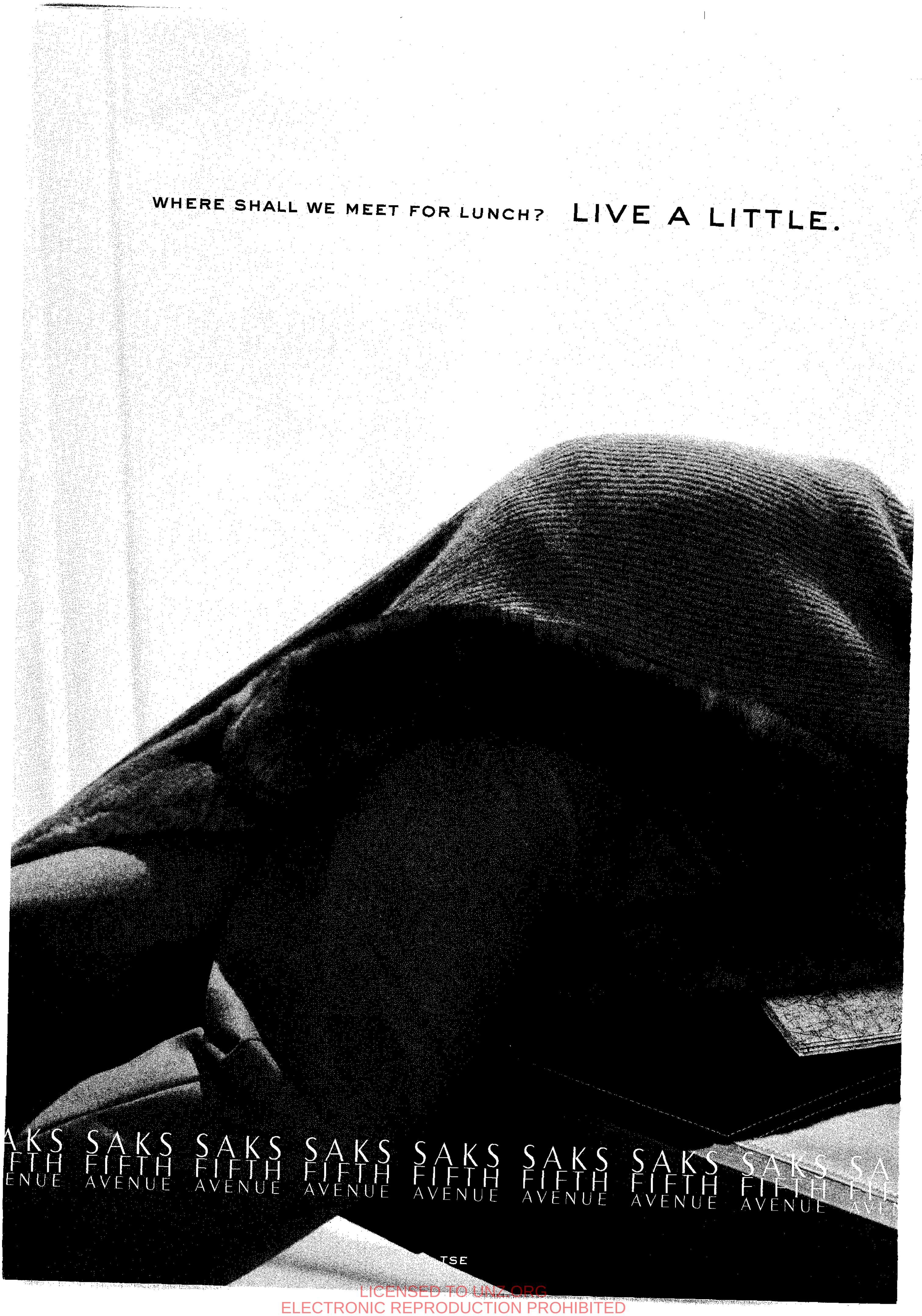
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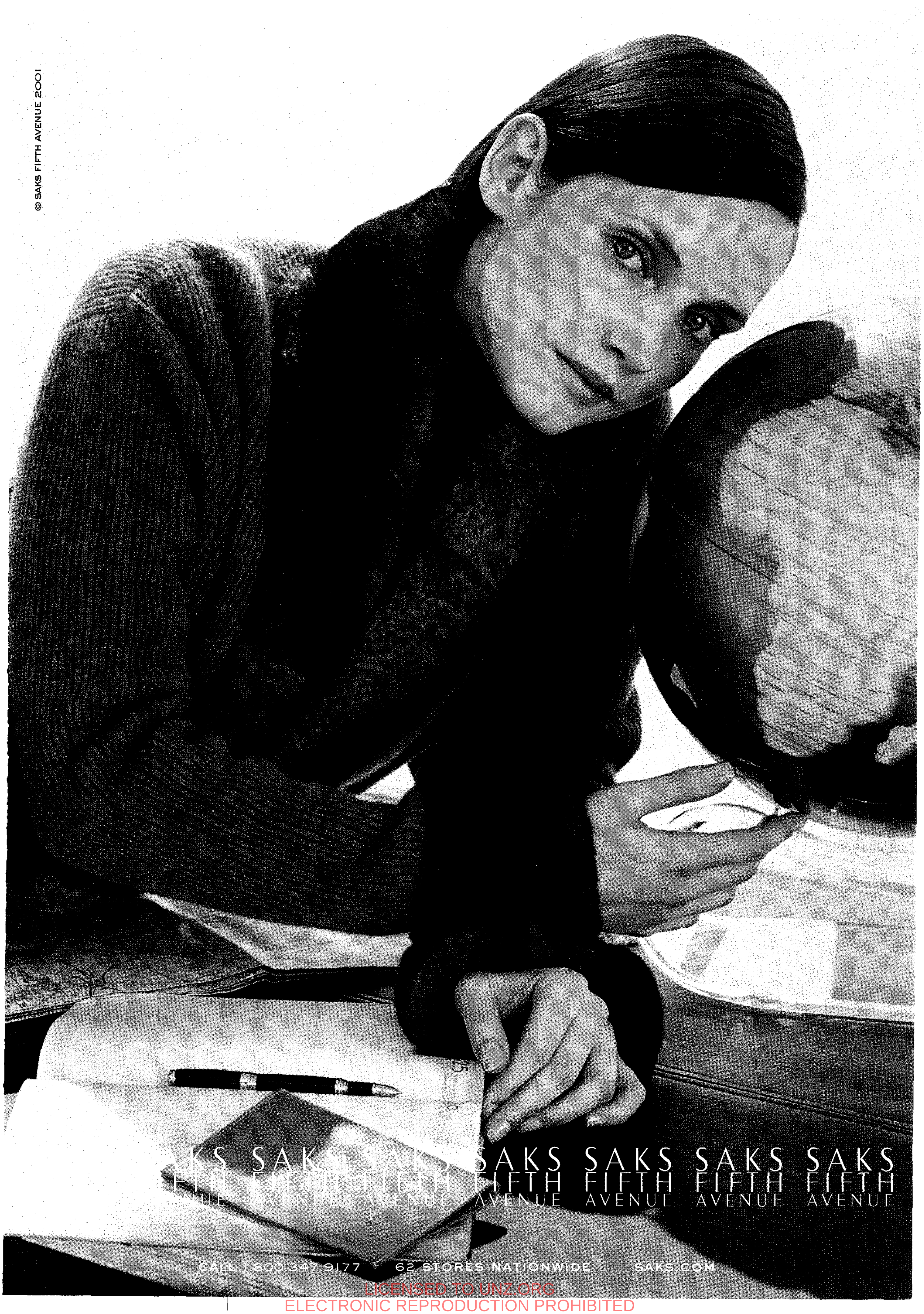© SAKS FIFTH AVENUE 2001
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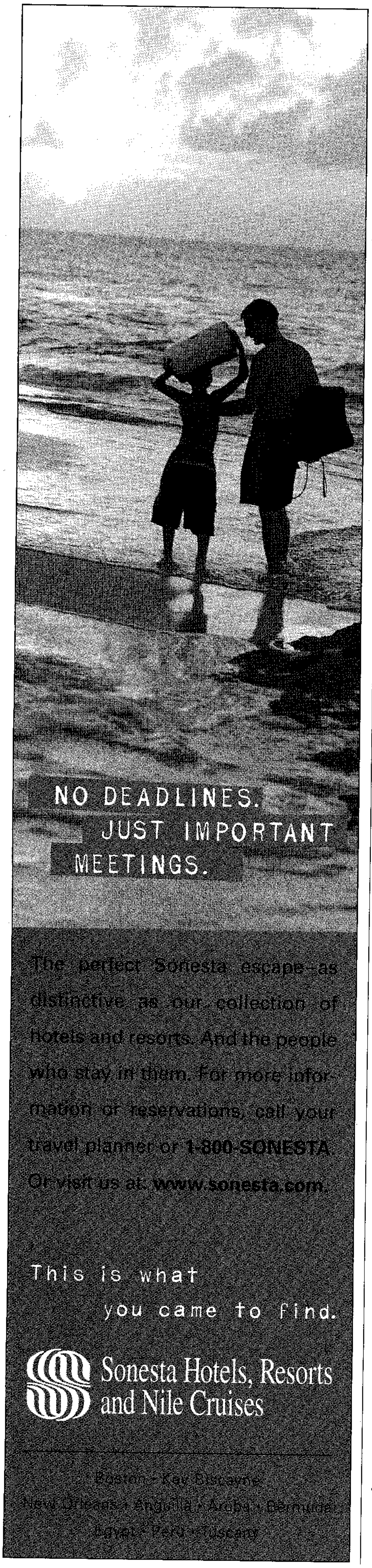
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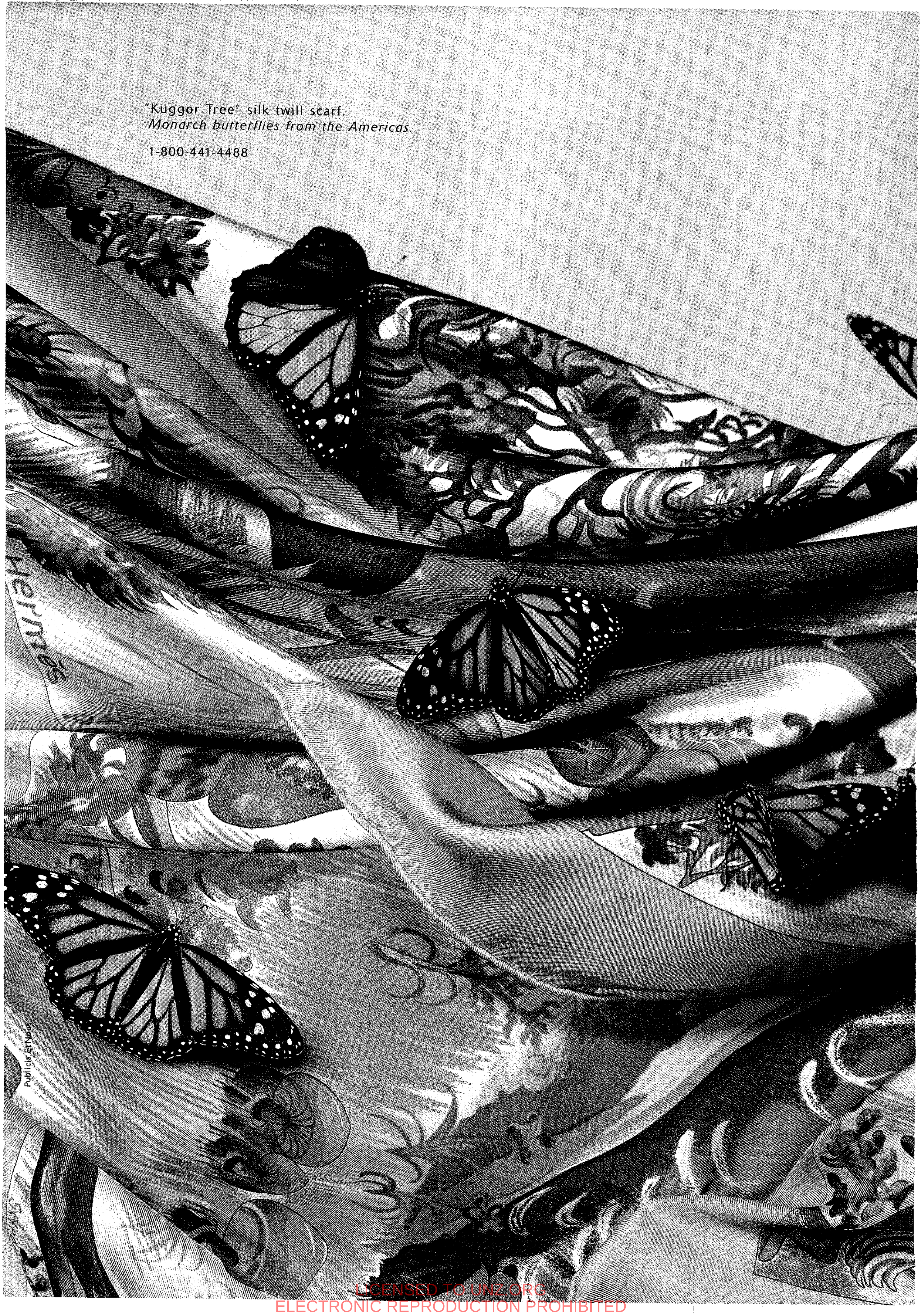

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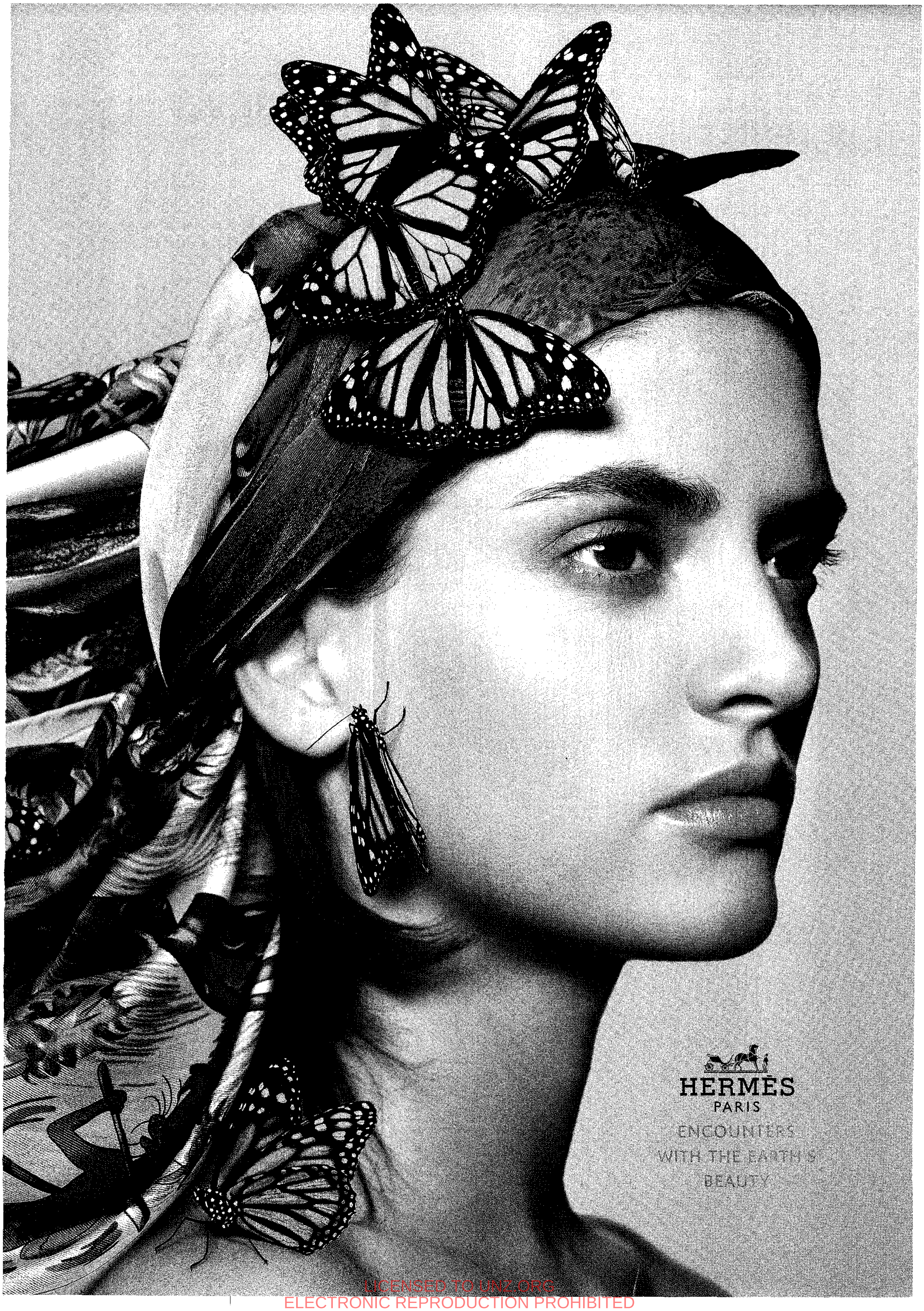
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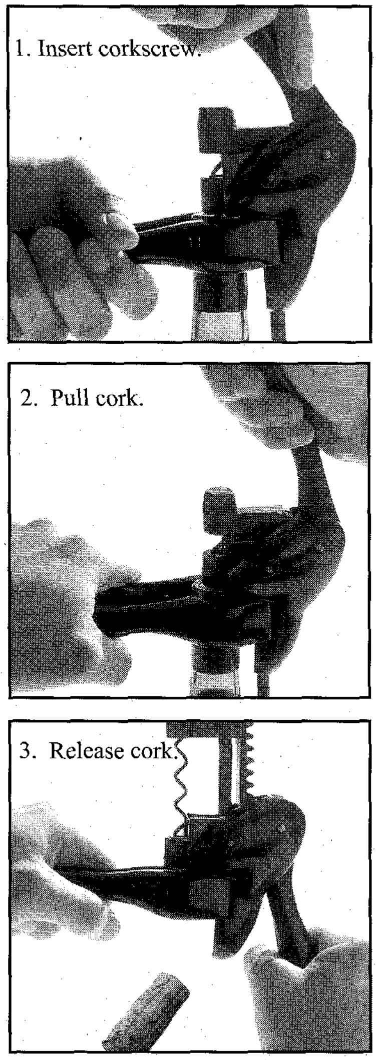

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CONTRIBUTORS

Diana Vreeland ("Memos from D.V.," p. 74), who died in 1989, was the editor-in-chief of *Vogue* from 1962 to 1971. A more extensive collection of her memos will be published by *Visionaire* later this year.

John Seabrook ("Plastic Man," p. 120) is the author of "Nobrow: The Culture of Marketing—The Marketing of Culture."

Rebecca Mead ("Latin Lover," p. 107) has been a staff writer since 1997.

Alec Wilkinson (Shouts & Murmurs, p. 118) will publish "My Mentor," a book about William Maxwell, in the spring.

Sheila Metzner (Portfolio, p. 140) has an exhibition of her work opening September 12th at the John Stevenson Gallery, in New York.

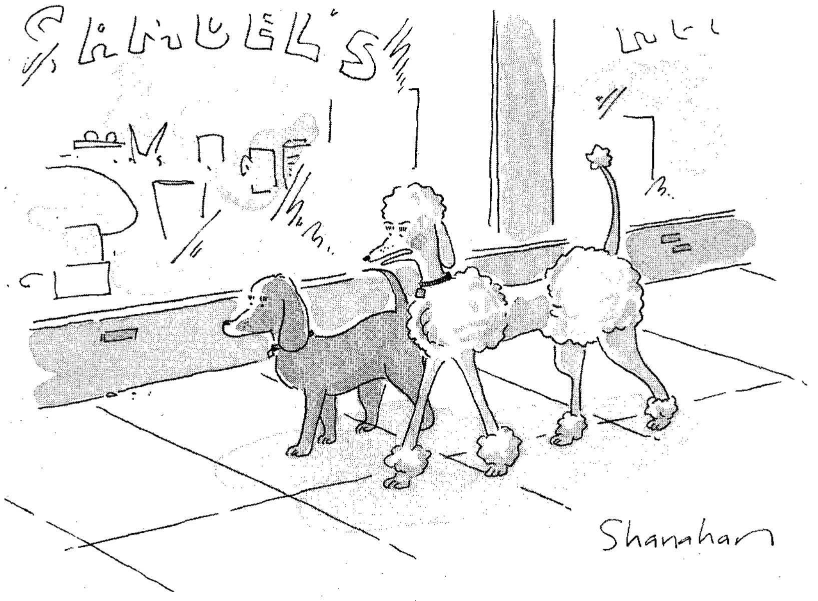
David Owen ("Going Solo," p. 130) has expanded his *New Yorker* profile of Tiger Woods into a book, "The Chosen One," which comes out next month.

Hanif Kureishi (Fiction, p. 152) will publish a new novel, "Gabriel's Gift," this month. His novel "Intimacy" has been made into a movie and will be featured at the New York Film Festival, in October.

Nancy Franklin (On Television, p. 163) writes a regular column on television and is a theatre critic for the magazine.

Jerome Groopman (Books, p. 165) is the Recanati Professor of Medicine at Harvard. His most recent book is "Second Opinions."

Michael Roberts (Cover) is the magazine's fashion editor. ♦



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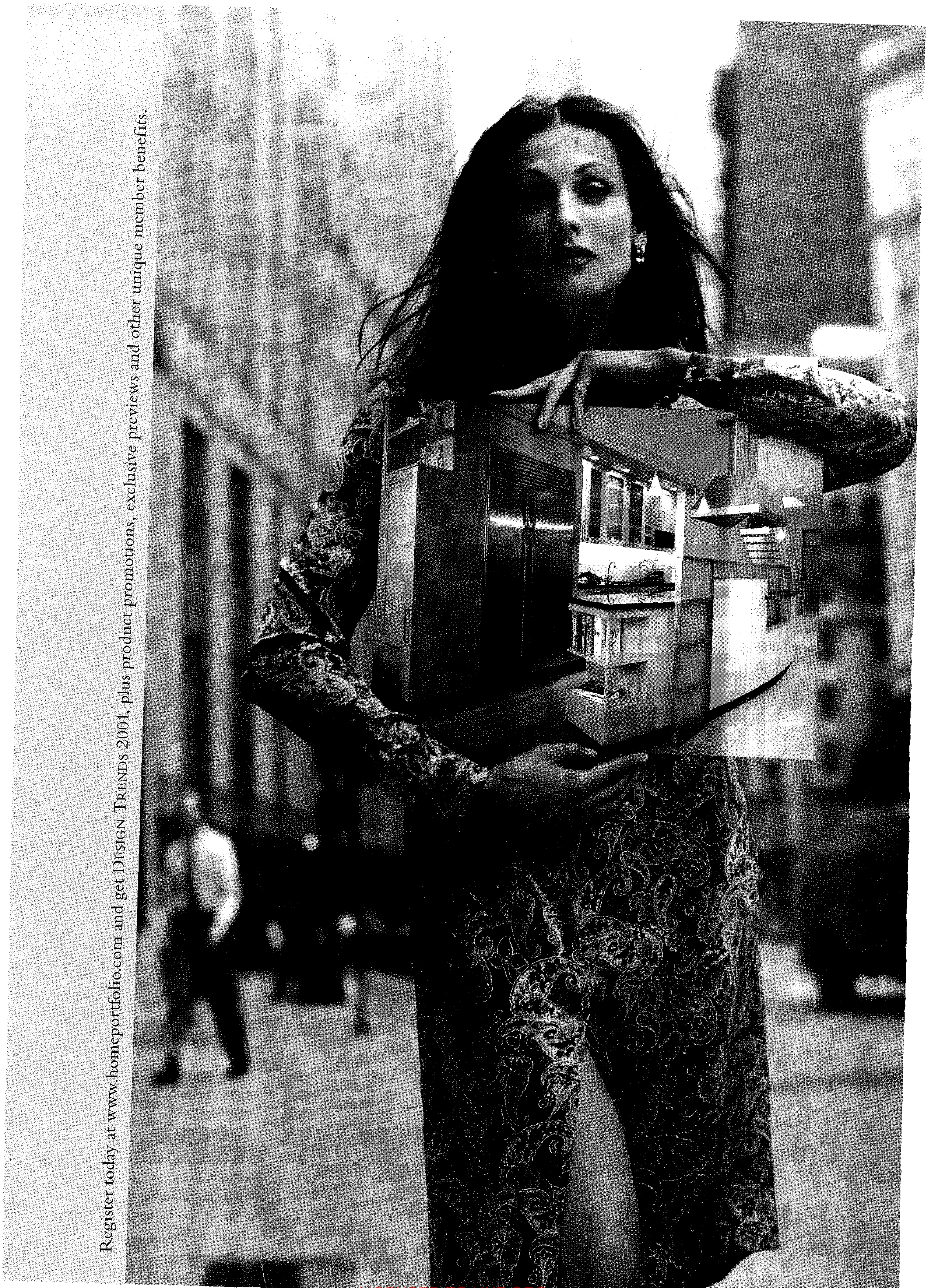

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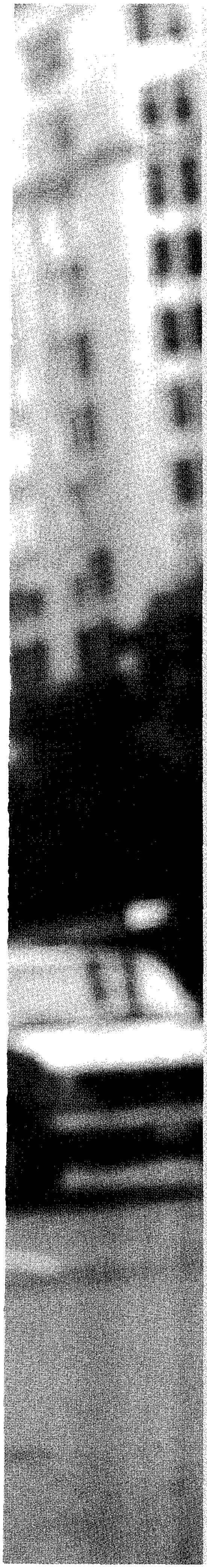

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DENYING DEATH

The questions that Gary Greenberg raises about the scientific reality of brain death—a diagnosis that is a prerequisite for most vital-organ donations—were also brought up, in an unexpected context, in a 1980 murder trial in Brooklyn ("As Good as Dead," August 13th). Justice Sybil Hart Kooper presided over a case in which the victim, who had been shot in the head, was declared brain dead, although his heart continued to beat. Permission was given by his relatives for the removal of his vital organs for transplant. The defense asserted that the perpetrator shouldn't be convicted of murder, since the cause of death, they argued, was surgery that was performed when the victim was "alive." In an exhaustive opinion, the Justice held that brain death justified the murder conviction. Until then, it should be noted, there was no definition of brain death in the criminal law of New York.

Harry V. Kaplan
Hallandale, Fla.

There is, in addition to the pressure imposed by the need for organ donors, another aspect to the dilemma of brain death: it is often pronounced in a medical intensive-care unit. This department, with its tremendous concentration of state-of-the-art medical equipment, is the most costly venue of the hospital, and spaces are in constant demand—an empty M.I.C.U. bed is a rarity. When a declaration of brain death is made, it should be by an independent doctor, and not be influenced by the limited-resource allocation that is so much part of modern medical practice.

Rabbi Robert S. Sharff
Member, Bioethics Committee
Houston Northwest Medical Center
Houston, Texas

Although the criteria for brain death were established with the requirements of organ transplantation in mind, as Greenberg points out, the diagnosis has come to be considered a decisive moment—one that separates life from death. Even if the science behind it is unsettled, brain death has a meaning that people agree upon, as the result of a consensus of government, researchers, and communities. The question is not whether brain death conceals, or is less than the truth, as the author suggests. It is, as always, a question of what we, as a society, determine to be the truth.

Sheldon Zink
Lecturer, Center for Bioethics
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Pa.

An organ-procurement expert Greenberg spoke to described family members who perceive brain-dead patients as alive as being in "denial," and a few weeks ago I might have agreed. But, since then, I've returned from my sister's bedside, where she fought her way to death after a massive stroke. The CAT scan showed an enlarged brain, with bloody fluid everywhere, and there were no signs of what we would call awareness. And yet, as I looked into her one open eye, talked to her, and held her hand, I felt her presence. I opposed further treatment. I wished for her to die. But had someone suggested removing the oxygen mask, I would have been horrified. She was simply too alive to deprive her of that small support. From this, I came to understand how private and individual decisions about life and death must be. The doctors may have been right that my sister knew nothing and felt nothing. But I will always feel that on her last night, as I read to her from "Mansfield Park," her spirit was there for one final visit. This unshakable feeling, known to many who have sat with the dying, will make it a thornier task to come up with a definition of being dead that includes being alive.

Judy Stone-Goldman
Bellevue, Wash.

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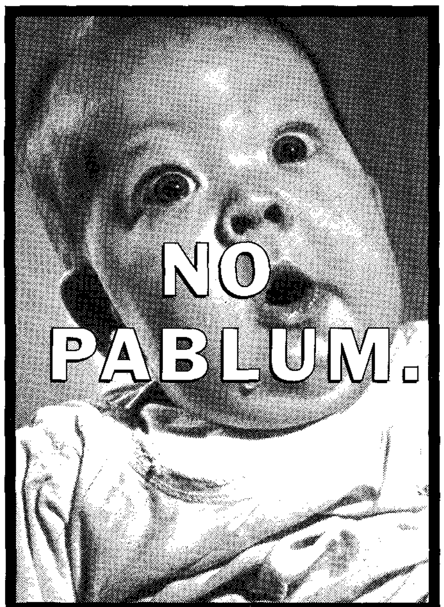

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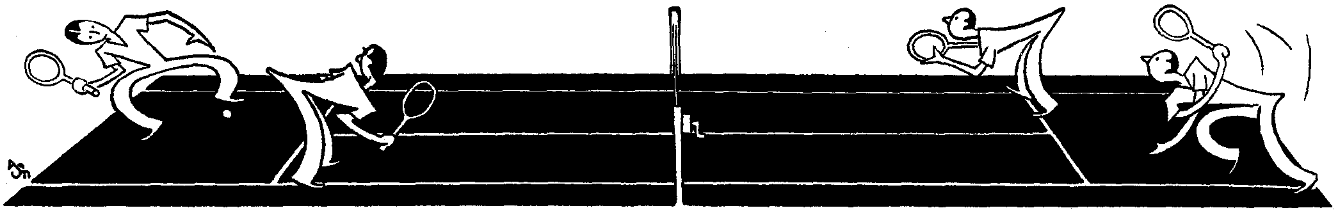

THE THEATRE
OPENINGS & PREVIEWS

Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.

EXIT THE KING
The Pearl Theatre Company kicks off the season with Ionesco's 1962 tragicomedy. Previews begin Sept. 13. (80 St. Mark's Pl. 598-9802.)

THE LAST BARBECUE
Brett Neveu's dark comedy, set during a suburban family picnic. Previews begin Sept. 13. (29th Street Rep, 212 W. 29th St. 465-1714.)

THE LATE HENRY MOSS
A pair of estranged brothers (Ethan Hawke and Arliss Howard) confront each other after the death of their father, in Sam Shepard's latest play. Joseph Chaikin is the director. In previews. (Signature Theatre, 555 W. 42nd St. 244-7529.)

LET'S FACE IT
Cole Porter's 1941 musical inaugurates the "Lost Musicals" series, which offers concert stagings of overlooked works. Ian Marshall Fisher is the director. Three performances only. Sept. 16 and Sept. 23-24 at 6:30. (New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park W. 800-451-9930.)

LOVE
The former television writer and producer David S. Rosenthal's first play, which was inspired by his overwhelming desire to bed a particular supermodel. Preview on Sept. 12. Opens Sept. 13 at 8. (East 13th Street Theatre, 136 E. 13th St. 307-1300.)

REEFER MADNESS
The 1936 film about the evils of weed has been turned into a musical by Kevin Murphy (lyrics and book) and Dan Studney (music and book). With choreography by Paula Abdul. Andy Fickman is the director. Previews begin Sept. 15. (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

RUDE ENTERTAINMENT
Three one-acts by Paul Rudnick ("Mr. Charles, Currently of Palm Beach," "Very Special Needs," and "On the Fence"). The casts include Peter Bartlett, Harriet Harris, and Neal Huff. Christopher Ashley is the director. In previews. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. 239-6200.)

RUTHERFORD & SON
Githa Sowerby's 1912 drama, about the heir to a glass factory who tyrannizes his family while trying to save his failing business. Opens Sept. 12 at 7. (Mint, 311 W. 43rd St. 315-0231.)

THE SPITFIRE GRILL
James Valcq wrote the music and the late Fred Alley wrote the book for this new musical, based on the 1996 film. In previews. (Duke Theatre, 229 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

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URINETOWN
Mark Hollmann and Greg Kotis's musical comedy about a city in the throes of ecological disaster, starring John Cullum, has moved to Broadway. John Rando is the director. Two previews on Sept. 12. Opens Sept. 13 at 6:45. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.)

OPENED RECENTLY

BAT BOY: THE MUSICAL
A kind of "My Fair Bat Boy," in which a half-bat, half-man—memorably played by Deven May—emerges from his childhood cave into adult bourgeois life. But the musical world he enters is one of darkness, not light, of ironies, not idealism, where plot is a history of abdications and song extolls the emptiness of all the standard credos—Christianity, family, community, love, redemption—and of the musical form itself. It's a jejune vision, but a smart, playful, and funny one nonetheless. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/9/01.) (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 307-4100.)

BLAST!
A musical extravaganza, which evolved from the drum-and-bugle corps Star of Indiana. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.)

COMMUNICATIONS FROM A COCKROACH
Don Marquis's poet cockroach, Archy, and his pal Mehitabel the cat come to the stage, embodied by Ralph Lee's beautiful and expressive puppets. These tales of New York in the twenties—including a hilariously poignant excursion to Long Island and a ditty about Prohibition—have held up surprisingly well. It's a glimpse not just into the city but also into the tales we all tell ourselves in order to survive in it. Mr. Lee, who adapted the works with Scott Cargle, has created a show that manages to charm kids and make adults smile ruefully. Neal Kirkwood's music, performed live, adds a jazzy, edgy note. (For venue and schedule information, call 479-7710. Closes Sept. 16.)

THE DIVISION OF MEMORY
During the final moments of his life, a black-American research biologist examines his place in the twentieth century, in a multimedia drama by Clarinda Mac Low, James Hannaham, and Tanya Barfield. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Closes Sept. 23.)

DOWN SOUTH
In a comedy by Doug Field, the Rattlestick Theatre takes aim at the Cuban-missile crisis. (224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 239-6200. Closes Sept. 30.)

FIRST LOVE
Ruth Maleczech and Frederick Neumann portray two strangers whose lives are transformed by a chance meeting, in a play by Charles Mee. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 239-6200.)

42ND STREET
As a domineering diva who breaks her ankle before the big opening night, the wonderful Christine Ebersole steals the show in this revival of the 1980 tap musical based on the 1933 film. But it has to be said: it was probably easy to do. As the young chorine who steps in to save the day, Kate Levering doesn't have enough star power to shine above the legions of hoofers who crowd the stage, and Michael Cumpsty, as the gruff director, is sorely miscast. Still, if this sort of show is your cup of tea, the songs are wonderful and the dancing is fine—just know that the cup is not quite full. (Ford Center, 213 W. 42nd St. 307-4100.)

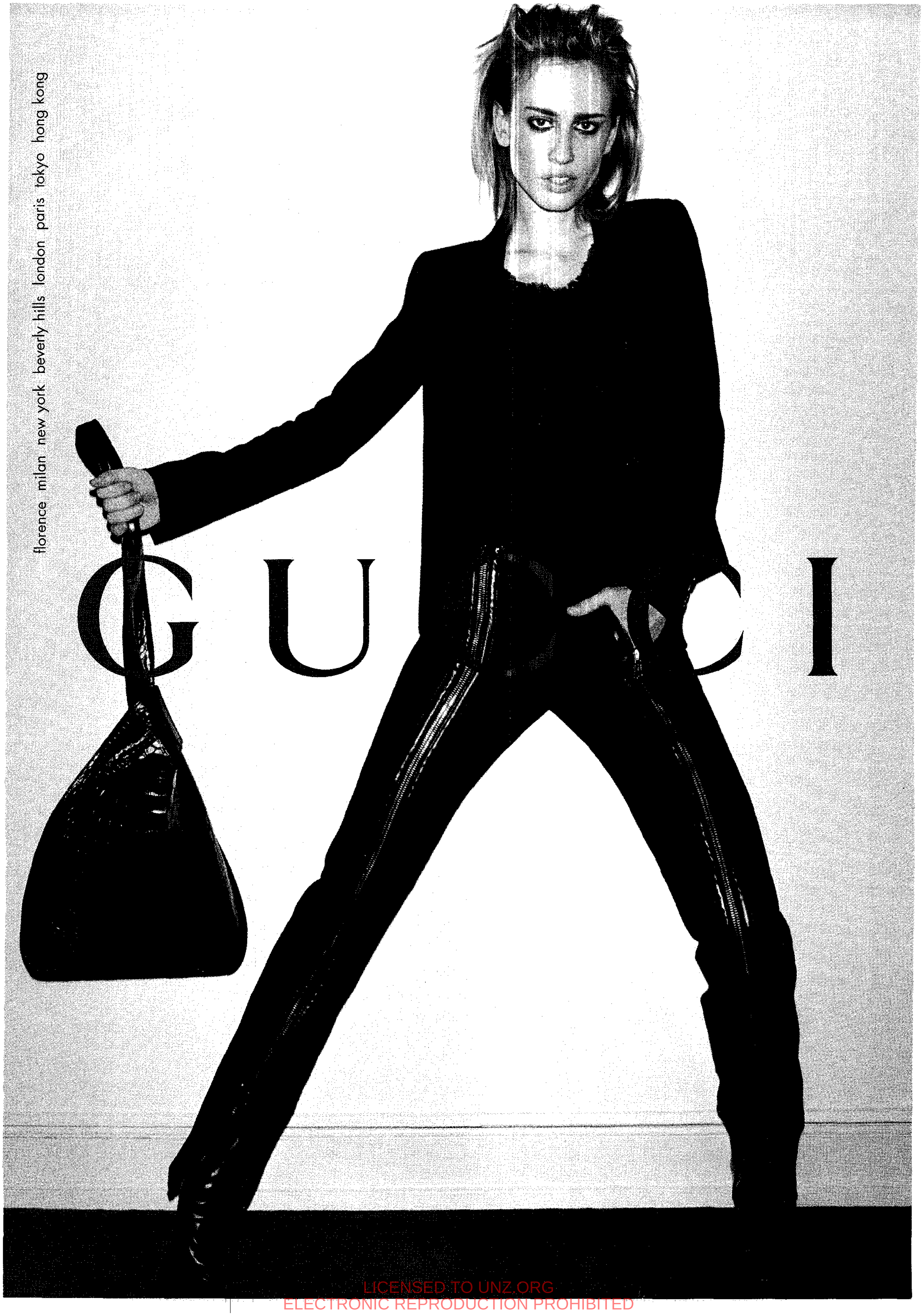
HELSINOR
At the outset of Todd Alcott's take on "Hamlet," which stars James Urbaniak, the King is still alive and running the country badly. Sheri Graubert, Chuck Montgomery, Steven Rattazzi, and Sean Runnette are also in the cast. (Present Company Theatorium, 198 Stanton St. 420-8877.)

THE HOLY MOTHER OF HADLEY, NEW YORK
After suffering a nervous breakdown, a small-town woman claims to have been healed by the Virgin Mary, in a black comedy by Barbara Wiechmann. Rachel Dickstein is the director. (Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. 206-1515.)

IF YOU EVER LEAVE ME, I'M GOING WITH YOU!
From the husband-and-wife acting and comedy-writing team Renee Taylor and Joseph Bologna, a play about their thirty-six-year relationship—which has included a wedding reception on "The Merv Griffin Show" and the renewal of their marriage vows five times. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

IONESCO FESTIVAL
The absurdist playwright's œuvre, performed by twenty-nine Off and Off-Off Broadway companies, including the Pearl, the Jean Cocteau Rep, the Looking Glass Theatre, and the Sanctuary Theatre. Through Dec. 2. (For information about schedules, venues, and tickets, call 387-2043.)

THE IRISH . . . AND HOW THEY GOT THAT WAY
This revue by Frank McCourt, author of the best-selling memoir "Angela's Ashes," is a generally good-natured if somewhat choppy amalgam of historical tidbits, quotations from letters and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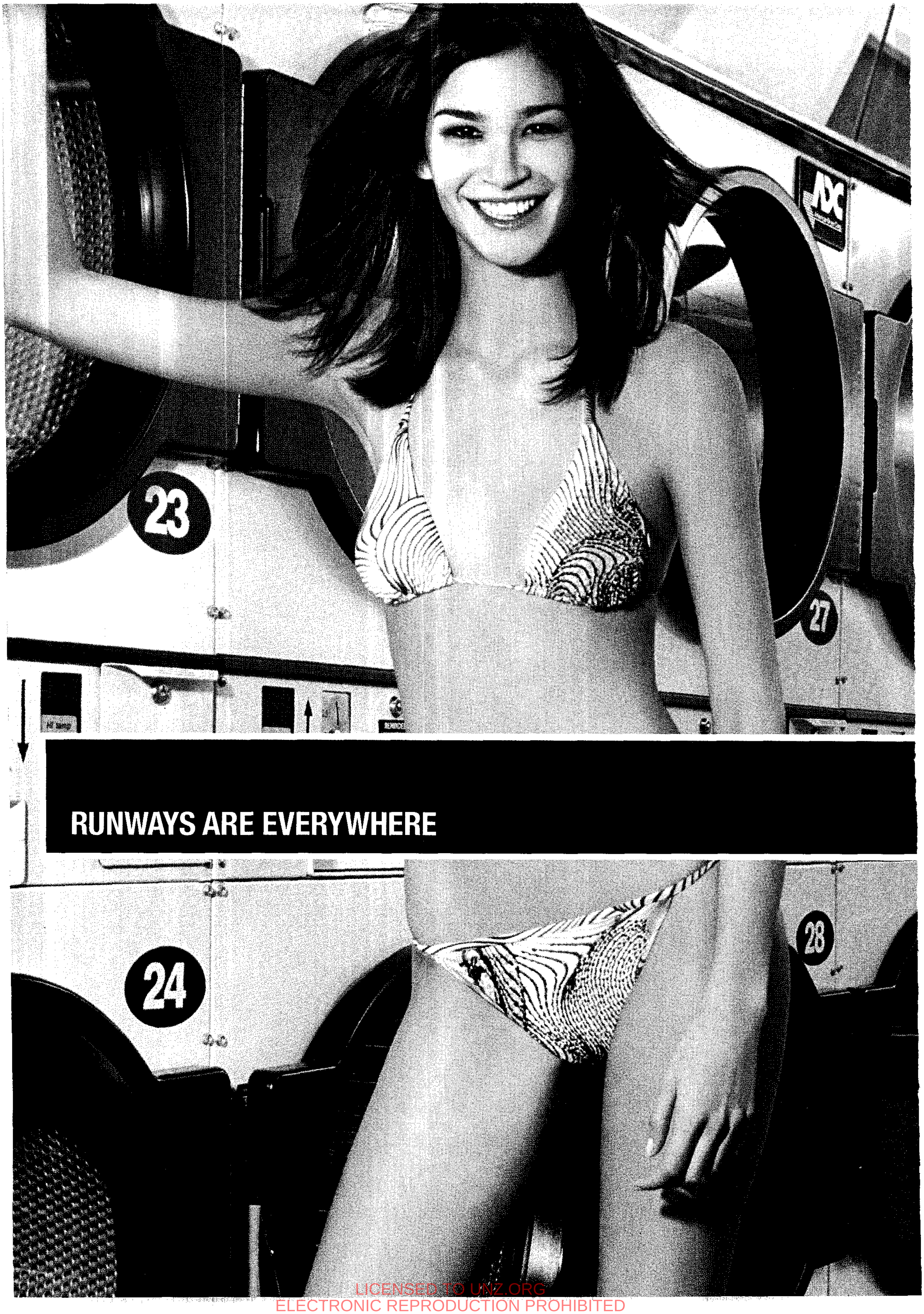
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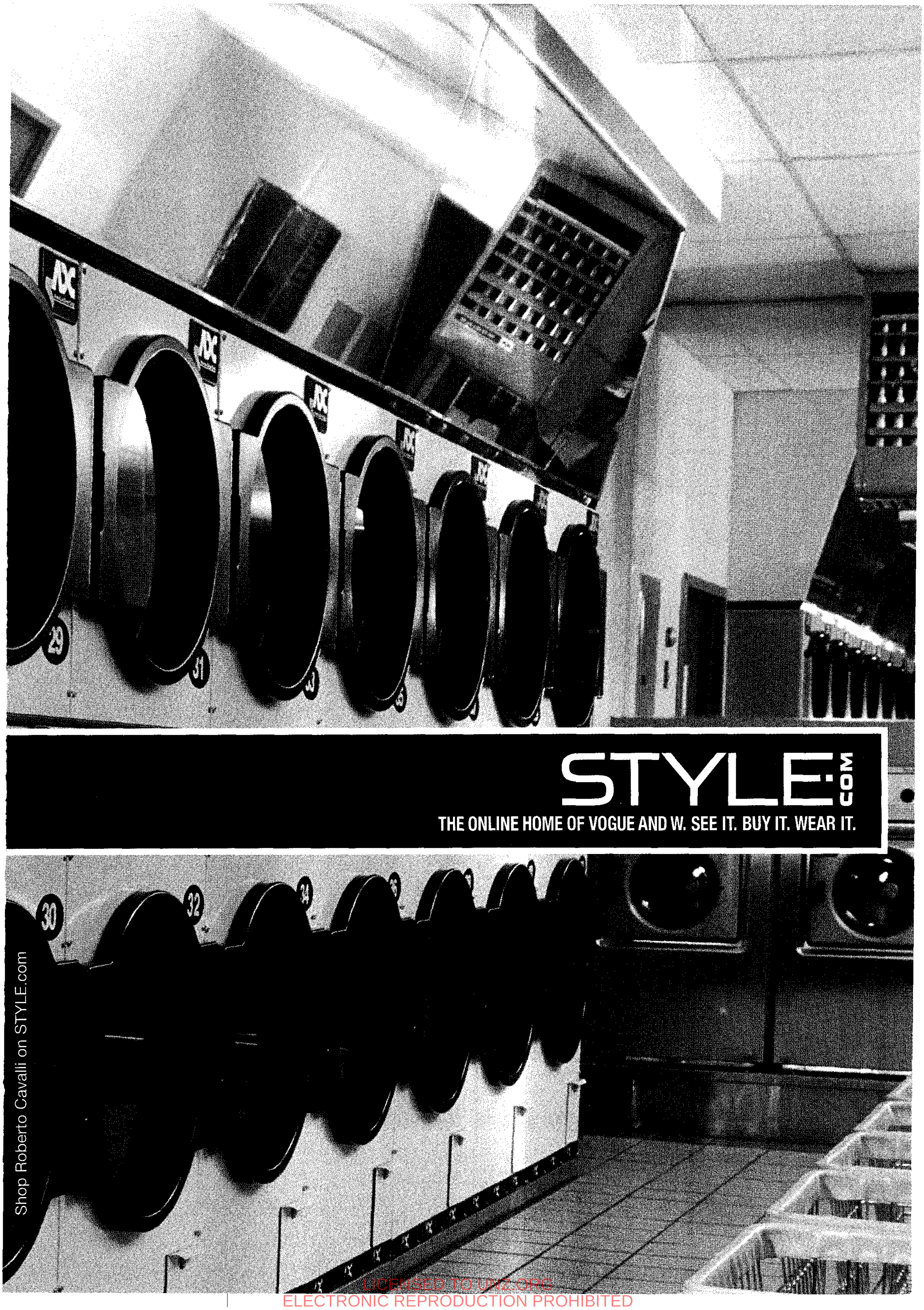
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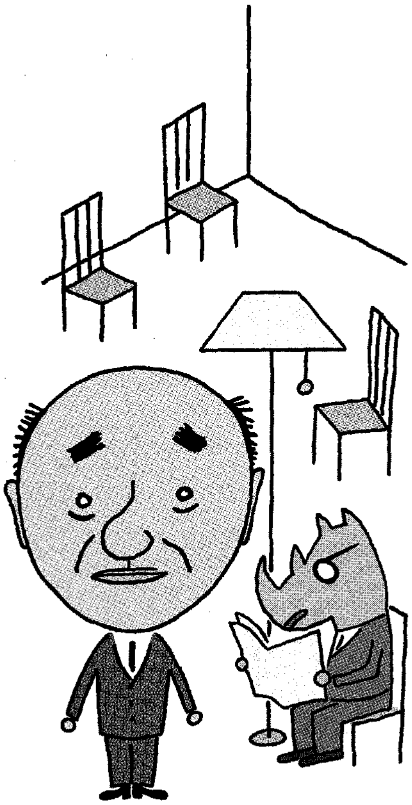
speeches, and Irish songs from the past two centuries, performed by a versatile and charming cast of six singers and musicians. McCourt's stories of the potato famine are heart-wrenching, and his view that the privation gave the rather dreamy Irish a hard streak of fortitude lends poignance to his mostly lighthearted portrayal of the travails of Irish-Americans. As in "Angela's Ashes," tragedy is always present, but here even more than in the book it's leavened by achievement and a great deal of humor. Deftly directed by Charlotte Moore. (Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. 727-2737. Closes Sept. 23.)



The Ionesco Festival has begun.

LOVE, JANIS
A musical play about Janis Joplin, built around her songs, writings, and interviews. Though it contains no new insight, it's a useful corrective to the drunken, drug-addicted legend, and the production is a fine one. Randal Myler directed with a sure eye for the telling detail, and the seven-member band really cooks. (Village Theatre, 158 Bleecker St. 307-4100.)

MAJOR BARBARA
Cherry Jones, as a major in the Salvation Army, and David Warner, as her rich munitions-manufacturer father, Andrew Undershaft, square off in this revival of George Bernard Shaw's 1905 examination of the social order, under the direction of Daniel Sullivan. Shaw's merry-prankster ironies on the subjects of salvation and capitalism are no less timely today than they were a hundred years ago, but the play has built-in dramatic limits. When it comes to actual human beings, Shaw is perhaps too clever by half; one could say that there is nothing at stake but the future of humanity. Also with Zak Orth and Dana Ivey, who, as the practical matriarch of the Undershaft family, provides unknowingly witty commentary on the essential nature of family values. (7/30/01) (American Airlines Theatre, 227 W. 42nd St. 719-1300. Closes Sept. 16.)

MANAGERS
A tragicomedy by the corporate headhunter and playwright Kevin Mandel, set at a newly launched talent-management and production company. (Kraine, 85 E. 4th St. 539-3958. Closes Sept. 22.)

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING
The Aquila Theatre Company's version of Shakespeare's comedy, set in London in the sixties. (45 Bleecker Street Theatre, at 45 Bleecker St. 529-4530. Closes Sept. 16.)

THE PRODUCERS
High-camp heaven from Mel Brooks, who wrote the music and the lyrics for this monster-hit version of his 1968 movie—in which two scoundrels try to bilk their investors by staging a surefire failure, entitled "Springtime for Hitler." The performing centerpiece of the show is Nathan Lane, as the flamboyant huckster Max Bialystock; his kind of high-amperage panache is in limited supply these days, and both he and the excellent Matthew Broderick, as the hapless accountant Leo Bloom, deliver the mail. Expertly staged by Susan Stroman. (5/7/01) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

SMALL CRAFT WARNINGS
Tennessee Williams's 1972 play, in a Jean Cocteau Rep production. (330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

STONES IN HIS POCKETS
Marie Jones's play is set in an Irish village where a big-budget Hollywood movie is being made. Conleth Hill and Seán Campion play two extras in the movie and all thirteen other characters as well. Though the play has its clever ways when it comes to sending up both Hollywood and Irish mores, the stories told here aren't anything you haven't seen before. (4/16/01) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

TALE OF 2CITIES: AN AMERICAN JOYRIDE ON MULTIPLE TRACKS
In her latest project, the "standup novelist" Heather Woodbury uses the Dodgers' departure from Brooklyn in 1957 to examine notions of home and community. The second installment in the six-part series, which will take place at different venues around the city, is on Sept. 12 at 7:30. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 647-0202.)

A THOUSAND CLOWNS
Tom Selleck is the eccentric Murray Burns, in a revival of Herb Gardner's 1962 comedy. John Rando is the director. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

TICK, TICK . . . BOOM!
The title represents the late author Jonathan Larson's fear of time running out on his musical dreams. The show is set on the eve of the composer's thirtieth birthday—his Walpurgisnacht—as he is caught between the pressures to succeed and to settle. The slick, hardworking cast of three is well directed by Scott Schwartz, and, with Larson's plotline deftly reworked by David Auburn, the production has a fetching modesty and reveals Larson's idiosyncrasy, energy, and promise. (7/9/01) (Jane Street Theatre, 113 Jane St. 239-6200.)

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE
John van Druten's 1943 romantic comedy about an actress and a soldier who have both sworn off love. (Blue Heron, 123 E. 24th St. 560-7284. Closes Sept. 30.)

LONG RUNS

AIDA
Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4747.
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST
Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4747.
BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES
Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370.
CABARET
Studio 54, at 254 W. 54th St. 239-6200.
CHICAGO
Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.
CONTACT
Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.
DE LA GUARDA
Daryl Roth, 20 Union Sq. E., at 15th St. 239-6200.
THE FANTASTICKS
Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.
FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 2001: A SPOOF ODYSSEY
Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.
THE FULL MONTY
Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.
KISS ME, KATE
Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.
THE LION KING
New Amsterdam, 214 W. 42nd St. 307-4100.
LES MISÉRABLES
Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.
THE MUSIC MAN
Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.
PERFECT CRIME
Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401.
THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA
Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.
PROOF
Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.
RENT
Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000.
THE ROCKY HORROR SHOW
Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.
STOMP
Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.
THE SYRINGA TREE
Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 307-4100.
THE TALE OF THE ALLERGIST'S WIFE
Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.
TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING
St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. 239-6200.
THE VAGINA MONOLOGUES
Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.

JAZZ NOTES

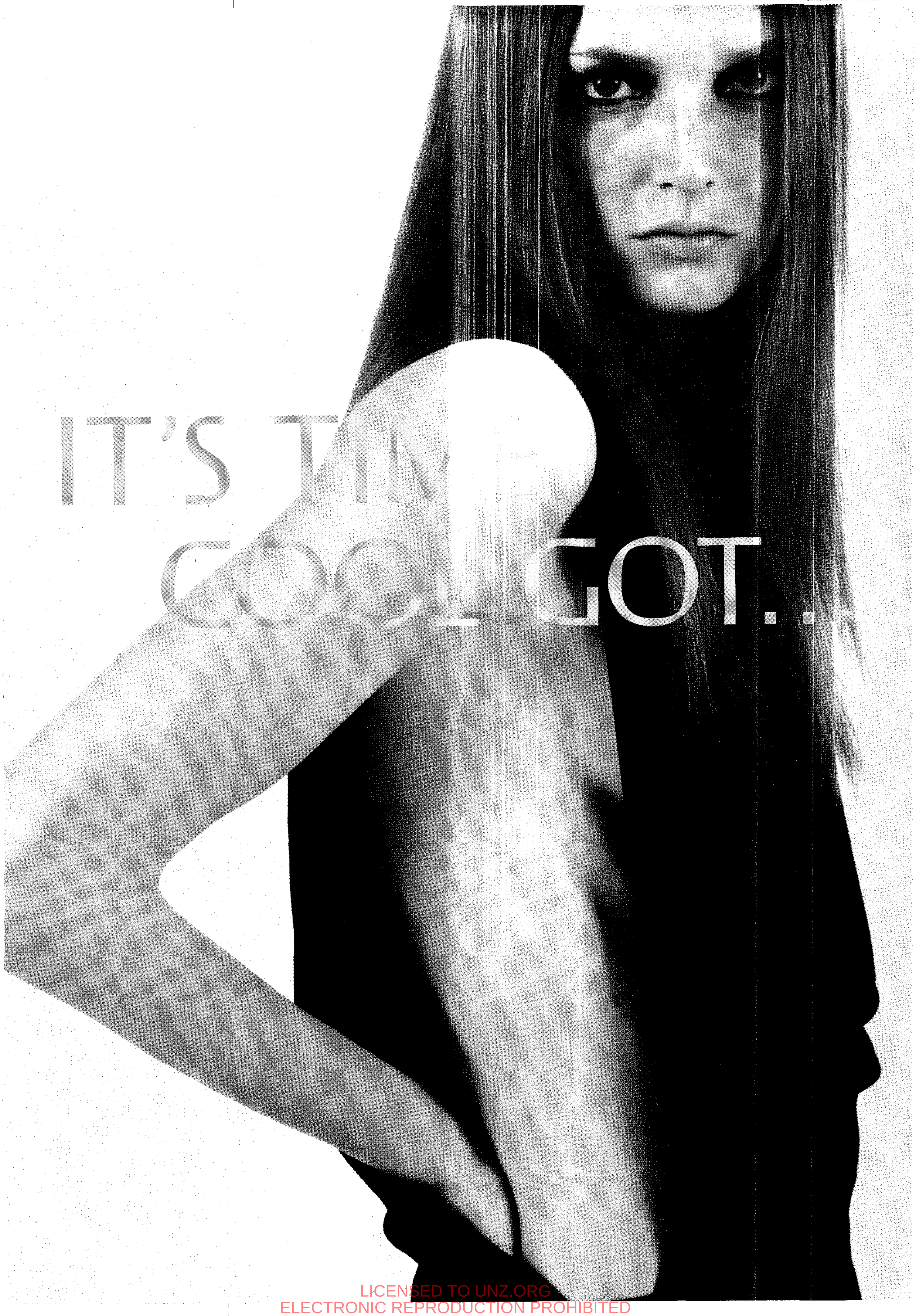
LIVING PROOF
The vaults of the major jazz labels may have been plundered in the years since CD fever took hold, but they have yet to be depleted of gems. Joining the onslaught of unearthed studio recordings are newfound recordings of live performances that round out the profiles of some iconic jazz figures: Miles Davis's **"Live at the Fillmore East (March 7, 1970): It's About That Time"** and Thelonious Monk's **"Live at the Jazz Workshop—Complete,"** both on Columbia/Legacy.

The Davis set, which captures both the early and late shows of that evening on separate disks, is extraordinary. Leading a sextet featuring electric bass and piano, a Brazilian percussionist chattering wildly with his cuíca, and a drummer gleefully kicking up funk and rock beats, Davis conjures a ferocious music that is fusion in name only—the prefabricated, lockstep stuff that quickly took on that moniker has no relation to these untamed sounds. Davis and the saxophonist Wayne Shorter rip into their improvisations, but the real hero may be the keyboardist Chick Corea, who revels in crunchy distortion effects that today's neo-funksters would slay for, charging the atmosphere with grungy chords and daring nonlinear solos that turn the music every way but loose. No officially released Davis music of the period sounds remotely like this (the sextet never recorded in the studio), and the album is certainly one of the more revelatory jazz CDs to be issued this year.

The Monk set offers fewer visionary moments, but it is still a pleasure. This version of "Workshop," originally recorded in 1964, adds thirteen new performances and restores to full length a handful of edited tracks. Monk's quartets of the sixties, featuring the underrated tenor saxophonist Charlie Rouse, swung with a loose, floppy groove that no other band ever achieved. Working through a brace of the pianist's classics and Monkified standards ("Blue Monk," "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You"), the quartet kicks up a dust storm of idiosyncratic invention. Monk has been criticized for concentrating on older material during this period, but the ingenious and playful Monk and Rouse solos speak for themselves.

—*Steve Futterman*

PHILIPPE PETIT-ROULET


IT'S TIME
COOL GOT. . .

WARM
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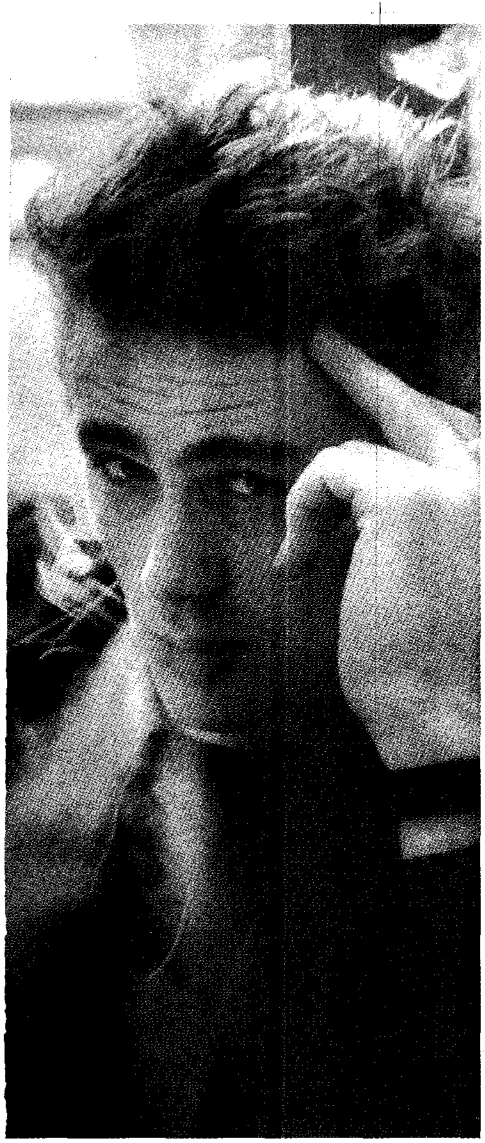
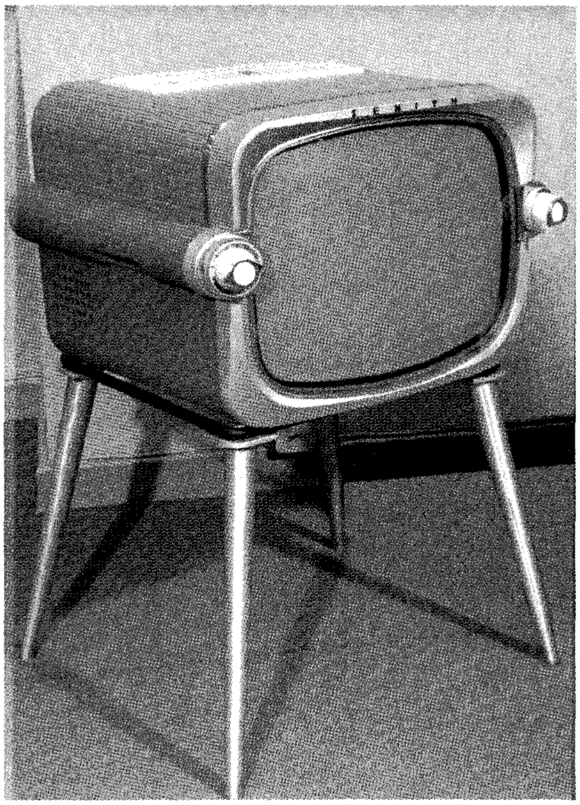
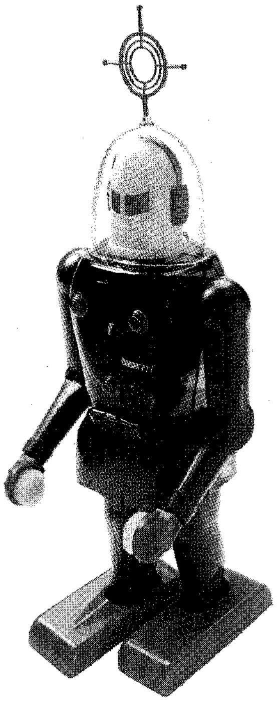
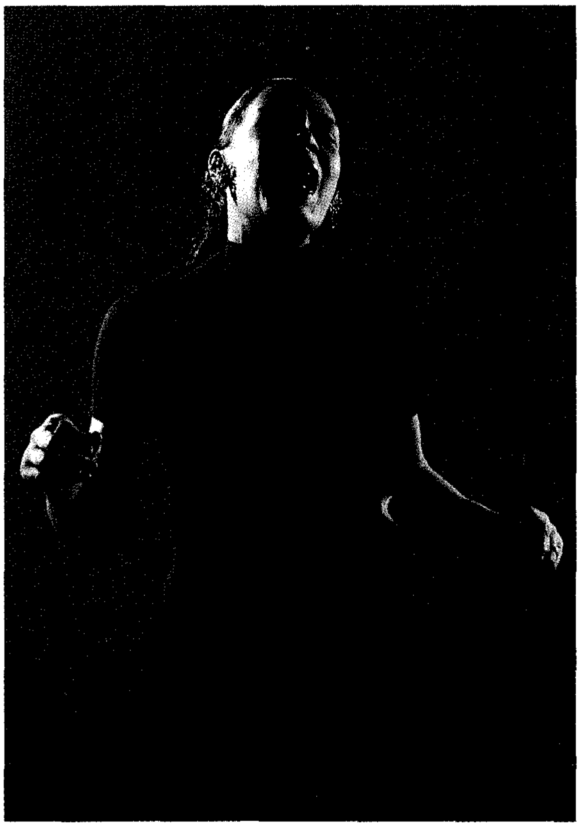






As a new decade dawned, everything was suddenly faster: cars, planes, the race to space. The nation glowed in the grayish hue of the new toy, television. Cool was metal and glass and curves; it was infinite possibilities. It was the future.

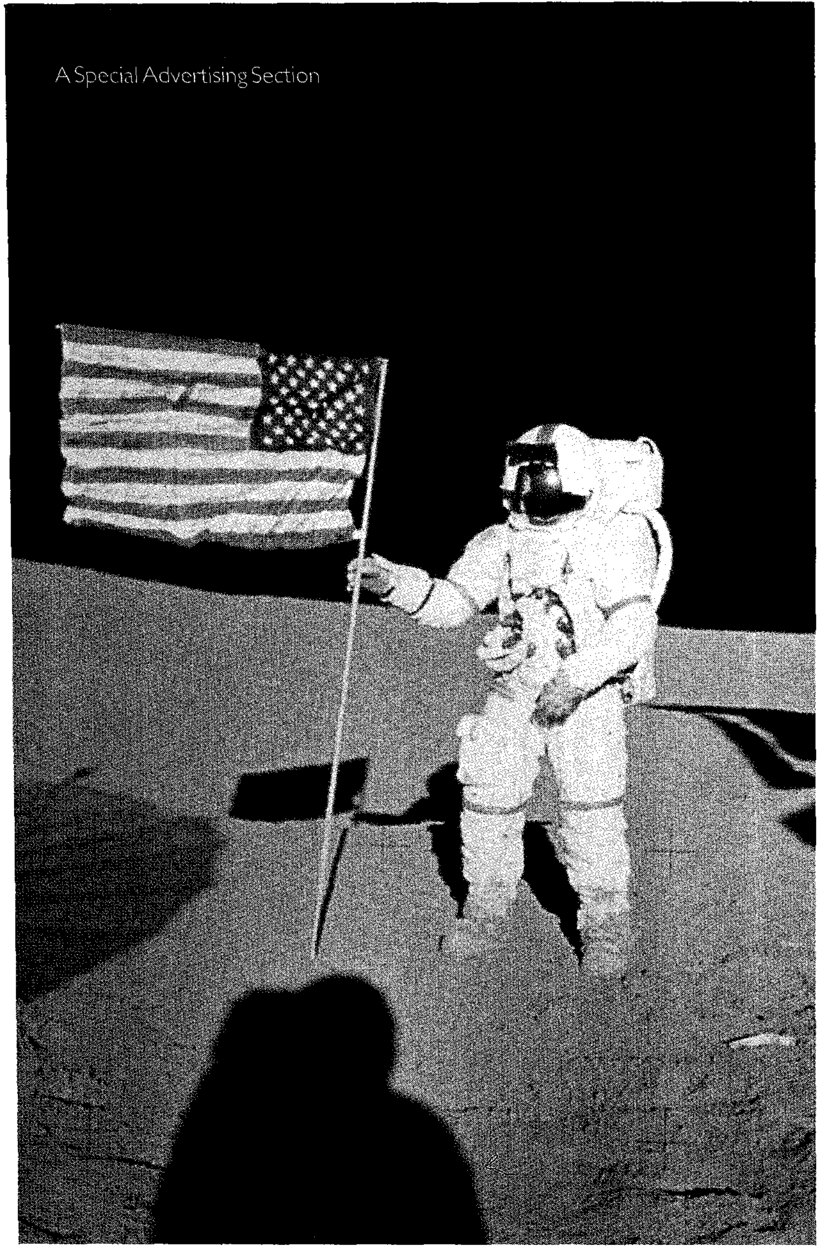
An undertone of opposition cemented cool's foundation. Rebellion simmered. Cool was outside of the mainstream. It was off-center, unexpected, and on an angle. It developed a volatile edge.

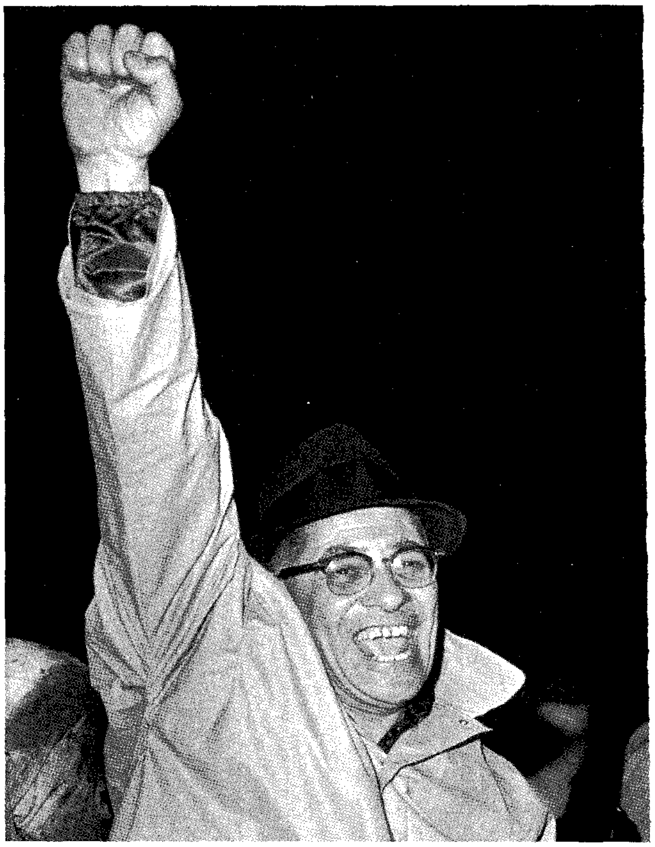


Cool Is in the Action
Opposite page: Jackson Pollock, dubbed "Jack the Dripper" by *TIME* magazine in 1956, wanted to paint like a jazz musician (bottom); Jack Kerouac (top) wanted to write like one. This page: Iconic rebel James Dean (top left) lived fast and died hard. Billie Holiday (left) seemed to live every sad lyric. As music, literature, and art evolved, so did the nation's fascination with the future: Television hit the airwaves (above), and the silvery cool of robots, rocket ships, and race cars captured the imagination of awestruck Americans.

Left page: ©2001 Pollock-Krasner Foundation/Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York; ™2001 estate of Jack Kerouac, licensed by CMG Worldwide, www.cmgww.com. This page: ™2001 James Dean, Inc., licensed by CMG Worldwide, www.jamesdean.com; television, Photonica; robot, CORBIS; ™2001 Billie Holiday licensed by CMG Worldwide , www.cmgww.com.

art, speed and sound, yesterday and tomorrow



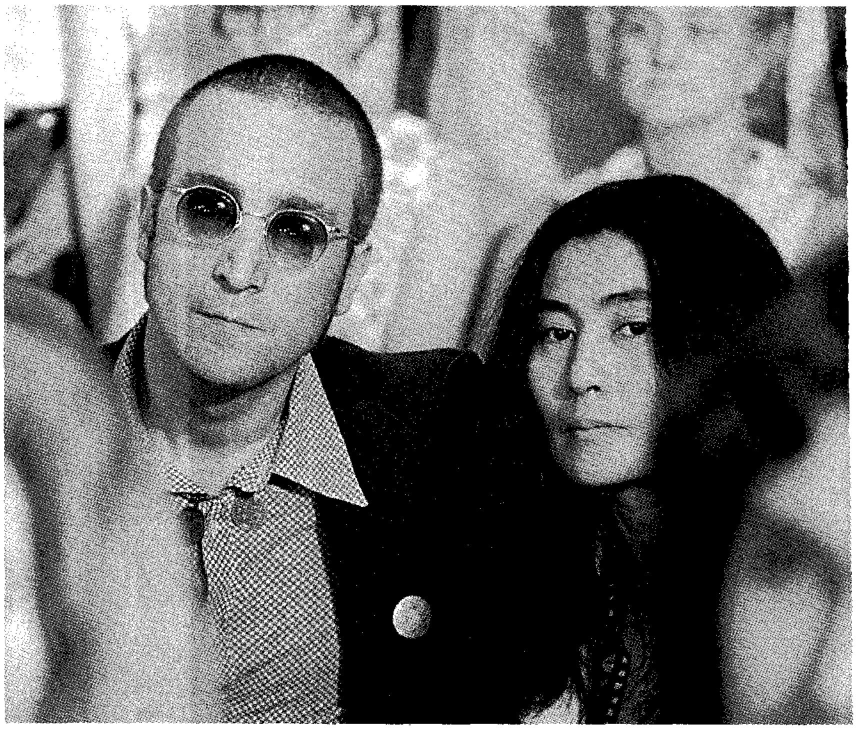


The astronaut was the ultimate Lone Man, propelled by fire into cold space. His mantra was "cool under pressure." Other taciturn heroes, dangerously contained, had long been poster boys for cool: the Cowboy, the Outlaw, the Leader, the Last Honest Man. They bucked authority. They endured. Sometimes they won.

Shepard, NASA/Magnum; ™The Estate of Vince Lombardi licensed by CMG Worldwide, www.cmgww.com; ©Bettmann/CORBIS; Lennon/Ono, CORBIS.

Coolly Detached

Astronaut Alan Shepard faced the cool isolation of the final frontier (top left). Legendary football coach Vince Lombardi (top right) transformed a losing team into champions who dominated the league for eight seasons. John Lennon and Yoko Ono (right, at the Watergate hearings in Washington, D.C. in 1973) were threatened with deportation for their activism. These figures kept their cool under mounting pressure, and succeeded with daring individualism.



Man against nature, limits, and authority

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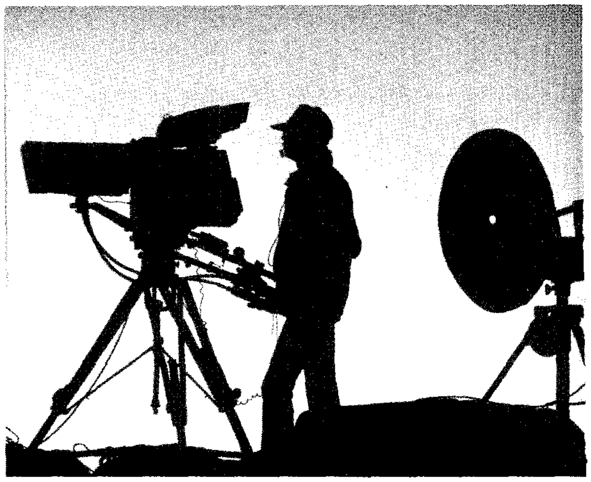
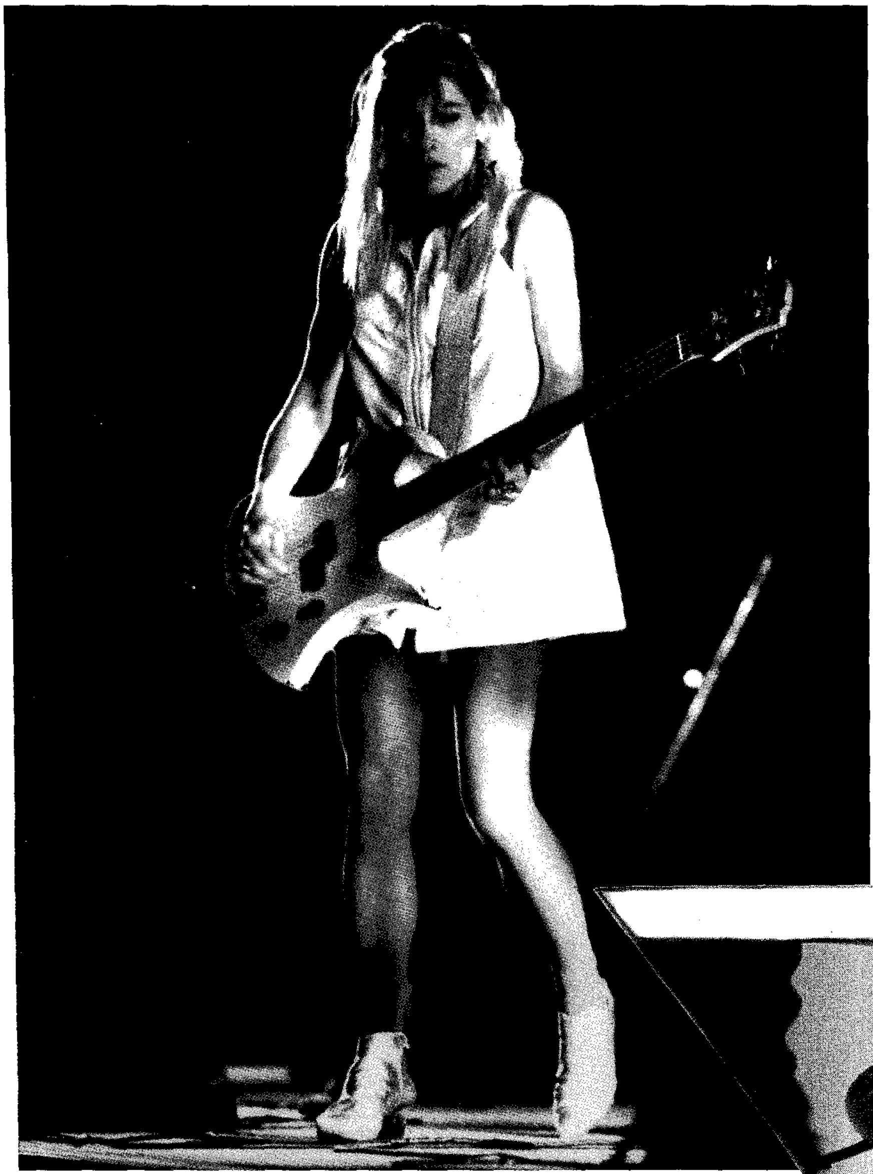
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Meanwhile, the frosty ice queen of yesterday had reinvented herself. She got onstage, tore her dress, smudged her makeup, and demanded to be allowed to play with the boys. She mixed messages. Bended genders. And coolly sealed it all with a kiss.





Cool's New Order

In 1981, rock diva Kim Gordon (left) co-founded the experimental band Sonic Youth, inspiring a new wave of unapologetic, provocative female performers with her frank lyrics, edgy singing style, and riot-grrl sex appeal. Words like "alternative" and "independent" became synonymous with cool in the coming decades, symbolizing trends in American music and movie-making (above).

Independence was an attitude, and an alternative. Cool kept its reserve but broke new ground. It followed its own path, without apology.

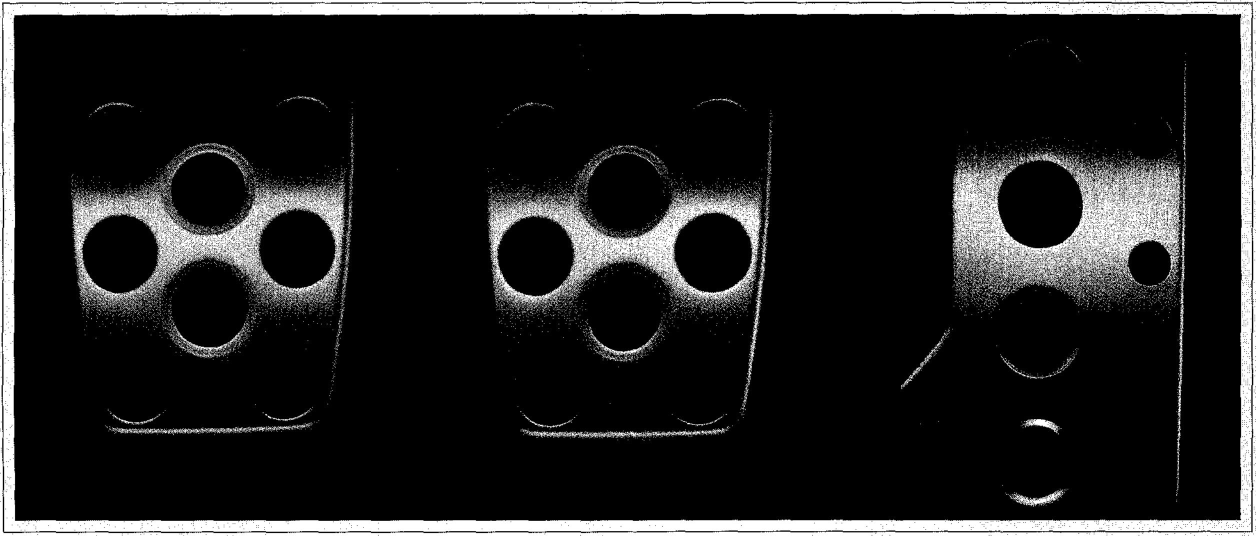
A cocktail of sex, power, and independence

Kim Gordon, photo by Charles Peterson; martini glass, © S.I.N./CORBIS; camera, © The Purcell Team/CORBIS

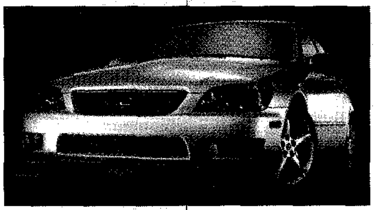
THE NEW IS 300 5-SPEED

PUTTING THE PEDAL TO THE METAL WOULD BE REDUNDANT.

The polished chrome ball atop the short-throw shifter sits firmly in your grip. Finding first, you ease off of the drilled-aluminum clutch pedal as the 3.0-liter in-line six-cylinder engine of the new IS 300 5-Speed roars to life through both of its 17" aluminum-alloy rear wheels.[*]



Instinctively, you shift into second. A single glance at the chronograph-style instrument panel updates you instantly on the power now under your command. Your head sinks deeper into the headrest as you shift into third gear. The 215-horsepower VVT-i power plant will soon (in 6.8 seconds actually) have you doing 60 miles per hour.[†] In fourth, you feel the leather- and Ecsaine-trimmed seats[‡] holding you firmly in place. You realize that the chiseled shape you saw on the outside of the Lexus IS 300 5-Speed only hinted at the performance you are now feeling.



Then, just as the increased rpm's of the new IS 300 5-Speed begin to beg for the relief of fifth gear, up ahead, you see the light turn yellow. You grieve.

But only for a brief moment.

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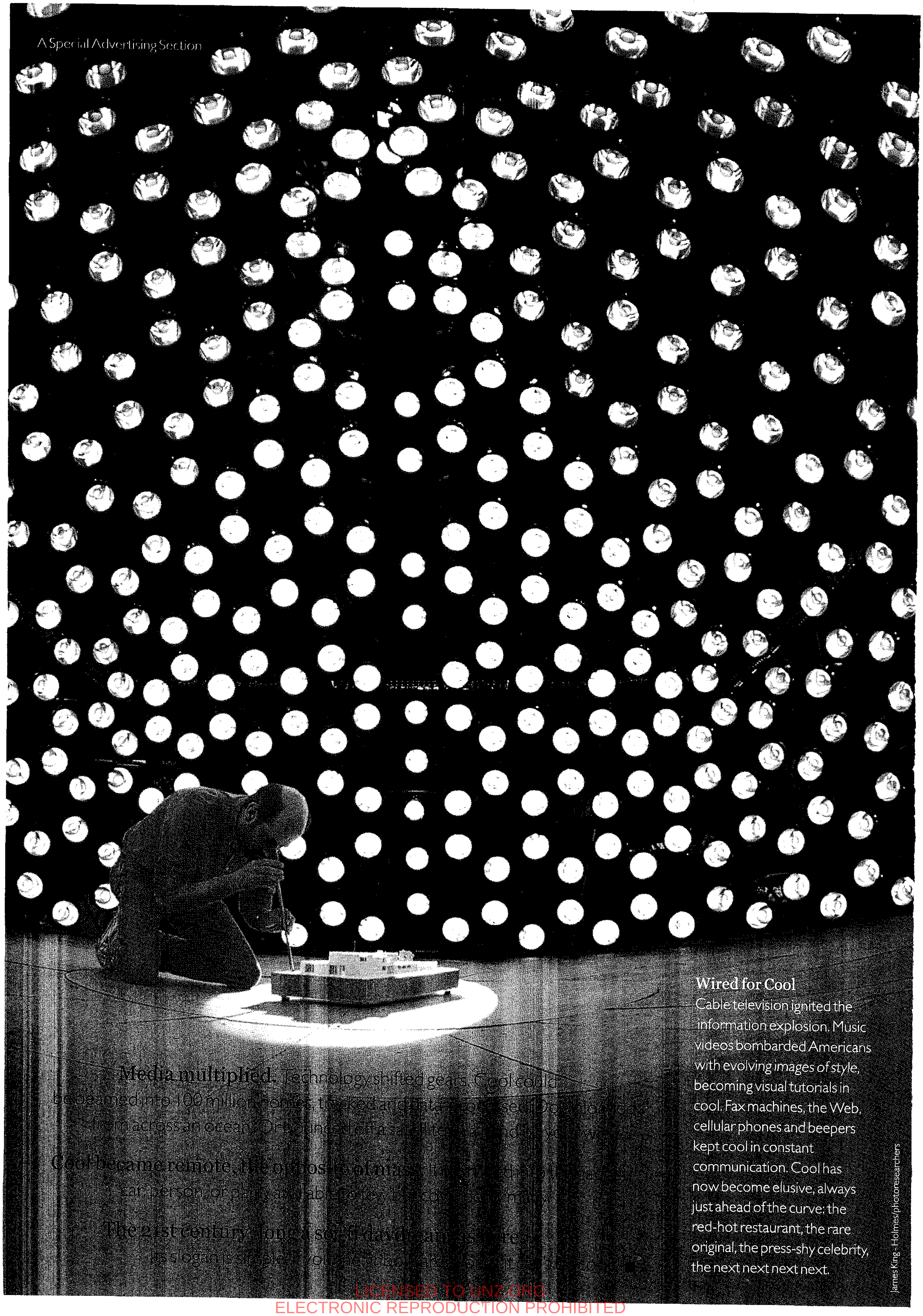

Media multiplied. Technology shifted gears. Cool could be beamed into 100 million homes, tracked and [illegible]. Downloaded from across an ocean. Or bounced off a satellite [illegible]

Cool became remote, the opposite of mass. [illegible] car, person, or party available to few [illegible]

The 21st century, long a sci-fi daydream, is here. Its slogan is simple: [illegible]

Wired for Cool

Cable television ignited the information explosion. Music videos bombarded Americans with evolving images of style, becoming visual tutorials in cool. Fax machines, the Web, cellular phones and beepers kept cool in constant communication. Cool has now become elusive, always just ahead of the curve: the red-hot restaurant, the rare original, the press-shy celebrity, the next next next next.

James King-Holmes/photoresearchers

they hit it big a few years ago. Perhaps this has given him his fill of straight-ahead Cuban music, because his remarkable solo début album, "Cachaíto," branches out in surprising directions. He's touring with musicians from the record, including the French disk jockey **Dee Nasty** and the Jamaican organist **Bigga Morrison,** so you know this is not just another night in old Havana. Sept. 13: A night of hip-hop with the Beastie Boys disk jockey **Mixmaster Mike,** the human beat box **Rahzel,** the turntable crew the **X-Ecutioners,** the underground rappers the **Arsonists,** and others.

BOTTOM LINE
15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Sept. 12: The former English Beat and General Public front man **Dave Wakeling.** Sept. 13: The veteran keyboardist **Al Kooper** stops by with his new band, the Funky Faculty, which is comprised of his colleagues at Boston's Berklee School of Music.

BOWERY BALLROOM
6 Delancey St. (533-2111)—Sept. 12: The raw power chords, cyclonic guitar feedback, and rumbling rhythms of **Unwound.** With the Liverpool foursome **Clinic.** Sept. 14: The former teen-age wonder and Radish front man **Ben Kweller** has long since left his grunge days behind and has, over the past few years, been exploring a wide variety of music. He's been known to toss off a bluegrass version of the Vanilla Ice single "Ice Ice Baby." Also on the bill is **DJ Peretz,** a.k.a Perry Farrell, the leader of Jane's Addiction.

FEZ
380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—Sept. 12: The Old 97's front man, **Rhett Miller.** The **Mingus Big Band** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

IRVING PLAZA
17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—Sept. 13: **Ben Folds.** Having recently disbanded his incongruously named trio, the Ben Folds Five, at the height of its popularity, the accomplished if slightly too glib piano whiz kid goes it alone with a new solo album, "Rocking the Suburbs." Sept. 14: Allegedly the new millennium's answer to Iggy & the Stooges, the **Strokes** are a band of youngsters who aim to revive the sound of vintage C.B.G.B.'s punk rock. If the buzz about them is to be believed, they're actually getting away with it. Sept. 15: **Oysterhead** unites Phish guitarist Trey Anastasio, former Primus bassist Les Claypool, and ex-Police drummer Stewart Copeland. Sept. 16: The fuzzy guitars and accessible, emotional pop of England's **Coldplay.** With the dreamy sounds of the Icelandic chanteuse **Emiliana Torrini.** ♦ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday, with sets from eight until midnight. For information on the Society, call 696-9737.

KNITTING FACTORY
74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—Sept. 12: The Russian performer **DJ Vadim** receives a little help from the spoken-word artist **Sarah Jones,** the ex-Scratch Pervert **Mr. Thing,** and the human beat box **Kela.** Sept. 13: **Folk Implosion** is the work of the lo-fi indie hero Lou Barlow and his friend John Davis, who like to kick back with trippy beats and introspective lyrics. Sept. 14: The young men in the local foursome **Mooney Suzuki** pump out a driving, fuzz- and R. & B.-heavy exuberance, the likes of which hasn't been seen since the British Invasion.

NORTHSIX
66 N. 6th St., Brooklyn (718-599-5103)—Sept. 14: The spare and intimate songs of **Birdwatcher,** a solo project belonging to Dan Matz, the lead singer of the art-rock band Windsor for the Derby. With the **Pleasure Unit,** a propulsive Seattle band that will wake you up.

VILLAGE UNDERGROUND
130 W. 3rd St. (777-7745)—Sept. 13: **Mark Eitzel,** the erstwhile leader of San Francisco's late and lamented American Music Club, brings his bittersweet, tenderloin songbook to town.

WARSAW
261 Driggs Ave., Brooklyn (718-387-5252)—Sept. 13: The sallow-faced, darkly charismatic Eugene Hutz—equal parts Sid Vicious and Bertolt Brecht—stops by with **Gogol Bordello,** a five-man band specializing in what it calls "Ukrainian Gypsy surrealistic punk cabaret."

WETLANDS
161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Sept. 12: **Afroman,** currently enjoying a buzz from the success of his annoyingly catchy single, "Because I Got High," headlines the second annual *High Times* magazine Doobie Awards, which celebrate marijuana in music.

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

BIRDLAND
315 W. 44th St. (581-3080)—Sept. 13-15: The **Gonzalo Rubalcaba** trio. Learning that the warm and sparing piano drifting hazily about Charlie Haden's recent album "Nocturne" is the work of Rubalacaba can come as quite a shock to those who remember the early U.S. releases of this one-time keyboard abuser. Though this Cuban virtuoso once crammed in forty notes when four were called for, he now savors the joys of concision, and everyone wins. Here Rubalcaba is also blessed by the presence of **Ignacio Berroa,** a masterful drummer as responsive as he is underrated. Dining.

BLUE NOTE
131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Through Sept. 16: The **Charles Lloyd** quintet. With his unlikely blend of diaphanous tone and Coltrane-like phrasing, the tenor saxophonist Lloyd possesses an utterly personal sound that he exploits beautifully, particularly on ballads and lyrical, near-abstract pieces. His last few albums for ECM have found the reinvigorated hornman in peak condition, affirmed once again by the recent "Hyperion with Higgins." Sadly, the magisterial drummer Billy Higgins, a percussive sparkplug who powered that recording and whose passionate work regularly electrifies Lloyd's ensembles, died earlier this year. **Billy Hart** will take Higgins's place in an all-star ensemble that includes the guitarist **John Abercrombie,** the bassist **Larry Grenadier,** and the sly pianist **Gerri Allen.**

DANNY'S
346 W. 46th St. (265-8133)—Through Sept. 30: **Blossom Dearie,** she of the porcelain voice and huge interpretive skills, has been knocking them dead all summer in her own quietly effective way. This treasured veteran knows her way around standards both shopworn and contemporary, enlivening everything she touches with just the right blend of pathos, wit, and stiletto-sharp swing.

FEINSTEIN'S AT THE REGENCY
540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (339-4095)—Through Sept. 29: With her perfect diction, British theatrical poise, and tendency to slip Shakespeare into the mix, **Cleo Laine** is a class act with extravagant vocal abilities and the commanding presence that comes with a stage background. Laine's husband and longtime performance partner, the saxophonist **John Dankworth,** leads her backing ensemble.

HIDEAWAY CABARET & SUPPER CLUB
32 W. 37th St. (947-8940)—Sept. 13-14: She's been in everything from "My Favorite Year" to "Beverly Hills, 90210," but it takes a listener of a certain age to recall that **Lainie Kazan** got her start as Barbara Streisand's understudy in "Funny Girl." In other words, the lady can sing as well as act, as she will be reminding us at this rare club engagement.

IRIDIUM
1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (582-2121)—Through Sept. 16: Although the tenor saxophonist **Michael Brecker's** latest album, "Nearness of You: The Ballad Book" is even more effective than warm milk and honey for quickly putting you to sleep, true believers know that this highly influential stylist is a powerful live performer. Mondays belong to the electric-guitar innovator **Les Paul.**

LE MADELEINE
403 W. 43rd St. (246-2993)—Sunday and Monday nights: It seems that only beautiful sounds emanate from **Gene Bertoncini's** guitar. This graceful stylist who moves effortlessly between his classical and electric instruments may be best known as part of a matchless duo with the bassist Michael Moore, but Bertoncini has more than enough talent to enchant on his own.

KNITTING FACTORY
74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—Sept. 17-18: **Art Davis and the**

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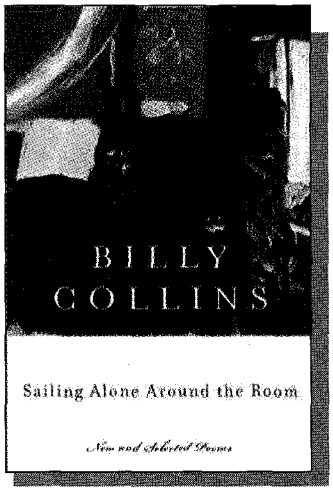
(Personal recommendations from your independent booksellers with BOOK SENSE)



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"I was at the end of my rope on a really ratty day when I opened up this book, started reading, and smiled and said 'Thank you.' This is poetry that rolls up its sleeves and does the job it's supposed to do, which is, namely, to make me feel better and give me hope and, above all, to 'fill the saucer of my heart with milky admiration.'"

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PERSONALITY
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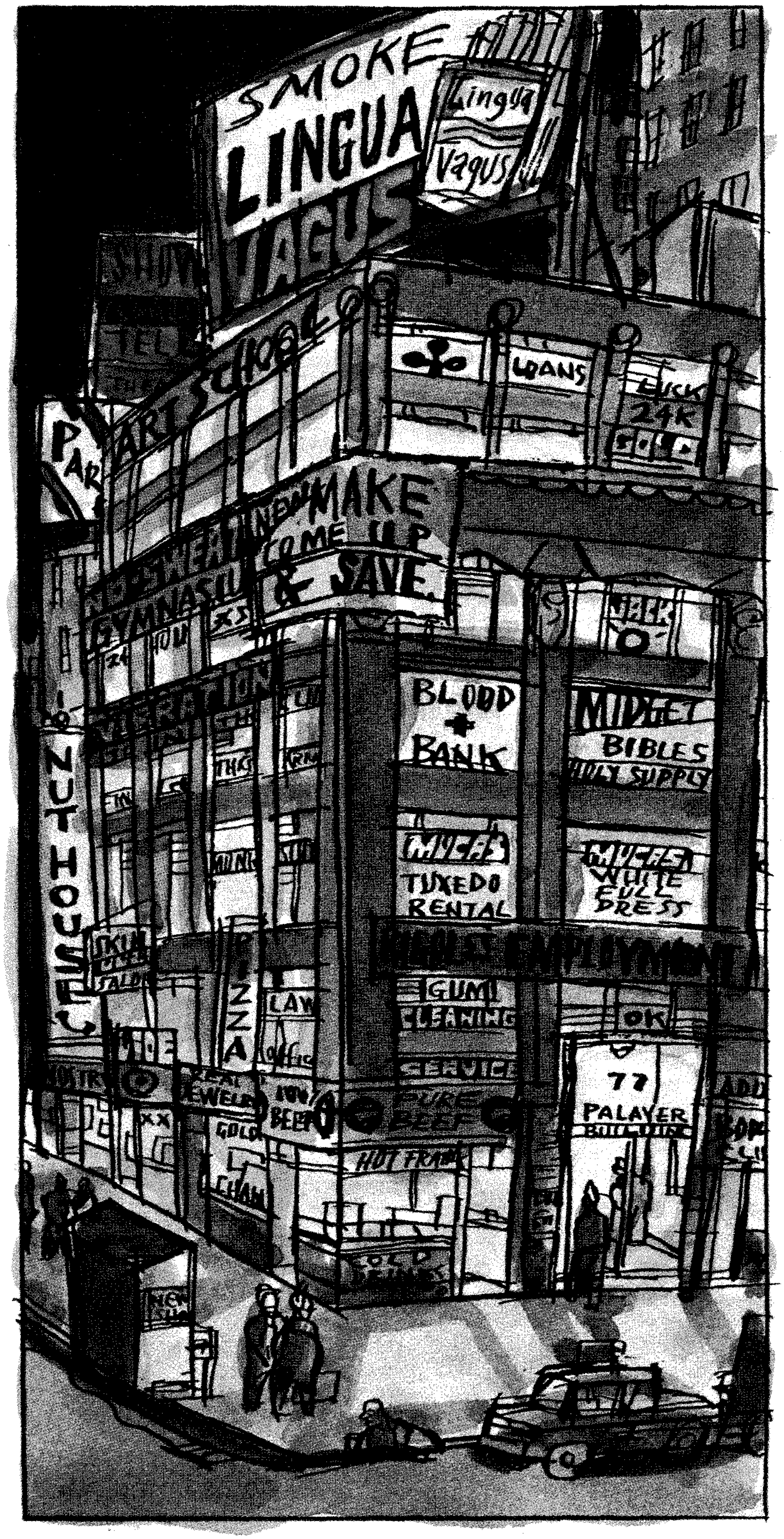

DOCUMENTARY FICTIONS *The façade of the Palaver Building, next door to the Roasted Nut House. The set projection for the opera "Carbon Copy Building" is included in "Ben Katchor: Picture-Stories," a retrospective of his work at the Jewish Museum.*

Circle of Five. Next time you're listening to those classic Max Roach recordings of the early sixties, pay attention to the superb bass playing of Davis. A craftsman with old-school technique and an ear for cutting-edge sounds, Davis hasn't surfaced much around town in the past two decades but he's assembled a delicious blend of younger and more experienced players—including the saxophonist **James Carter,** the trombonist **Dick Griffin,** and the pianist **Dave Burrell**—to return in style.

TONIC
107 Norfolk St. (358-7503)—Sept. 13: The trumpeter and composer **Dave Douglas's** latest band is a politically motivated project that he put together in reaction to arms dealing during the conflict in the former Yugoslavia. By calling on members of the myriad bands that he currently leads, Douglas has stocked Witness with a string section, electronic drums, and a disk jockey, along with traditional jazz horns and rhythm section.

UP OVER JAZZ CAFÉ
351 Flatbush Ave., at Seventh Ave., Brooklyn (718-398-5413)—Sept. 14-15: **James Spaulding,** a ubiquitous presence on alto saxophone and flute during the sixties—he was a fixture on Blue Note's more adventurous sessions—may have smoothed out a few of the edges that made his playing so, well, edgy back then, but his taste for heated improvisation remains. For all the work he did though, Spaulding's own recordings are few and far between. Lately things have changed; this appearance celebrates the release of his new live album, "Blues Up and Over."

VILLAGE VANGUARD
178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Through Sept. 16: The peerless jazz pianist **Tommy Flanagan** settles in with his trio, featuring the bassist **Peter Washington** and the brilliant drummer **Albert (Tootie) Heath.** The **Vanguard Jazz Orchestra** holds sway on Mondays.

ART
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (879-5500)—Museumgoers en route to the new Jacques and Natasha Gelman galleries pass permanent displays of twentieth-century European painting, including a time line of Picassos (from the completely blue "Blind Man's Meal," from 1903, to the ebullient "Dreamer," from 1932, a lavender-bellied woman rolling in grass and flowers), Balthus's "The Mountain," and Modigliani's portrait of Juan Gris. The Gelmans' recently bequeathed collection, which inaugurates the rechristened space, complements the ongoing exhibit: Picasso's small, simple 1906 self-portrait; Balthus's well-known, inner-thigh-and-underwear-baring "Thérèse Dreaming"; and Juan Gris's "Juan Legua" each complete thoughts begun next door. The collectors' weakness for Surrealism is represented by a few noncanonical Dalis and some cheerful larks from Tanguy and Miró. Through Feb. 3. ♦ **"African, Oceanic, and Ancient American Art."** This smattering of recent acquisitions includes a vitrine of metal crosses from the Congo and a protective scroll from nineteenth-century Ethiopia. Several sets of photographs let viewers meet the ghosts of Africa past, in studio portraits from the twenties and sixties and in a memorable image of a mission outpost in Madagascar, its grounds teeming with people and the sky crowded with white-peaked buildings. Through Oct. 28. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—The first half of the Mies van der Rohe extravaganza has opened with "Mies in Berlin." Matching its subject's famous simplicity, the show is a calmly paced bildungsroman, tracing a thirty-year progression from Schinkelesque prodigy to modernist master. Understandably, the show's curators, Terence Riley and Barry Bergdoll, worried that canonical projects like the Tugendhat House and the Barcelona

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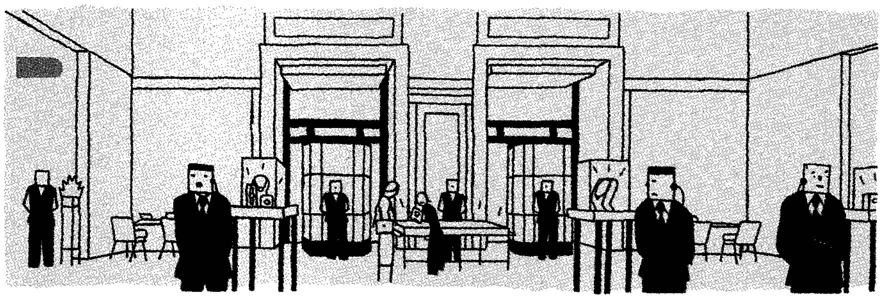

LAURENT CILLUFFO

"We had to hide the sprinkler system in the rosettes," confesses the architect Tim Greer, who helped in the recent sprucing up of **CARTIER** (Fifth Ave. at 52nd St.; 753-0111), as he gazes at the ceiling in the customer-service department, which is located in what used to be the music room of the Morton Plant mansion. Eighty-four years ago, when Maisie Plant convinced her husband to trade their house to Pierre Cartier for a hundred dollars and a necklace, she wasn't as nutty as you might think: by 1917, Fifth Avenue was fast losing residential appeal, and the necklace, a perfectly matched strand of rare natural pearls, was worth a million dollars.

"The only kind of pearls Cartier sold were natural until the nineteen-fifties, when the store finally gave in and started carrying the cultured ones," says the salesman (a friendly guy in a Gaultier necktie) in the antique department (the Plants' former pantry). The salesman unlocks one of the store's new fibre-optic-lit Art Moderne cases and shows off a riotous bracelet called a tutti-frutti ($775,000), made of precious stones that look like particularly succulent jujubes: "Just the sort of thing Daisy Fellows wore in the twenties."

Back then, Cartier's chambers were color-coded, with separate rooms given over to diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls. (There was once even a small chapel for religious jewelry.) But then, as now, you weren't expected to idle at a counter and make up your mind about, say, a Mystery Clock or a diamond-and-onyx-studded Panthère brooch. Private viewing rooms—some with their original boiserie; others with artful replicas made by craftsmen in the Bronx—remain available for the contemplation of serious purchases.

No one seems to want privacy in the main room, which has been remodelled (half of the mezzanine is gone) and brightened (the windows are twice the size they once were). Here part of the fun is to see and be seen—why else would a young woman in fringed trousers and a scarlet Dior bag be leaning so conspicuously over the Trinity ring counter? The Trinity, which has three interlocking bands of white, yellow, and pink gold, was designed—according to Alain Viot, Cartier's president and C.E.O.—by Jean Cocteau as a gift for his lover, the poet Raymond Radiguet. Radiguet died of typhoid at the age of twenty in 1923; Cocteau, in mourning, spent days staring in a mirror, drawing and redrawing his reflection.

Although there is no lack of new stock here, the older designs exert a powerful pull. After all, even the least expensive Santos watch, made of stainless steel and with a humble quartz movement ($2,100) shares a family history with its prototype, a timepiece created in 1904 for the aviator Alberto Santos-Dumont, which Cartier claims was the first modern-day wristwatch ever made.

The day before the redesigned store's ribbon-cutting ceremony, there was an energy in the air which wasn't limited to the heart-thumping anxiety that traditionally accompanies jewelry shopping. Among the bustle of customers on the main floor was a young man with a Jughead hairdo, a pair of saggy trousers, and a black undershirt splashed with nasty slogans. He may have been scowling, but his eyes told a different story. As the saleswoman opened a red leather box and lifted a massive Tank Française wristwatch from its velvet cradle, he wore an expression just like Mrs. Plant's when she got her matching strand.

—*Lynn Yaeger*

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SOME PLACES WHERE
MANHATTAN
ACTUALLY FEELS
LIKE AN ISLAND.

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Pavilion might seem too familiar. Their decision to freshen things up with Thomas Ruff's cloying colorized photographs is the show's only lapse. Otherwise, it's easy to fall under the spell of Mies's planar vision, his integration of landscape and garden design (more suited to a Californian than a Germanic climate), and his infectious love of *betonte Leere,* or heightened emptiness. A complementary show (at the Whitney) picks up where this one leaves off, with Mies's arrival in the United States in 1938. Through Sept. 11. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, and Thursdays, 10:30 to 5:45; Fridays, 10:30 to 8:15.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (423-3500)—Selections from the permanent collection are on display. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 9 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 9 to 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART
Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676)—For his first New York retrospective, Wayne Thiebaud's career has been served up in four courses, beginning with dessert. During his pastry period, Thiebaud turned cafeteria fare—not just wedges of cake and pie but a whole alphabet of prepared foods—into something enduringly wry and lovely, a celebration of everyday artifice. The stiff and studied portraits that follow are the show's weakest moment, but Thiebaud returns to form in the subsequent cityscapes and farmland scenes, creating steep, unapologetic Arcadias. There are echoes of Hopper, Diebenkorn, and Johns throughout, but none of Thiebaud's predecessors have his cool, confectionary jauntiness. Through Sept. 23. ♦ Picking up where MOMA's more engaging early-Mies exhibition leaves off, **"Mies in America"** looks at how the Master of Less and the Culture of More altered each other. Focussing on a few major commissions—among them the Lake Shore Drive Towers, in Chicago; the Seagram Building; and the Chicago Convention Hall—the exhibition offers a kind of dry immersion in Mies's immaterialist aesthetic. With acres of bland drawings and only a few models, this show isn't going to change many minds: skeptics will leave with a renewed conviction that Mies's buildings are three-dimensional graph paper. But the lucid wall texts, prepared by a curatorial team led by Phyllis Lambert (who first worked with Mies as the client for the Seagram Building), remind us that his simple effects depended upon a host of tweaked, ingenious details. Through Sept. 23. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, and weekends, 11 to 6, Fridays, 1 to 9.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM AT PHILIP MORRIS
120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550)—The artist Miranda Lichtenstein goes where the wild things are, in a series of drawings and photographic projections inspired by tales of feral children. The drawings, portraits of actual case studies like the First Lithuanian Bear Child or Tomko of Zips, are installed inside a circular chamber within the gallery proper. The hallucinatory photographs, all shot from dioramas, depict a menagerie of wildlife constructed by the artist. Though the work of Gregory Crewdsen casts an uncomfortably long shadow, the best images have the unsettling nuances of a dream. Through Sept. 21. (Open weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 7:30.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
Central Park W. at 79th St. (769-5100)—**"The Genomic Revolution"** is as stagy as the museum's permanent wildlife dioramas and as wired as the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. Throughout the dark, labyrinthine exhibit, sound bites from scientists and Everymen overlap with a soundtrack of doubt-fostering minor-key hums and beeps. The tone tends toward boosterish enthusiasm for progress, with an occasional raised eyebrow; pronouncements like "Our perception of medicine and ourselves is forever changed" are spoken within hearing range of explanations of why it *might be unwise to clone Rex or Muffin. (For one* thing, two calico cats with the same genes would be unlikely to have the same pattern of spots.) Touch-screen surveys tabulate visitors' responses to controversial questions, and the museumgoers prove much more enthusiastic about genetic technologies than respondents in a recent national sample—at last count, thirty per cent of the visitors would replicate a person. Through Jan. 1. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART
Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000)—**"My Reality: Contemporary Art and the Culture of Japanese Animation."** *Anime* and *manga,* Japan's alternately sugary and violent caricatures of American animation and comic-book art, have become major influences on a generation of Asian and Western contemporary artists. Lee Bul's opening karaoke booth, "Gravity Greater Than Velocity II," offers the show's lightest and most direct example of the genre's gift for aping and appropriation: singing someone else's songs. Mariko Mori's self-starring sci-fi tableau and Takashi Murakami's shiny pastel mushrooms, whose heavily lashed eyes blink on every side, epitomize the sinister, funhouse twist on cartoon imagery. Kenji Yanobe's "Atom Car (White)," with Geiger counter, parked next door, reminds viewers that everything here is built on the radioactive soil of postwar Japan. Through Oct. 7. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. (423-3200)—**"Ben Katchor: Picture-Stories"** pulls viewers into a world of deadpan oddity, full of sneakworm infestations, Mortal Coil-brand mattresses, smoke-cured undershirts, and shoes "made of apricot leather for the daughter of a Czar." His best known comic-strip protagonist, Julius Knipl, Real Estate Photographer, is charged with documenting New York's streets and buildings. Like him, the Brooklyn-born Katchor records the passing of neighborhoods and their ways of life. His compelling drawings and graphic novels, for which he was awarded a MacArthur grant in 2000, appear here in the original and in prints and books, including "The Jew of New York." Through Feb. 10. (Open Sundays through Thursdays, 11 to 5:45, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN
Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (369-4880)—Red Grooms, the artist who put the Pop in pop-up, gets a mini-retrospective of his prints on the museum's fourth floor. Best known for the elaborate, life-size constructions that he calls "sculpto-pictoramas," Grooms has been experimenting with lithography since 1956, in the days when he was frolicking in "happenings" with the likes of Allan Kaprow and Claes Oldenburg. More than a hundred works on paper are on display, including the winningly titled "Aarrrrrrhh"; a fire engine with a 3-D ladder, from 1971; and the artist's own wedding invitation, from 1987. Through Nov. 11. (Open Wednesdays through Thursdays, and Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5, and Fridays, 10 to 6.)

GALLERIES–UPTOWN

Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.

KOJO GRIFFIN
Nursery-room characters (Teddy bears, stuffed elephants) painted on bright panels in sexual and other grownup situations. Through Oct. 13. (Mitchell-Innes & Nash, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. 744-7400.)

PHILIP GUSTON
Drawings from "Poor Richard," a compilation of the artist's 1971 depictions of Richard Nixon. Through Sept. 29. (McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 688-5951.)

AL HELD
Canvases in black-and-white of complex geometric shapes. Through Oct. 13. (Ameringer Howard, 41 E. 57th St. 935-1110.)

TIM LITZMANN
Minimalist works in luminous color. Through Oct. 20. (Mary Boone, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 752-2929.)

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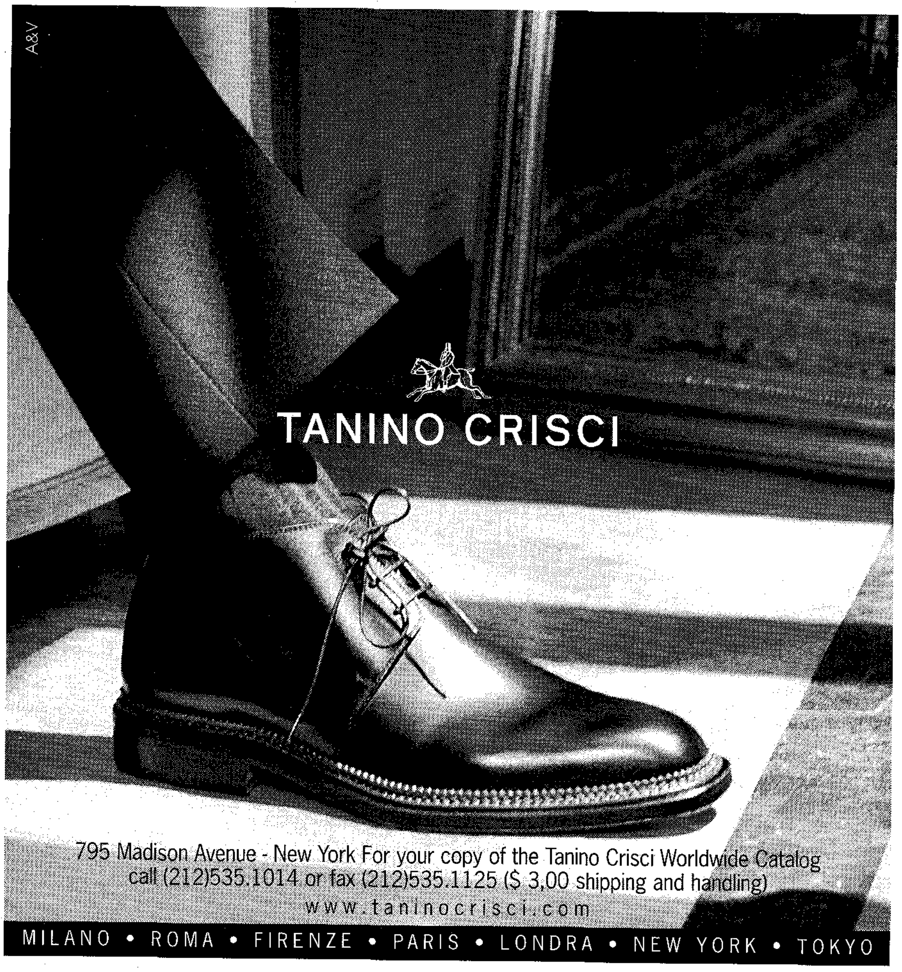

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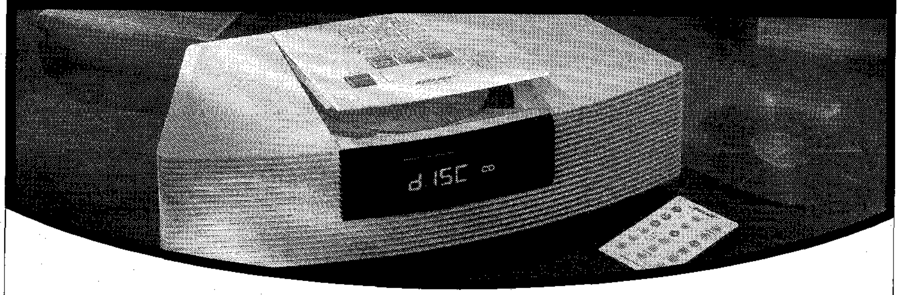

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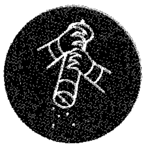

ARTISANAL

2 Park Ave. (725-8585)—You don't have to be a cheese geek to thrill to the sight of a hundred cheeses spread out like an exhibit of crown jewels. At Artisanal, the new Murray Hill brasserie opened by Terrance Brennan, the owner of Picholine, a giant mirror hangs over the cheese counter at the back of the restaurant. The mirror is tilted toward the dining room, so that from almost wherever you're seated you can see (and not just smell) the cheese. Some varieties look so hideous, you know they're good—for example, an English blue cheese called Blue Vinny, which is actually brown. But gathered together, they are gorgeous. There are cheeses wrapped in leaves, cheeses like skipping stones, and cheeses with such irresistible names as Gorwydd Caerphilly and Brin d'Amour.

The other day, after the lunch rush, Peter Kindel, the *fromager*, was on the phone ordering new ones. Upon learning that some rare Belgian cheeses were available, he high-fived his *sous-fromager*, then directed some assistants who were lugging massive wheels of Beaufort. Though he's a cheese connoisseur, Kindel isn't a snob: he calls stinky cheese "stinky cheese." The giant wheels of Vacherin and bricks of Talleggio in his cheese cave are his "beasts" and his "babies." That day, he had two hundred and thirty-four cheeses in stock. Among them, his favorite—his desert-island cheese—is Montgomery cheddar, which is produced by Jamie Montgomery, a cheese wizard in Somerset, whom Kindel visited for a week during a prolonged cheese-making tour of Europe, two years ago. "But even before that, I was in awe of the cheese," Kindel says.

The problem with Artisanal is that it is very difficult to leave room for the cheese course. The menu is extensive, filled with brasserie standards that are, sadly, worth picking clean. Most of them have little or nothing to do with cheese: towering seafood platters, côtes de boeuf as big as Nerf footballs, steak tartare, escargot *pithiviers*, roasted cod, calves' brains. The red salads—the beet, with endive, walnuts, and goat cheese; and the watermelon, with arugula and feta—are so fresh that they momentarily allay fears that one is about to undergo death by cheese. These fears return, however, when one is confronted by a fleet of fondues (Stilton and Sauternes, Zamorano and chorizo, etc.) or by the five-page cheese list, with an extra page for notes. But there are worse ways to go. (Open Mondays through Saturdays for lunch and dinner, Sundays for dinner only. Entrées $19-$36.)

—*Nick Paumgarten*

GERHARD RICHTER

Fifty-seven new works, both abstract and realist, made from 1999 to the present. Through Oct. 27. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. 977-7160.)

"INTERWOVEN LIVES"

George Platt Lynes's photographs of friends—Paul Cadmus, Jared and Margaret French, Pavel Tchelitchev, George Tooker, et al.—displayed beside their paintings and drawings. Through Sept. 29. (DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 247-2111.)

GALLERIES-CHELSEA

JAY DAVIS

Paintings of fantasias, spatial impossibilities, and other acts of illogic, on vinyl treated with many layers of gloss. Through Oct. 6. (Stux, 529 W. 20th St. 352-1600.)

RODNEY GRAHAM

An installation, "The Phonokinetoscope," composed of a 33 1/3-r.p.m. record on a turntable with an amplifier and a five-minute 16-mm. film of the artist's bicycle ride through Berlin on LSD. Through Oct. 27. (303 Gallery, 525 W. 22nd St. 255-1121.)

SANTI MOIX
Watercolors of a pontoon bridge in Varanasi, India. Through Oct. 6. (Kasmin, 293 Tenth Ave., at 27th St. 563-4474.)

YASUMASA MORIMURA
A series of self-portraits by the shape-shifting artist, this time done in the style of Frida Kahlo. Through Oct. 6. (Luhring Augustine, 531 W. 24th St. 206-9100.)

DAVID RATHMAN
Silhouettes of cowboys and cowgirls, combined with found text, in works that owe as much to Joe Brainard as Kara Walker. Through Oct. 6. (Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. 243-5937.)

LORNA SIMPSON
Photographs and a single-channel video projection of fifteen mouths humming "Easy to Remember." Through Oct. 20. (Sean Kelly, 528 W. 29th St. 239-1181.)

KARA WALKER
A light projection, a wall installation, and works on paper and paintings on board. Through Oct. 13. (Sikkema, 530 W. 22nd St. 929-2262.)

PETER WEGNER
Monochrome fields of color which send up the idea of paint chips and their lyrically named colors. Through Oct. 20. (Mary Boone, 541 W. 24th St. 752-2929.)

GALLERIES-DOWNTOWN

PAUL CHOJNOWSKI
Apparently Photo-Realist works of out-of-focus city scenes, created by burning wood and paper with a blowtorch. Through Oct. 13. (Bridgewater Lustberg, 560 Broadway. 941-6355.)

ANYA GALLACCIO
The London-based artist offers an installation of a bronze apple tree with real and ceramic apples. Through Oct. 20. (Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. 965-0753.)

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES

SOTHEBY'S
Sept. 12-13 at 10:15 A.M. and 2: Four sessions devoted to sales of furniture, rugs, carpets, and decorative art works. ♦ Sept. 14 at 10:15 A.M. and 2: A wide-ranging sale of Oriental and European carpets, including work from France, Portugal, Anatolia, Persia, and Central Asia. Among the more notable items are a pair of Chinese Art Deco carpets, circa 1930, and a sixteenth-century Safavid carpet from Ispahan, in central Persia, expected to sell for approximately three hundred thousand dollars. (York Ave. at 72nd St. 606-7000.)

CHRISTIE'S
The house begins a four-day schedule of auctions devoted to Asian art works. Sept. 18 at 10 A.M. and 2: Japanese ceramics, prints, lacquerware, and other art works. The highlights include an enamelled stoneware dish by the celebrated potter Ogata Kenzan (1663-1743), contemporary ceramics by such artists as Minesishi Seiko and Kato Tsubusa, and three portraits of actors by the late-eighteenth-century painter Toshusai Sharaku. ♦ Sept. 18 at 5: Korean art works, including "Mountain Landscape" (an anonymous sixteenth-century scroll estimated to sell for up to two hundred thousand dollars) and a selection of contemporary paintings. (20 Rockefeller Plaza, at 49th St. 636-2000.)

CHRISTIE'S EAST
Sept. 12 at 10 A.M. and 2: A sale of prints from the nineteenth century to the present. The afternoon session includes works by Goya and Bruce Nauman. ♦ Sept. 17 at 10 A.M. and 2: Decorative art works from Asia. (219 E. 67th St. 606-0400.)

DOYLE
Sept. 12 at 10 A.M.: A broad range of moderately priced American, English, and Continental art works and furnishings. (175 E. 87th St. 427-2730.)

SWANN
Sept. 13 at 10:30 A.M. and 2:30: Prints and drawings from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, including works by Barlach, Chagall, Hassam, Picasso, the decadent fin-de-siècle Belgian artist Félicien Rops (a collection of four hundred prints, sold as one lot), and many others. (104 E. 25th St. 254-4710.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARK COHEN
It has been ten years since Cohen's black-and-white takes on Americana have been exhibited in New York. Like his predecessor André Kertész and his contemporary Ralph Gibson, Cohen embraces photography's ability to turn the everyday—jelly beans, bubblegum, and painted nails—into the surreal. Photographing the all-American spectacle of a bare-chested boy holding a football, Cohen moves in tight with a wide lens, decapitating his subject and rendering the ball more like a watermelon than a projectile. Through Nov. 10. (Silverstein, 504 W. 22nd St. 627-3930.)

PHILIP-LORCA DI CORCIA
DiCorcia, best known for his slick, staged sidewalk scenes, has set them aside to produce "Heads," images of random pedestrians. He marked an "X" on the sidewalk under a Times Square scaffold, hid a tripod in plain sight, and stood by with remote controls for his camera and strobe light, photographing almost everyone who walked into focus. The artistic control sacrificed in that shooting process was reclaimed in editing—

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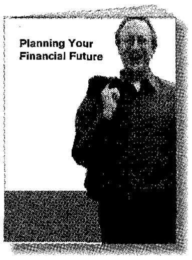

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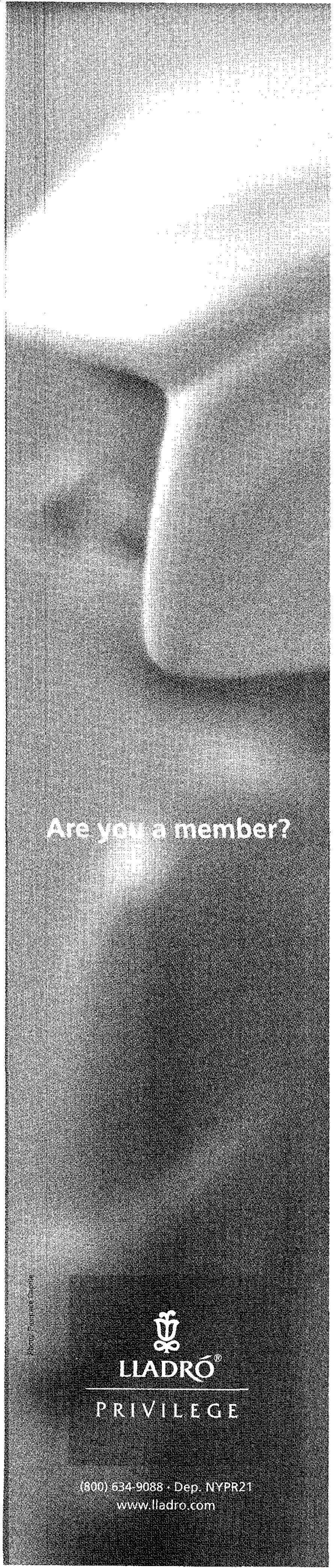

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SHEILA METZNER
This expansive show offers twenty-five years of flowers, nudes, and haute couture, printed in oil-based pigment by Paris's Fresson studio, from the photographer behind the Portfolio in this issue. Opening Sept. 12. (Stevenson, 338 W. 23rd St. 352-0070.)

"ANCIENT SITES OF THE AMERICAS"
This group show, with work by Teoberto Maler (1842-1919), Désiré Charnay (1828-1915), and Alfred Percival Maudslay (1850-1931), brings together some of the first photographs ever made of ancient Mayan sites. Maler and Charnay visited Mexico with French forces protecting Emperor Maximilian in the eighteen-sixties, while Maudslay went to escape the cold of his native England and stayed to photograph for more than ten years. In their day, these images showed off new technology and the New World; now the patina on the prints competes with the antiquity of the subjects for historical interest. Through Sept. 19. (Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. 223-1059.)

"SHIFTING TIDES: CUBAN PHOTOGRAPHY AFTER THE REVOLUTION"
There's plenty of the expected here: Che and Fidel lurk around every corner, and elderly couples dance lustily in María Eugenia Haya's work from the nineteen-seventies. But, thankfully, it looks like vintage cars and dilapidated mansions are just tourist obsessions—local art photographers have other things on their minds. José A. Figueroa's black-and-white image of a tractor passing a cowboy on a dusty road is characteristic of the ironic social realism of the late sixties and early seventies. The next generation looks into private life, in Abigail González's squalid, intimate, below-the-waist bathroom scenes and Ernesto Leal's documentation of the dust under his bed. Does their work demonstrate the ease with which current trends in contemporary art slip through the embargo, or a Castro-influenced interest in surveillance? The photographers' difficult dance with propaganda and censorship allows only furtive social and political commentary; many of these pieces are as much high-concept puzzles as exotic postcards. Through Oct. 27. (Grey, 100 Washington Sq. E. 998-6780.)

Short List

GUY BOURDIN
Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. 759-7999.
Through Oct. 20.

JOHN COFFER
The Viewing Room, 114 W. 17th St. 638-1920.
Through Oct. 31.

LUIGI GHIRRI / TODD HIDO
Saul, 535 W. 22nd St. 627-2410.
Through Oct. 20.

YASUMASA MORIMURA
Luhring Augustine, 531 W. 24th St. 206-9100.
Through Oct. 6.

JOHN SCHABEL
Morris, 465 W. 23rd St. 727-2752.
Through Oct. 6.

CLASSICAL MUSIC
OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA
Lotfi Mansouri's production of "The Magic Flute," sung in English, with Pamela Armstrong, Aline Kutan, John Osborn, Daniel Belcher, Gustav Andreassen, and Keith Jameson; the conductor is David Agler. (Sept. 14 at 8 and Sept. 16 at 1:30.) ◆

BOOK CURRENTS
City Lights

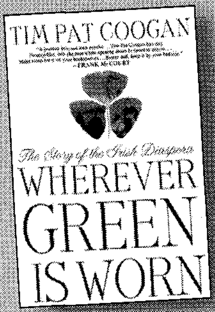
Young writers love New York City. Authors from Edith Wharton to Henry Roth to Jay McInerney plumbed it for their early efforts, and the city stars once again in three promising début novels. In Kurt Wenzel's **LIT LIFE** (Random House), a respected but uncelebrated novelist takes a floundering young writer under his wing. This savvy roman à clef careens through PEN gatherings in Manhattan and glossy parties in the Hamptons. What lingers is the sense of doom which sneaks into Wenzel's vision of the publishing industry, threatened on all sides by German conglomerates and the insidious influence of Hollywood. "You go to a dinner party now and that's all anybody wants to talk about," complains one Old Guard editor. "Movies, movies, movies."

Greenwich Village's vanishing literary scene serves as the backdrop for Sara Gran's **SATURN'S RETURN TO NEW YORK** (Soho). Mary Forrest grew up in a house on East Twelfth Street steeped in highbrow letters, her father a prominent writer and her mother, Evelyn, the legendary editor of a downtown journal. Now nearly thirty, Mary struggles to care for ailing Evelyn, whose thoughts drift constantly to a more community-oriented New York now twenty years dead.

Cat McAllister, a veteran of Manhattan's party circuit, lives a life stuffed with hot-or-not significance. Melissa de la Cruz's **CAT'S MEOW** (Scribner), which includes illustrations by Kim de Marco, follows Cat's AbFab adventures among Page Six's fixtures (both fictional and not), as she hunts for a husband and a way out of the "seventh circle of celebrity hell." After careful consideration, Cat trades in the Upper East Side for a Tribeca loft; as she notes, "Not many neighborhoods in New York are properly suitable for a down-at-the-heel self-styled fashionista/socialite."

—*William Cohen*

MICHAEL KUPPERMAN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Readers' Advantage Price: $25.20

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Debunking the myth of Hirohito as a pawn in the hands of the military, this groundbreaking biography exposes the emperor's personal involvement in every stage of the Pacific War and his role in ushering Japan into the modern world.

HIROHITO AND THE MAKING OF MODERN JAPAN
by Herbert P. Bix
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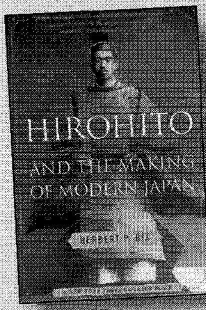
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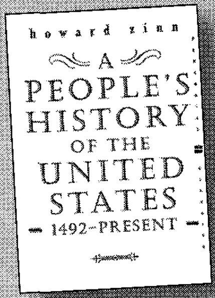
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In this unlikely mix of music, romance and the Holocaust, Martin Goldsmith relates the story of how his parents met as musicians in the Jewish Kulturbund and fell in love before the menacing backdrop of Germany's Third Reich.

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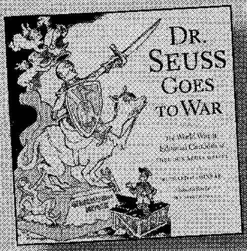

DR. SEUSS GOES TO WAR

HOSTILITIES

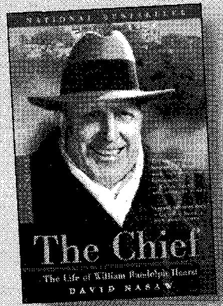
Theodor Seuss Geisel, better known as Dr. Seuss, contributed trenchant commentary on World War II in political cartoons for *PM* newspaper. This book features large format reproductions of more than 200 of his wartime cartoons.

DR. SEUSS GOES TO WAR
by Richard H. Minear
Pub. Price: $17.95
Our Price: $14.36
Readers' Advantage Price: $12.92

HEARST

Based on newly released private and business papers and interviews, this definitive biography of media powerbroker William Randolph Hearst chronicles the private and public lives of this colossal American.

THE CHIEF
by David Nasaw
Pub. Price: $16.00
Our Price: $12.80
Readers' Advantage Price: $11.52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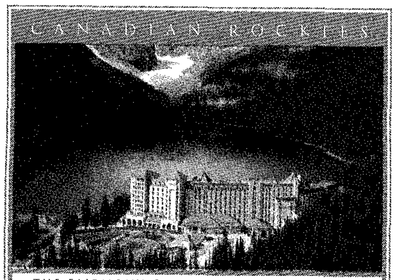

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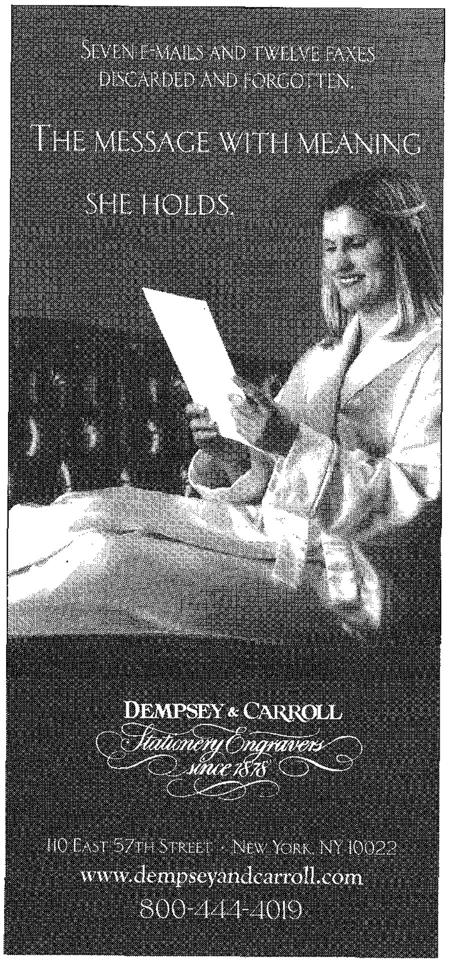


The robust American bass-baritone Mark Delavan takes the title role in Wagner's **"The Flying Dutchman,"** which is performed in the one-act Bayreuth version, without intermission. The other singers include Susan B. Anthony (as Senta), Marion Capriotti, Carl Tanner, Scott Piper, and Kevin Langan; George Manahan. (Sept. 15 at 1:30.) ♦ Jonathan Miller's production of **"The Mikado,"** with Anglea Turner Wilson (as Yum-Yum, in her début), Linda Roark-Strummer, Jennifer Dudley, Jan Opalach (in the title role), Richard Troxell, and Richard Suart; Gerald Steichen. (Sept. 15 at 8.) (New York State Theatre. 307-4100.)

AMATO OPERA
This little company, ensconced in an opera house that could have been plucked from a John Sloan painting, opens its season with a twelve-performance run of **"Aida,"** presented on a very intimate scale (no live elephants here). The conductor (and director) is Anthony Amato. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery. 228-8200. Sept. 15 at 7:30 and Sept. 16 at 2:30. Through Oct. 14.)

CONCERT ROYAL
James Richman conducts the period-instrument ensemble in Rameau's opera-ballet **"Zephyre,"** directed by Catherine Turocy; the singers Kirsten Blase, Lynn Eustis, and Alexandra Montano are joined by the New York Baroque Dance Company. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 307-7171. Sept. 15 at 8 and Sept. 16 at 3.)

OPERAWORKS
Milton Babbitt's **"Philomel,"** a luminous aria for solo soprano and electronic tape with a text by John Hollander, has been a recognized modernist classic since its première, in 1964, but staged versions are rare. Alika Hope performs it in an exceptionally varied program of one-woman operas which also includes Lee Hoiby's **"Bon Appétit,"** a Julia Child tribute written for Jean Stapleton (sung here by Martha Mechalakos), and the U.S. premières of three short works by John Tavener. (78th Street Theatre Lab, 236 W. 78th St. 873-9531. Sept. 15-16 at 3.)

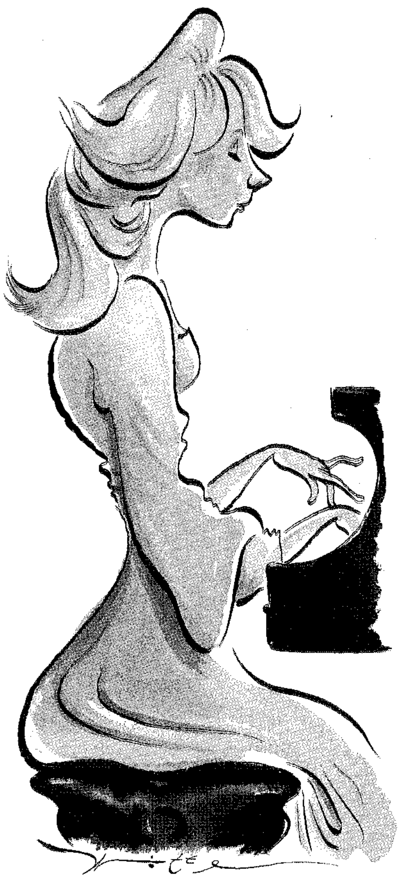
ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

RACHMANINOFF REVISITED
Once denounced as a saccharine Tchaikovsky imitator, Rachmaninoff can now be seen for what he is: a central composer of the modern age whose lyrically captivating and forcefully original music is more influential than ever before. Lincoln Center's two-week mini-festival offers a global view of his output, with all of the popular works (except the Second Symphony) mixed in with several less familiar pieces. Sept. 13 at 7: Vladimir Ashkenazy, in the first of three concerts with the Philharmonia Orchestra of London, conducts the Third Piano Concerto (with Mikhail Pletnev) along with the vibrant Symphonic Dances, Rachmaninoff's enigmatic final work. (Avery Fisher Hall. 721-6500.) ♦ Sept. 14 at 8: The pianist Stephen Hough is the soloist for the vivacious "Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini," presented along with two more substantial works, the Symphony No. 3 and "The Isle of the Dead," a pitch-black tone poem after the Böcklin painting. (Avery Fisher Hall.) ♦ Sept. 15 at 8: "The Bells," an oratorio based on the poem by Edgar Allan Poe, is core Rachmaninoff. Joyous, brilliant, and sombre by turns, it is full of the sounds and rhythms of the Russian Orthodox Church; Marina Shaguch, Ilya Levinsky, and Sergei Koptchak are the vocal soloists, with the St. Petersburg Chamber Choir. Also on the program is the U.S. première of the original manuscript version of the Piano Concerto No. 4, with Alexander Ghindin. (Avery Fisher Hall.) ♦ Sept. 16 at 3: The choir returns to sing the composer's haunting "Vespers." (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. 721-6500.) ♦ (**Note:** On Sept. 15 at 2, the musicologist Gerard McBurney moderates a panel discussion of Rachmaninoff, which is free to festival ticket holders. Kaplan Penthouse, Rose Bldg., 165 W. 65th St., 10th Fl.)

RECITALS

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER
The Society kicks off the new season with six leading pianists celebrating their art. Jonathan Biss, Stewart Goodyear, Lang Lang, Lee Luvisi, Anne-Marie McDermott, and André-Michel Schub combine in various formations to perform music by Dvořák, Mozart, and Schubert (the Fantasy in F Minor). The grand finale is Bach's Triple Concerto in C Major, accompanied by an all-star string group including the violinist Ani Kavafian and the bassist Edgar Meyer. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5788. Sept. 12 at 8.)

BARGEMUSIC
Sept. 13-14 at 7:30: Bargemusic lends its space to the "Québec/New York" festival, hosting the medieval music group Ensemble Anonymous, which plays on such instruments as the chalumeau (a precursor of the clarinet), dulcimer, and bagpipe. ♦ Sept. 15 at 7:30 and Sept. 16 at 4: A formidable crew of mainstream performers (including the pianist Gilbert Kalish and the baritone William Sharp) reclaims the stage, presenting an all-Brahms program featuring the Piano Quartet in C Minor. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-2083.)



Ruth Laredo celebrates the twenty-fifth anniversary of her New York recital début at Alice Tully Hall on Sept. 13.

MICHAEL WITTE

ELIOT FISK AND RINDE ECKERT
The guitarist and the vocalist, two of New York's most colorful and inquisitive musicians, headline a diverse program of musical works and choreography in the inaugural performances of the Culture Project's new Underground Theatre. Among the selections are premières of music by Robert Beaser and Paola Prestini, along with a new adaptation of Lorca's "Gypsy Ballads," presented with flamenco dance. (45 Bleecker Theatre, Bleecker St. at Lafayette St. 529-4530. Sept. 13 at 7 and Sept. 14-16 at 8.)

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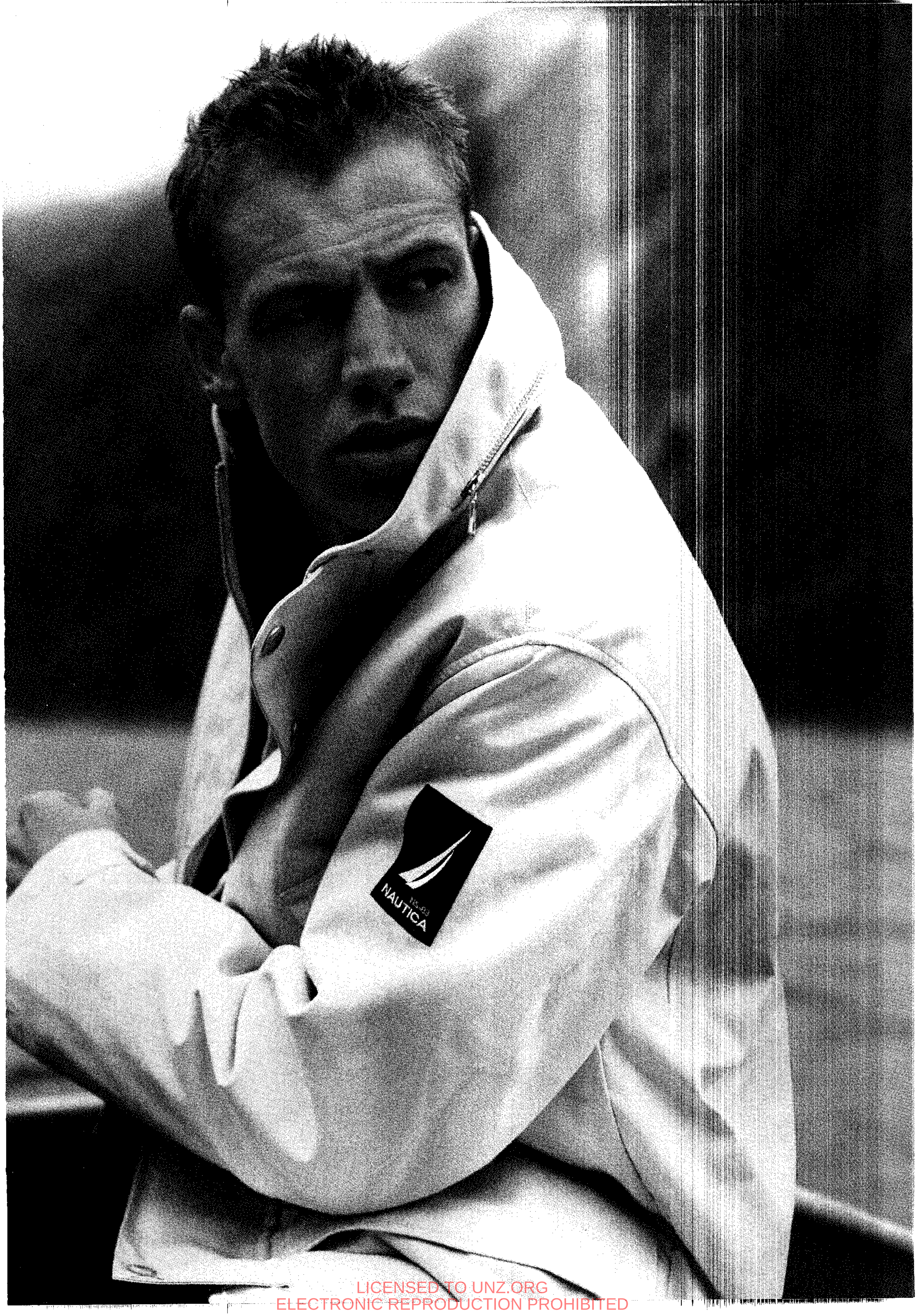
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NEW YORK GUITAR FESTIVAL
This two-concert festival, hosted by John Schaefer of WNYC's "New Sounds Live," begins with a program featuring the Brazilian guitarist Egberto Gismonti and the American master Ralph Towner, the longtime composer, guitarist, and keyboardist for the group Oregon. (Merkin Concert Hall. 129 W. 67th St. 501-3330. Sept. 13 at 8.)

RUTH LAREDO
When this American pianist made her New York recital début at Alice Tully Hall in 1976, the *Times* noted that she played "within a relatively narrow range—from first-rate to superb." Twenty-five years later, Laredo remains a leading interpreter of the Romantic repertory, particularly the music of Scriabin and Rachmaninoff. She plays pieces by both composers on this anniversary concert, along with works by Beethoven (the "Apassionata"), Schumann, and Ravel ("La Valse"). (Alice Tully Hall. 721-6500. Sept. 13 at 8.)

"QUÉBEC/NEW YORK"
Québecers, always eager to distinguish themselves from Anglophone Canada, are descending on the city to promote their culture in all of its forms, including several intriguing concerts of classical and contemporary music. Sept. 14-15 at 8: The Association pour la Création et la Recherche Électroacoustiques du Québec offers "Elektra in New York," two evenings featuring live techno performances by Alain Thibault, DJ Nivok, and others. (Eyebeam Atelier, 130 Madison Ave. 477-8150. **Note:** No one under the age of twenty-one will be admitted.) ♦ Sept. 16 at 8: Trio Fibonacci presents première performances of music by Christopher Bailey, André Villeneuve ("Airs et Nuits"), and other composers. (Merkin Concert Hall. 501-3330.)

FRIENDS & ENEMIES OF NEW MUSIC
Francis Thorne, a gentlemanly and valuable force on the New York scene for many decades, celebrates his eightieth birthday this year, which this ensemble toasts with a performance of his "Rhapsodic Variations No. 5," performed by the violinist Renée Jolles and the pianist Christopher Oldfather. The concert also includes music by Tom Cipullo, Andrew Violette, and others. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Sept. 14 at 8. Tickets at the door.)

WESTERN WIND VOCAL ENSEMBLE: "THE BIRTHDAY OF THE WORLD"
In honor of Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur, the vocal ensemble (along with several cantors and a choir of guest singers) presents a program narrated by the actor Leonard Nimoy. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 501-3330. Sept. 16 at 3.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

"IRISH COMEDY FESTIVAL"
The septuagenarian Emerald Isle stage veteran Niall Toibín, who in 1970 portrayed Brendan Behan in the Tony Award-winning production of "Borstal Boy," returns to the Irish Arts Center with another version of the one-man show that played to sold-out crowds last March. "A friend of mine once described me as a cross between Jackie Mason and Kitty the Hare, an Irish folk character who tells stories that frighten kids," Toibín has said. (553 W. 51st St. 581-4125. Sept. 12-30.)

RANGERS TRAINING CAMP
Can it be hockey season already? The answer is yes, and the Rangers are preparing, for the first time in their seventy-six-year history, by practicing where they play, in Madison Square Garden. This may be the best chance all year to get an up-close look at the players—the sessions are open to the public, and free. (Sept. 12-13 from 9 to 2 and Sept. 14 starting at 3, with an inter-squad scrimmage at 6.)

READINGS
Sept. 12 at 7:30: By Melvin Jules Bukiet and Simone Zelitch, from their novels about Israel. (Makor, 36 W. 67th St. 601-2000.) ♦ Sept. 13 at 6:30: By Penny Arcade, Gerard Malanga, Lynne Tillman, and other writers and performers, from "Water from a Bucket: A Diary 1948-1957," by the poet Charles Henri Ford. (Bobst Library, New York University, 70 Washington Sq. S. No tickets necessary.)

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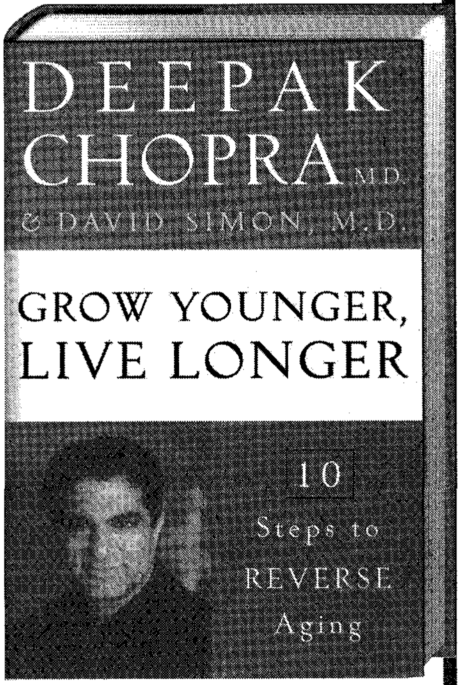

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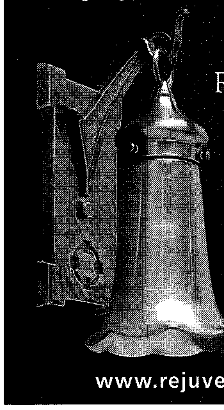

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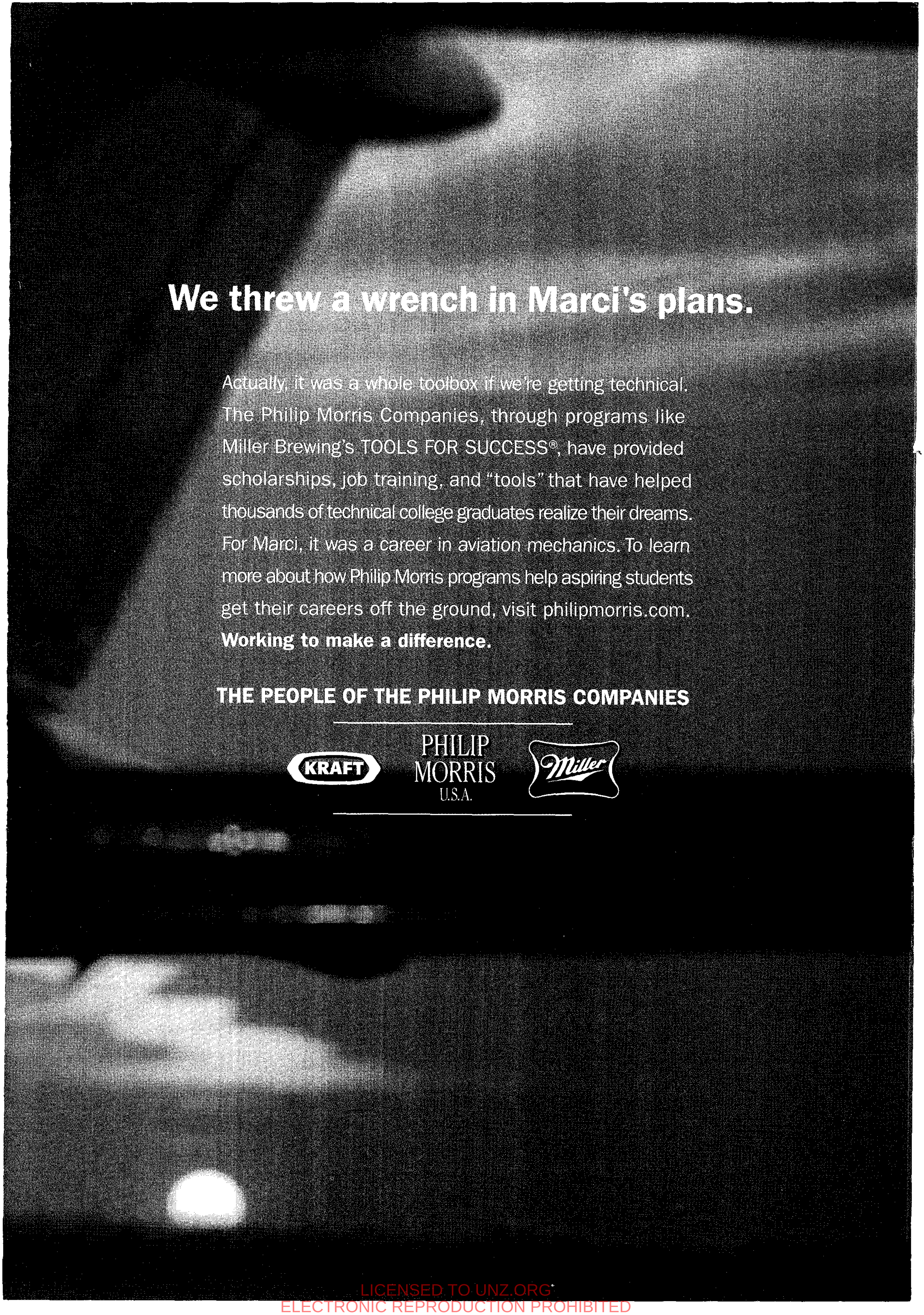

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MOVIES OPENING

THE GLASS HOUSE
A thriller set in Malibu about two orphaned teenagers (Leelee Sobieski and Trevor Morgan) who suspect that their new guardians (Diane Lane and Stellan Skarsgård) may be hiding something. Opening Sept. 14.

HAIKU TUNNEL
Jacob and Josh Kornbluth wrote and directed this comedy about a hyper-efficient temp worker (played by Josh Kornbluth) who falls apart when he takes a permanent job. Opening Sept. 14.

HARDBALL
The story of a shiftless gambler (Keanu Reeves) who coaches a Little League team in Chicago's Cabrini-Green housing project to pay off his debts. Brian Robbins ("Varsity Blues") directed. Opening Sept. 14.

KILL ME LATER
A suicidal young woman (Selma Blair) gets taken hostage by a bank robber in a drama directed by Dana Lustig. Opening Sept. 14.

TELL ME SOMETHING
A jaded detective (Han Suk-gyu) tracks a killer who dismembers his victims in a noir thriller directed by Chang Youn-hyun. In Korean. Opening Sept. 12. (Cinema Village.)

A TRIAL IN PRAGUE
Zuzana Justman directed this documentary about the Communist show trials held in Czechoslovakia in 1952. Opening Sept. 14.

FILM NOTES

APOCALYPSE NOW REDUX
Francis Ford Coppola's steaming, misshapen epic, now twenty-two years old, is with us once more, and it feels madder and more necessary than ever. With the editorial support of Walter Murch, Coppola has revisited the scene of his movie and recut from the original dailies, adding, along the way, some forty-nine minutes of excised footage. This includes, you will be charmed to discover, more sex: a dinner party and postprandial seduction scene on a French plantation, and the dreamy, sorrowful coupling of soldiers and Playboy models in the cockpit of a grounded helicopter. Whether we need this stuff remains arguable, but it certainly thickens the surfeit of half-satisfied desires that were already boiling away inside the movie. For good measure, there is also our first sight of Brando in broad daylight, mocking the imprisoned Martin Sheen. The new print is ripe and lustrous, and the sound recording—of river whispers as much as of music—could have come straight from a hypnotist's handbook.—*Anthony Lane* (Reviewed in our issue of 8/6/01.) (Astor Plaza, BAM Rose Cinemas, Lincoln Square, 72nd Street East, and Union Square.)

BAND OF OUTSIDERS
The two heroes (Claude Brasseur and Sami Frey) begin by playacting crime-and-violence movies, then really act them out in their lives. Their girl (Anna Karina), wanting to be accepted, tells them there is money in the villa where she lives. And we watch, apprehensive and puzzled, as the three of them go through the robbery they're committing as if it were something in a movie—or a fairy tale. This 1964 Jean-Luc Godard film is like a reverie of a gangster movie as students in an espresso bar might remember it or plan it. It has the gangster-film virtues (loyalty, daring) but they are mixed with innocence, amorality, lack of equilibrium. It's as if a French poet took a banal American crime novel and told it to us in terms of the romance and beauty he read between the lines; Godard re-creates the gangsters and the moll with his world of associations—seeing them as people in a Paris café, mixing them with Rimbaud, Kafka, Alice in Wonderland. In French.—*Pauline Kael* (Film Forum.)

CASQUE D'OR
Simone Signoret had her finest role (until "Room at the Top") as a gigolette with a glorious helmet of golden hair in Jacques Becker's sultry, poetic account of the turn-of-the-century Paris underworld. Her performance is a triumph of sensuality: faintly smiling, she is so intensely, ripely physical that she takes command of the screen. Becker introduces a world of cutthroats, apaches, and gun molls, and then subtly evokes an atmosphere that gives meaning and passion—and an overdose of doom—to their rivalries and intrigues. In French; originally released in 1952.—*P.K.* (BAM Rose Cinemas; Sept. 12.)

COTTON COMES TO HARLEM
In this genial adaptation of Chester Himes's 1965 novel, Calvin Lockhart is a duplicitous black preacher and Godfrey Cambridge and Raymond St. Jacques are police detectives Grave Digger Jones and Coffin Ed Johnson, who see through his back-to-Africa con. The movie's racial humor is low-down, unembarrassed, and free-swinging, whether the cops are crashing their car into a watermelon truck or a black temptress is tricking a white cop out of his pants. The director Ossie Davis keeps the atmosphere lively and the performers nimble (familiar faces in this 1970 movie include Redd Foxx and Cleavon Little).—*Michael Sragow* (Film Forum; Sept. 16.)

THE CURSE OF THE JADE SCORPION
Woody Allen's latest comedy, set in an auburn-colored and jazz-haunted past, looks good, but the picture feels attenuated, redundant, and trivial. Allen plays a garrulous nineteen-forties insurance investigator, and Helen Hunt is the newly hired office-efficiency expert. They meet, hate each other, and engage in baroquely phrased period insults that allegedly hide their true attraction. Woody himself is looking a little worn, and his flirting, however acidly, with an actress nearly thirty years younger than himself becomes embarrassing. You have to enjoy the movie (if you can) as a put-on, not as the romantic comedy it's intended to be.—*David Denby* (BAM Rose Cinemas, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, New York Twin, 19th Street East 6, Olympia I and II, Orpheum VII, and Village East Cinemas.)

THE DEEP END
A heartfelt and beautifully made neo-noir thriller that takes its moods and colors from the turquoise blue of Lake Tahoe. A mother of three, Margaret (Tilda Swinton), discovers a dead body outside her family's lakeside home one morning. It is her teenage son's gay lover, a Reno club owner and lowlife, and Margaret sets about disposing of the corpse as if it were a particularly cumbersome household nuisance. The movie, which is beautifully shot by Giles Nuttgens, develops rhapsodic and fatalistic moods that hold you even when the story becomes improbable. With Jonathan Tucker as the son with whom Margaret has a largely silent bond, and Goran Visnjic as a sad-eyed, melancholy blackmailer whom she perversely finds attractive. Written and directed by the team of Scott McGehee and David Siegel.—*D.D.* (8/13/01) (Angelika Film Center, Chelsea Cinemas, Cinema I, Empire 25, Lincoln Square, and Park & 86th Street Cinemas.)

FIGHTER
A fascinating documentary directed by Amir Bar-Lev about two elderly but vigorous Czech Jews, émigrés to America, who survived the Nazi occupation and the Stalinist secret police and returned to Europe, where their friendship, amazingly, fell apart. Jan Wiener, a university instructor, is an authentic hero of the Second World War; Arnošt Lustig, a writer, wit, and bon vivant, has long admired Wiener, but he is also, perhaps, jealous of Wiener's bravery and extraordinary good looks. As they retrace the route of Wiener's escape from occupied Czechoslovakia, they begin to argue about the meaning of Wiener's experience, which Lustig insists on seeing as far more complex and many-sided than the iron-willed Wiener is willing to admit. The movie is, by turns, a European travelogue, an interrogation of memory, and a Shakespearean comedy of temperament.—*D.D.* (9/3/01) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Quad Cinema.)

FIRES ON THE PLAIN
Based on the book by Shohei Ooka, which is said to be the greatest Japanese novel to have come out of the Second World War, this 1959 film, set on the island of Leyte, is an obsessive cry of disgust. It's an appalling picture; it's also a work of epic poetry. The subject is modern man as a cannibal, and after a few minutes this subject doesn't seem at all strange or bizarre: it seems, rather, to be basic. Tamura, the hero, is one of the stragglers of the disintegrating retreating Japanese army—terrified of the Americans, the Filipinos, and of each other. He walks across the plain unharmed because he is already a dead man: he is tubercular—no one wants his flesh. The atmosphere of the film is remote from our ordinary world: there is nothing banal, nothing extraneous to the single-minded view of man in extremis. Directed by Kon Ichikawa; the script is by his wife, Natto Wada. It's a masterpiece. In Japanese.—*P.K.* (Museum of Modern Art; Sept. 15.)

GHOST WORLD
Two strip-mall Savonarolas, Enid (Thora Birch) and Rebecca (Scarlett Johansson), gaze with disgust at the fallen world around them. Terry Zwigoff's movie is based on Daniel Clowes's cartoon novel, which he and Clowes adapted. For a while, "Ghost World" seems to be a new type of dyspeptic comedy, acid yet tender. Zwigoff's sense of visual elegance gives clarity and snap to material that might have fallen into a crabby nowheresville. But the movie loses its cool. It zeros in on Enid's unhappiness, and she begins to seem like a typical teen-ager, one who makes jokes to cover her pain and who needs to grow up. See it for Birch's hostile stare and Johansson's devastating monotone.—*D.D.* (8/6/01) (Angelika Film Center, Chelsea Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

HEDWIG AND THE ANGRY INCH
Trash perfection. Flamboyant costumes, lollipop colors, and glam-rock music come together explosively in John Cameron Mitchell's movie adaptation of his Off Broadway hit. Hedwig, a transsexual rocker, tours the dives of America in pursuit of her gorgeous, successful former protégé (Michael Pitt). Her band is called the Angry Inch (which also refers to the result of a botched sex-change operation), and her story unwinds in a series of monologues and rocking stage performances. Mitchell's confident, nonpandering direction brings out cheeky performances from his actors, and songwriter Stephen Trask's tunes, worthy of Bowie at his gender-bending best, wrap the film in loving, outré fashion.—*Bruce Diones* (Chelsea Cinemas, Cinema 3rd Avenue, Empire 25, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Union Square.)

JAY AND SILENT BOB STRIKE BACK
Kevin Smith ("Clerks," "Chasing Amy") sums up his career thus far in a ragtag affair that's profane, silly, and likable. Jay (Jason Mewes) and Silent Bob (Smith himself), the two stunningly unemployable young men who made peripheral appearances in earlier Smith movies, leave their turf outside a Quick Stop convenience store in Leonardo, New Jersey, and head for Hollywood. Jay, who looks like a stoned Viking, is a ranter—obscene, empty-brained, sublimely confident with women yet as scoreless as a eunuch. Silent Bob, his patsy and fool, plays off Jay's tirades with yearning eyes. The movie is filled with antic references to the early Smith canon and much in-joking about the movie business. With Chris Rock, Matt Damon, Ben Affleck, Jason Biggs, Mark Hamill, and many others in cameo appearances.—*D.D.* (9/3/01) (Battery Park 16, Cinema II, 84th Street Sixplex, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Metro Cinema 1 and 2, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII.)

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L.I.E.
A delinquent kid (Paul Franklin Dano) first robs and then befriends a middle-aged ex-marine (Brian Cox), who knows a lucky chance when he sees one. As movie subjects go, pedophilia is volatile to the point of explosive, and Michael Cuesta has done well to hold his nerve and forge something so clever and careful. If anything, the cleverness cuts too deep. Cuesta's desire for tolerance is so pronounced, and Cox's skill is so generous and engaging, that, if you don't watch out, you can end up being seduced by the same strategic charm that ensnares the boy. The picture is suavely shot and never less than disturbing. Cuesta falters only when the comedy of sly, vicious seduction recedes to make way for a solid event—a guy keeling over with a heart attack, say, in the middle of a restaurant. But this is Cox's film, by a mile; as a good Shakespearean, he knows how to flood villainy with dramatic life. What do you do with a monster who dares you not to like him?—*A.L.* (9/10/01) (Union Square.)

LISA PICARD IS FAMOUS
Two unemployed actors came up with the canny idea of starring in a mock documentary about two unemployed actors starring in a documentary about their search for success. The actors, Laura Kirk and Nat DeWolf, also wrote the script, and the film's director, Griffin Dunne, plays a director in the film. Instead of another insider diatribe about the players and poseurs of Hollywood, we are given the other side: a deftly shaped sendup of insecurity and ambition. Even so, the filmmakers are smart enough and connected enough—Mira Sorvino produced—to sprinkle their tale of wannabes with real-life celebrities (Sandra Bullock and Spike Lee, among others) doling out tongue-in-cheek career advice. Although Kirk and DeWolf's satirical script occasionally misfires, their film has a biting charm.—*B.D.* (Union Square.)

O
This transposition of "Othello" to a Southern prep school, with Mekhi Phifer as a black star basketball player, Julia Stiles as his white girlfriend, and Josh Hartnett as a jealous white rival on the team, was held from distribution for two years, following the shootings at Columbine, but there was probably no need for caution, since the movie is sincere, nonexploitative, and heartfelt, and has no resemblance to any of the school shootings. Phifer's performance develops some tragic power, but Hartnett's Iago figure seems merely improbable. The movie is a decent try, but the attempts to stay close to Shakespeare's plot and to say something about American racism make for a complicated and confused way of telling a story that should have been straightforward. Directed by Tim Blake Nelson, sensitively, but without sensuality or excitement.—*D.D.* (BAM Rose Cinemas, Battery Park 16, East 85th Street, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, 72nd Street East, and Village Theatre VII.)

THE OTHERS
Nicole Kidman, with a hairdo that makes her look like a red-headed Grace Kelly, plays an upper-class Englishwoman living in a big house on Jersey at the end of the Second World War. Her husband is off fighting, and her two small children are so sensitive to light that the curtains must always be drawn and anyone passing from room to room must shut one door before opening the next. The electricity is out, and the house is covered in fog. One rather misses a beast howling on the moors or a madwoman in the attic, but there are voices, many voices, and the servants make creepy remarks. The Spanish director Alejandro Amenábar works by suggestion much of the time: he favors ambiguity rather than outright horrors, and the sepulchral gray light of the house and grounds can be elegant. But the movie becomes monotonous; it's like a sluggish computer game in which movement is limited to one room at a time.—*D.D.* (8/13/01) (Battery Park 16, East 86th Street Cinemas, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, New York Twin, 19th Street East 6, and Village Theatre VII.)

OUR LADY OF THE ASSASSINS
A Colombian writer returns to his native Medellín to mourn his lost youth and, while he's at it, pick up a new one. That, more or less, is the tale that Barbet Schroeder's new movie has to tell. Schroeder has made some spicy pictures in his time, but this one feels lacklustre by comparison, and the two main performers—Anderson Ballesteros as the hustler and German Jaramillo as his aging mentor—tend to drift through their scenes, trying not to notice the hellfire around them. Whether they are genuinely ground down by the woes of the world or simply exhausted by years of casual sex is hard to work out; to be fair, few directors could make a film about moral anesthesia without sinking into glumness, and Schroeder does a pretty good job of insuring that no one in the audience will book a Colombian vacation in the near future. In Spanish.—*A.L.* (9/10/01) (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Opening September 14, Leelee Sobieski in "The Glass House."

MARK ZINGARELLI

RAT RACE
The director Jerry Zucker, of "Airplane!" fame, gathers together a group of comic actors, including Whoopi Goldberg, Jon Lovitz, and John Cleese, for this sporadically zany comedy about a cross-country race for two million dollars. Some of Zucker's elaborate stunts are inspired, and the sight gags have the pleasing obviousness of his earlier work. The jokes tend to hang around waiting for a laugh, but the film builds enough momentum for a proper goofball finish.—*B.D.* (Battery Park 16, Coronet Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Metro Cinema 1 and 2, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII.)

ROCK STAR
Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. (Battery Park 16, 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, 19th Street East 6, Olympia I and II, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII.)

SHERLOCK JR.
The title of this Buster Keaton comedy doesn't do justice to what the movie is about: Keaton plays a projectionist who, while running a movie—"Hearts and Pearls"—enters the screen and becomes involved with the characters. Directed by Keaton, it's a wonderfully imaginative film, full of extraordinary tricks so immaculately executed that they look simple. It's a piece of native American surrealism. With Kathryn McGuire as the heroine, and Keaton's father, Joe Keaton, as the heroine's father.—*P.K.* (Film Forum; Sept. 17.)

TOGETHER
Lukas Moodysson's exemplary comedy, one part distressing to two parts delectable, is set in a hippie commune in the mid-nineteen-seventies—in Sweden, no less, where the hippie ethic was an article of faith. Within minutes, we know not only where we are but whom we are dealing with; as a director, Moodysson is the perfect host, calmly introducing us, without the trace of a sneer, to a broad selection of trolls and fruitcakes. What follows is a dance of desire, as men, women, and even children pair off with one another; under it all, like a bass note, sounds the story of Elisabeth (Lisa Lindgren) and her drunken husband, Rolf (Michael Nyqvist), strangers to this utopian colony, who finally find refuge, and a kind of reconciliation, in its absurd dreams. That is Moodysson's great trick: to blow hot and cold, allowing us both to laugh at these bearded types and to respect, even envy, their frazzled companionship. With the excellent Emma Samuelsson as the warring couple's daughter, and with the help of Abba—what did you expect?—on the soundtrack. In Swedish.—*A.L.* (8/20 & 27/01) (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

ALSO PLAYING

AMERICAN PIE 2
Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Olympia I and II, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Union Square, and Waverly.

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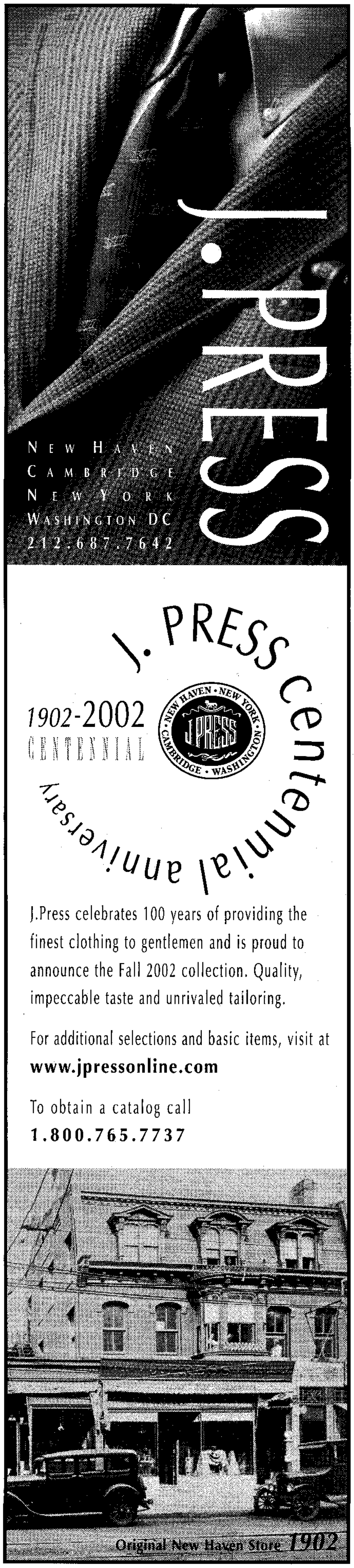
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THE MUSKETEER
Battery Park 16, Chelsea Cinemas, Coronet Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Metro Cinema 1 and 2, and Union Square.

PLANET OF THE APES (8/6/01)
Chelsea Cinemas, East 86th Street Cinemas, Empire 25, First & 62nd Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, Union Square, and Ziegfeld.

RUSH HOUR 2
Battery Park 16, Chelsea West, 84th Street Sixplex, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Orpheum VII, Sutton 1 and 2, Union Square, and Waverly.

SEXY BEAST (6/18 & 25/01)
Cinema Village and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

SOUL SURVIVORS
Battery Park 16, Chelsea Cinemas, East 86th Street Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Empire 25, First & 62nd Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, and Village East Cinemas.

VENGO
The Screening Room.

WET HOT AMERICAN SUMMER
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THEATRE ADDRESSES

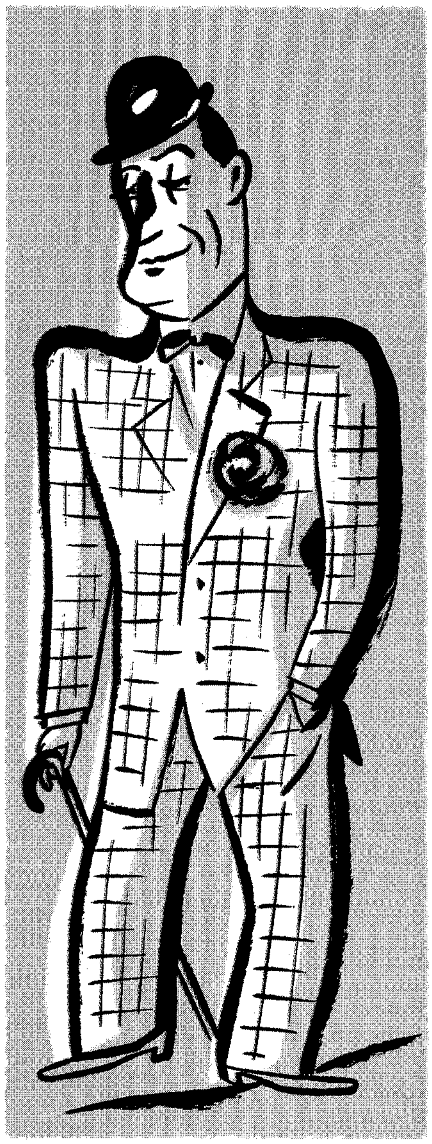
Unless noted, call 777-FILM for show times.

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
BAM Rose Cinemas, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn.
Battery Park 16, West St. at Vesey St. (945-3418).
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Chelsea West, 333 W. 23rd St.
Cinema I, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema II, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3rd Avenue, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363).
Coronet Cinemas, Third Ave. at 59th St.
East 85th Street, First Ave. at 85th St.
East 86th Street Cinemas, Third Ave. at 86th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
Empire 25, on 42nd St. near Eighth Ave. (398-3939).
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
42nd Street E Walk, 42nd St. near Eighth Ave.
Kips Bay Theatre, Second Ave. at 32nd St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St.
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
Metro Cinema 1 and 2, Broadway at 99th St.
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th St.
New York Twin, Second Ave. at 67th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Olympia I and II, Broadway at 107th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St. (688-3800).
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th St.
Pioneer, 155 E. 3rd St. (254-3300).
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
The Screening Room, 54 Varick St. (334-2100).
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
64th and 2nd, Second Ave. at 64th St.
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
State, Broadway at 45th St.
Sutton 1 and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
Union Square, Broadway at 13th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center (875-5600).
Waverly 1 and 2, Sixth Ave. at 3rd St.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE
35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—Sept. 15-16: "Hollywood Meets the Avant-Garde," screenings and lectures about early experimental cinema and Hollywood movies. Sept. 15 at 2: "The Bluebird" (1918, Maurice Tourneur) and "Dreams of a Rarebit Fiend" (1906, Edwin S. Porter). ♦ Sept. 15 at 4: Cecile Starr lectures on Busby Berkeley. ♦ Sept. 16 at 2: "Borderline" (1930, Kenneth MacPherson and Winifred Bryher) and "City of Contrasts" (1931, Irving Browning). ♦ Sept. 16 at 4: Bruce Posner lectures on Slavko Vorkapich and Robert Florey. ♦ Repertory night. Sept. 15-16 at 6:30: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959, Alain Resnais; in French).


At BAM Rose Cinemas, the films of the Italian comic Totò.

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ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES
32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110)—Through Sept. 19: An Andy Warhol tribute. Sept. 14 at 7, Sept. 15 at 7:30, Sept. 16 at 2 and 7, Sept. 17 at 9:30, and Sept. 18 at 7: "Basquiat" (1996, Julian Schnabel). ♦ Sept. 14 at 9:30, Sept. 15 at 2:30, Sept. 16 at 4:30 and 9:30, Sept. 17 at 7, and Sept. 18 at 9:30: "I Shot Andy Warhol" (1996, Mary Harron). ♦ Sept. 15 at 5: "Scenes from the Life of Andy Warhol" (1991, Jonas Mekas).

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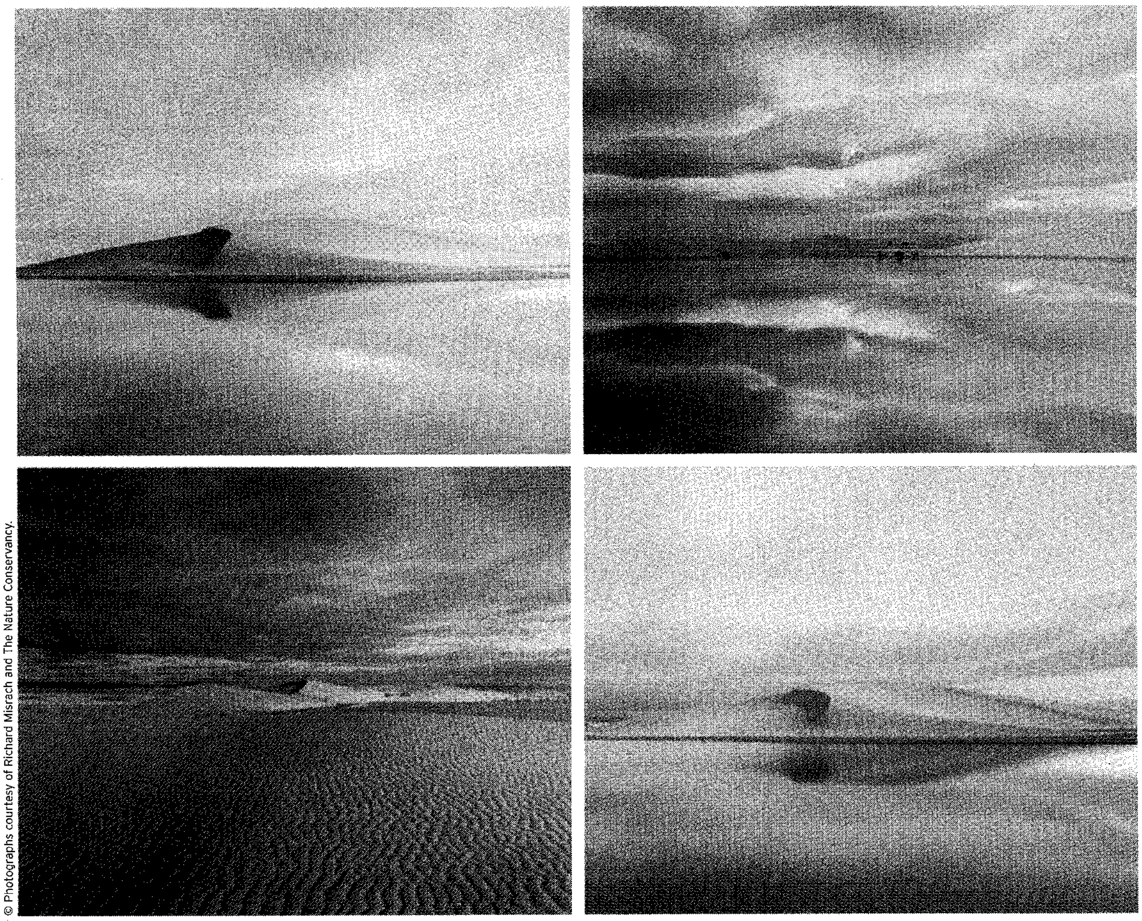

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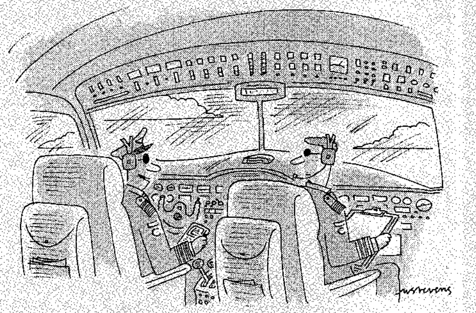

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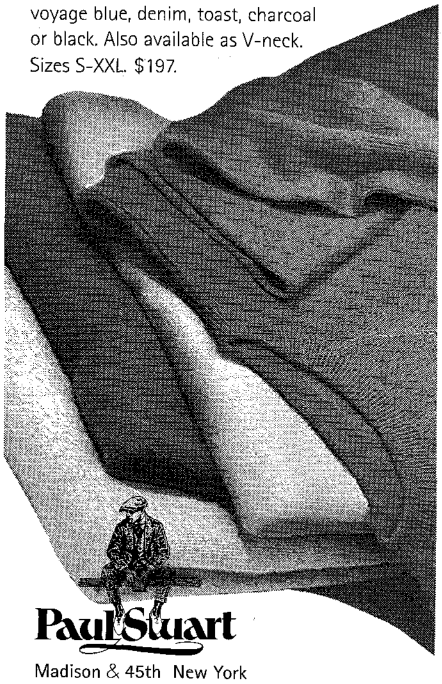

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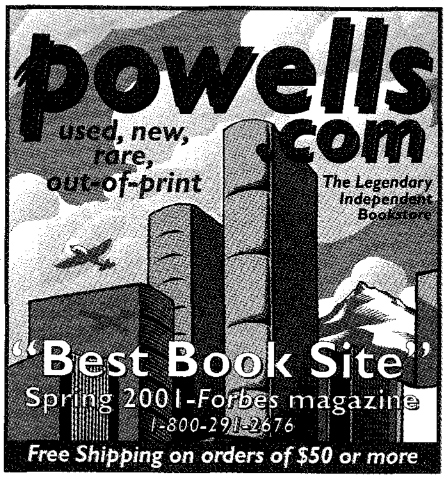
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BAM ROSE CINEMAS
30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (777-3456)—Sept. 12 at 6:50 and 9:20: "Casque d'Or" (†). ♦ A retrospective of films featuring the Italian comic Totò. All films are in Italian. Sept. 13 at 4:30, 6:50, and 9:10: "Totò Diabolicus" (1962, Steno). ♦ Sept. 17 at 4:30, 6:50, and 9:10: "Poverty and Nobility" (1954, Mario Mattoli). ♦ Sept. 18 at 4:30, 6:50, and 9:10: "The Two Colonels" (1962, Steno). ♦ Selections from the Pordenone Silent Film Festival. Sept. 14 at 7:30: "Treasures from a Chest: Retour de Flamme" (1897-1927, George Méliès and others). ♦ Sept. 15 at 5: "Lonesome" (1928, Paul Fejós) and "The Cook" (1918, Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle). ♦ Sept. 15 at 8: "Blind Justice" (1915, Benjamin Christensen). ♦ Sept. 16 at 5: "Maciste in Hell" (1926, Guido Brignone) and "Pass the Gravy" (1928, Fred Guiol and Leo McCarey). ♦ Sept. 16 at 8: "From Morning to Midnight" (1920, Karl Heinz Martin).

FILM FORUM
W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—Through Oct. 4: "N.Y.P.D.," an eight-week festival of New York City crime movies. Sept. 12 at 2, 5:50, and 9:40: "Cruising" (1980, William Friedkin). ♦ Sept. 12 at 4 and 7:50: "Bad Lieutenant" (1992, Abel Ferrara). ♦ Sept. 13 at 3:55 and 7:30: "Madigan" (1968, Don Siegel). ♦ Sept. 13 at 1:30, 5:25, and 9:30: "The Detective" (1968, Gordon Douglas). ♦ Sept. 14-15 at 3:20, 6:40, and 9:55: "Phantom Lady" (1944, Robert Siodmak). ♦ Sept. 14-15 at 1:45, 5:05, and 8:20: "I Wake Up Screaming" (1941, H. Bruce Humberstone). ♦ Sept. 16 at 2:50, 6:30, and 10:10: "Shaft" (1971, Gordon Parks). ♦ Sept. 16 at 1, 4:40, and 8:20: "Cotton Comes to Harlem" (†). ♦ Sept. 18 at 1:10, 4:30, and 7:50: "The Tattooed Stranger" (1950, Edward J. Montagne). ♦ Sept. 18 at 2:45, 6:05, and 9:25: "Guilty Bystander" (1950, Joseph Lerner). ♦ Mondays through Oct. 1: Buster Keaton classics. Sept. 17 at 2:20, 4:40, 7, and 9:20: "Sherlock Jr." (†). ♦ Sept. 17 at 3:20, 5:40, 8, and 10:20: "The Three Ages" (1923). The 7:00 and 8:00 shows feature live piano accompaniment by Steve Sterner.

FLORENCE GOULD HALL
55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Through Oct. 30: "French Classics in Black & White." Sept. 18 at 12:30, 3:30, 6:30, and 9: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953, Jacques Tati; in French).

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Through Oct. 2: A Kon Ichikawa retrospective. All films are in Japanese. Sept. 13 at 2:30 "Dora-Heita" (2000). ♦ Sept. 13 at 6: "A Billionaire" (1954). ♦ Sept. 14 at 2:30 "Pu-san" (1953). ♦ Sept. 14 at 6 and Sept. 16 at 5: "Kokoro" (1955). ♦ Sept. 14 at 8:15 and Sept. 16 at 2: "Punishment Room" (1956). ♦ Sept. 15 at 2: "Harp of Burma" (1956). ♦ Sept. 15 at 5: "Fires on the Plain" (†). ♦ Sept. 17 at 2:30 and Sept. 18 at 6: "The Woman Who Touched Legs" (1952). ♦ Sept. 17 at 6: "A Full-Up Train" (1957). ♦ Sept. 18 at 2:30: "Bonchi" (1960).

THE MUSEUM OF TELEVISION & RADIO
25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—Through Sept. 16: "Hello, Goodbye," screenings of classic television shows. Sept. 12-16 at 3: The première and final episodes of "Family Ties" and "The Wonder Years." ♦ Through Nov. 2: Selected short films from "Saturday Night Live." Sept. 13-14 at 6:30 and Sept. 15-16 at 4.

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Lincoln Center (875-5600)—Through Sept. 23: A series of Iranian films, with an emphasis on the works of the director Amir Naderi. Unless otherwise noted, all films are in Farsi. Sept. 12 at 1 and Sept. 13 at 8:30: "Tangsir" (1973, Naderi). ♦ Sept. 12 at 3:30 and 7:15: "One More Day" (2000, Babak Payami). ♦ Sept. 12 at 5:15 and 9: "Deadlock" (1973, Naderi). ♦ Sept. 13 at 2 and 6:15: "Requiem" (1978, Naderi). ♦ Sept. 13 at 4:15: "Daughters of the Sun" (2000, Mariam Shahriar). ♦ Sept. 14 at 1 and Sept. 17 at 9: "The Search" (1982, Naderi). ♦ Sept. 14 at 5: "Still Life" (1974, Sohrab Shahid Saless). ♦ Sept. 14 at 9, Sept. 15 at 8:15, and Sept. 17 at 1 and 5: "The Runner" (1985, Naderi). ♦ Sept. 15 at 6: "Going By" (2001, Iraj Karimi). ♦ Sept. 17 at 3 and 7: "Red" (2000, Fereydoun Geyrani). ♦ Sept. 18 at 1: "Water, Wind, Dust" (1989, Naderi). ♦ Sept. 18 at 3: "Manhattan by Numbers" (1992, Naderi; in English). ♦ A Stanley Kubrick event. Sept. 16 at 7: Michael Ciment introduces "Eyes Wide Shut" (1999).

David Bartruff/Corbis

DANCE OF SPIRITUAL SURRENDER
Whirling Dervishes are Muslim priests who believe that during their ceremonial dancing the soul is freed from its earthly ties and is able to commune with the divine.

cacophony of contrasts

BY JONATHAN GORVETT

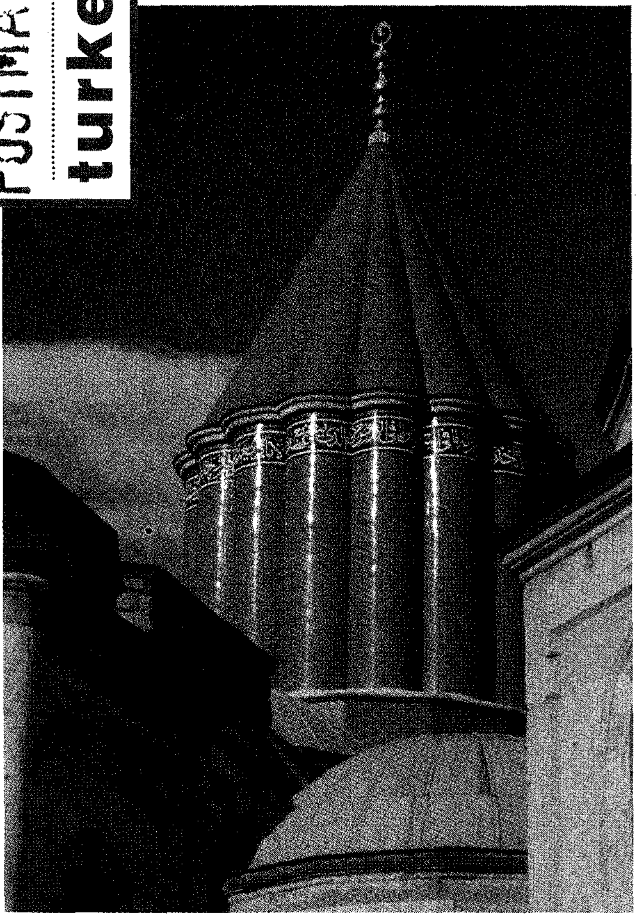
Sprawling beneath the gigantic Byzantine walls of Istanbul is the Topkapi intercity bus station. For years, travelling anywhere in the country meant braving this morass of barking horns, screeching brakes, and ramshackle buses—their battered dashboards covered with imprecations to Allah for a safe and successful journey. The first time I went there, a crowd of peddlers and ticket touts seemingly several hundred strong made an instant beeline for me, shouting out a chorus of far-flung destinations.

"Pamukkale!" "Ephesus!" "Cappadocia!" "Van!" "Urfa!" "Izmir!" "Alanya!"

It didn't take long to realize that this bewildering array of names was a chronicle of the nation's riches, multiple histories, timeless legends, and breathtaking beauty.

Sitting over a glass of the local firewater, raki, at an outside table in one of Istanbul's crowded back alley restaurants (the best of which are in the old European quarter of Beyoglu), there is often a moment when one of those names comes up again. "Ah, Kas!" they'll say, or it could be "Ah, Dalyan!" or "Ah, Ayvalik!" or a dozen other places. Old apartment houses cram the narrow streets, while groups of musicians wander from table to table playing that driving, acoustic blend of Anatolian, Balkan, and Romany music called *Rembetica.* The songs are often mournful, and instruments can include the oud, the bouzouki, a mandolin, the lute-like *saz,* zither-like *kanun,* and even the accordion.

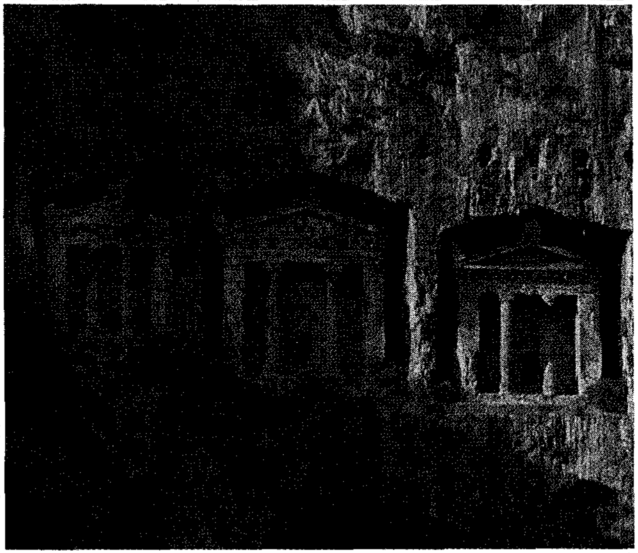
In this atmosphere, the word Kas could conjure up a plum stone Mediterranean sunset, watched from a rocky bay that is flanked on one end by an ancient Roman amphitheatre and on



Chris Hellier/Corbis

MEVLANA'S MUSEUM

Dedicated to Mevlana Celaleddin-i Rumi, this Konya site is the spiritual home to the Sufis.



Nik Wheeler/Corbis

DALYAN RIVER TOMBS

High above the meandering Dalyan are the ancient rock-cut tombs of the former kings of Caria.

For more information on Turkey, call 877-FOR-TURKEY or visit www.tourismturkey.org.

the other, an Ottoman mansion house. "Ah, Simena!" would invoke the Lycian island city that was submerged after a second century earthquake. Its tombs and palaces are still visible in the clear waters of its many islets.

Dalyan brings forth an image of the river winding among reed beds to pass beneath the ancient faces of rock-cut tombs, set high in the surrounding cliffs. These final resting places for the kings of the long-lost empire of Caria have looked down upon the green river waters for nearly 2,500 years. Or perhaps the reference is to Assos, where from an ancient temple, I watched the lights coming on at the nearby Greek isle of Lesbos, across Homer's wine dark sea.

The name could also invoke a memory of the broken pillars and stone gods of Ephesus, where the Temple of Artemis—one of the Seven Wonders of the World—once stood. Or perhaps it is the dusty town of Konya that's mentioned, with its turquoise tomb of Mevlana Celaleddin-i Rumi, the thirteenth century Sufi poet, mystic, and founder of the Whirling Dervishes.

Whatever it is, it's hard to think of Turkey without thinking of its history. Remember that by the time the Romans made Istanbul (then Constantinople) the capital of their empire, the city was already more than a thousand years old. At its heart, the Romans placed a column—the Million Stone—and declared that this spot marked the center of the world.

It always seemed to me, though, that Turkey was the center of many worlds. Go to Pamukkale, with its cascade of white travertine terraces, or Cappadocia, with its volcanic "fairy chimneys" of wind-and-rain-sculpted pumice, their thin fingers of rock point skyward across the plain. Scattered amongst the chimneys are large, bulbous rock formations with hollowed-out caves and secret entrances. These man-made caves often interconnected, forming a tunneled city that allowed the early Christians to hide out for months at a time from their persecutors. The science-fiction landscape gives the impression that Turkey is also the center of an undiscovered universe.

Then there is the East and the Southeast. Urfa, birthplace of the patriarch Abraham, has lines of chador-clad Iranian pilgrims queuing up to sample its sacred waters. Further east, near Mardin, is the Christian monastery of Mar Gabriel, where they still speak Aramaic—the language of Jesus himself. In the evening twilight, the landscape glows red and gold.

Go further still, across the great salt lake of Van, to the Armenian frontier. There, the abandoned city of Ani lies in the borderland between Turkey and Armenia. Uninhabited for over four centuries, Ani was once the capital of a medieval Armenian empire. One can still see the ruins of reconstructed churches and tumbled down palaces standing eerily empty within the city's colossal walls. Ani's numerous cave dwellings and underground tombs are not as visible, but they are no less awesome.

Perhaps Turkey's best-kept secret is its Black Sea coast. With alpine forests sweeping down to the water, the Kaçkar mountains line up along the seaboard, hiding within them some of the best trekking and rafting sites anywhere in the world.

Back at my table in Beyoglu though, the list of destinations is still unwinding. It may go on forever. After spending six years in this country called the crossroads of civilizations, I still have plenty left to explore.

Jonathan Gorvett is the Turkish correspondent for the Boston Globe.

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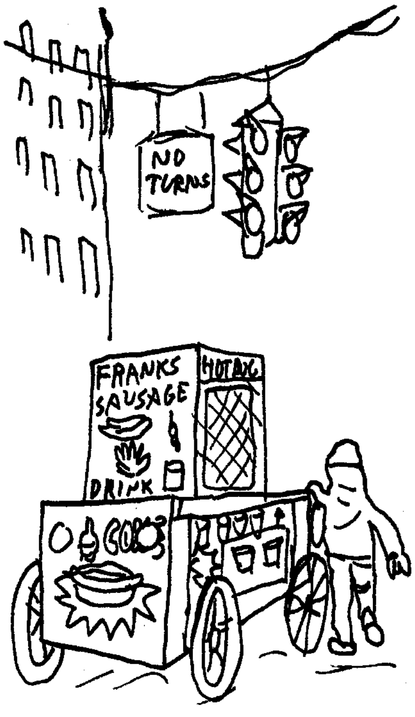
COMMENT
OPERATION RESCUE

One of the most striking aspects of the automobile industry is the precision with which it makes calculations of life and death. The head restraint on the back of a car seat has been determined to reduce an occupant's risk of dying in an accident by 0.36 per cent. The steel beams in a car's side doors cut fatalities by 1.7 per cent. The use of a seat belt in a right-front collision reduces the chances of a front-seat passenger's being killed through ejection by fourteen per cent, with a margin of error of plus or minus one per cent. When auto engineers discuss these numbers, they use detailed charts and draw curves on quadrille paper, understanding that it is through the exact and dispassionate measurement of fatality effects and the resulting technical tinkering that human lives are saved. They could wax philosophical about the sanctity of life, but what would that accomplish? Sometimes progress in matters of social policy occurs when the moralizers step back and the tinkerers step forward. In the face of the right-to-life debate in the country—and show trials like the Bush Administration's recent handling of the stem-cell controversy—it's worth wondering what would happen if those involved in that debate were to learn the same lesson.

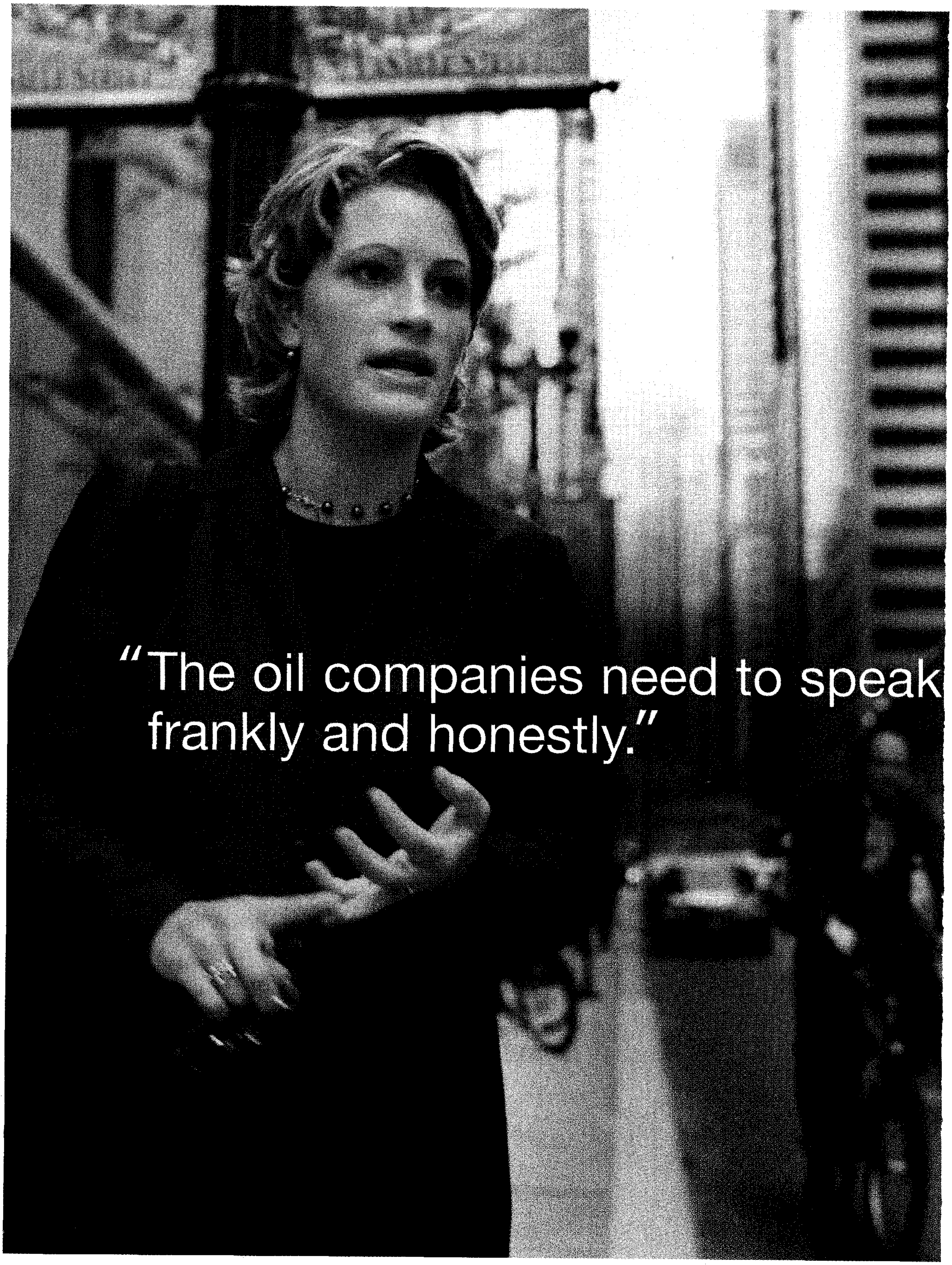
Suppose, for example, that, instead of focussing on the legality of abortion, we focussed on the *number* of abortions in this country. That's the kind of thing that tinkerers do: they focus not on the formal status of social phenomena but on their prevalence. And the prevalence of abortion in this country is striking. In 1995, for example, American adolescents terminated pregnancies at a rate roughly a third greater than their Canadian, English, and Swedish counterparts, around triple that of French teen-agers, and six times that of Dutch and Italian adolescents.



GARY PANTER, 2/15/93

This is not because abortions are more readily available in America. The European countries with the lowest abortion rates are almost all places where abortions are easier to get than they are in the United States. And it's not because pregnant European teen-agers are more likely to carry a child to term than Americans. (If anything, the opposite is true.) Nor is it because American teen-agers have more sex than Europeans: sexual behavior, in the two places, appears to be much the same. American teen-agers have more abortions because they get pregnant more than anyone else: they simply don't use enough birth control.

Bringing the numbers down is by no means an insurmountable problem. Many Western European countries managed to reduce birth rates among teen-agers by more than seventy per cent between 1970 and 1995, and reproductive-health specialists say that there's no reason we couldn't follow suit. Since the early nineteen-seventies, for instance, the federal Title X program has funded thousands of family-planning clinics around the country, and in the past twenty years the program has been responsible for preventing an estimated nine million abortions. It could easily be expanded. There is also solid evidence that a comprehensive, national sex-education curriculum could help to reduce unintended pregnancies still further. If these steps succeeded in bringing our teen-age-pregnancy rates into line with those in Canada and England, the number of abortions in this country



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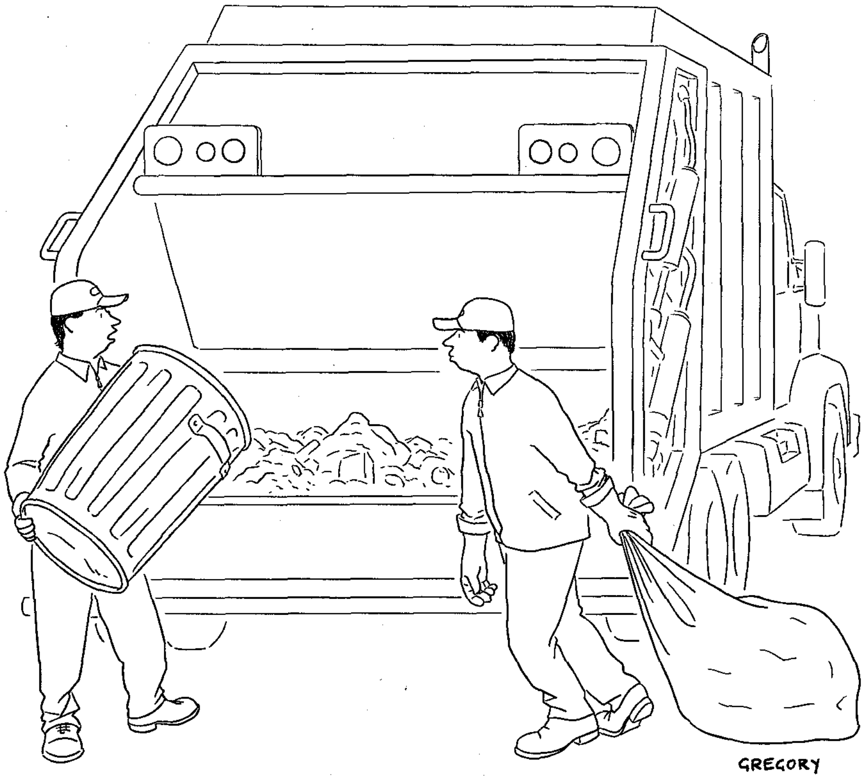


"This is the part of the job that I hate."

• •

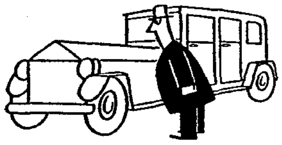
could drop by about five hundred thousand a year. For those who believe that a fetus is a human being, this is like saying that if we could find a few hundred million dollars, and face the fact that, yes, teen-agers have sex, we could save the equivalent of the population of Arizona within a decade.

But this is not, unfortunately, the way things are viewed in Washington. Since the eighties, Title X has been under constant attack. Taking inflation into account, its level of funding is now about sixty per cent lower than it was twenty years ago, and the Bush Administration's budget appropriation does little to correct that shortfall. As for sex education, the President's stated preference is that a curriculum instructing teen-agers to abstain from sex be given parity with forms of sex education that mention the option of contraception. The chief distinguishing feature of abstinence-only programs is that there's no solid evidence that they do any good. The right's squeamishness about sex has turned America into the abortion capital of the West.

But, then, this is the same movement that considered Ronald Reagan to be an ally and Bill Clinton a foe. And what does the record actually show? In the eight years of President Reagan's Administration, there was an average of 1.6 million abortions a year; by the end of President Clinton's first term, when the White House was much more favorably disposed toward the kinds of policies that are now anathema in Washington, that annual figure had dropped by more than two hundred thousand. A tinkerer would look at those numbers and wonder whether we need a new definition of "pro-life."

—*Malcolm Gladwell*

MYSTERY MOBILE
BENTLEY FOR SALE



While Dana Greene, a doctoral candidate in criminal justice at CUNY, was walking Helen, a Rhodesian Ridgeback, along Horatio Street the other day, she asked, "What kind of person would buy a Bentley if he couldn't afford a garage?" She was standing next to a goldish-brown 1960 Bentley S2 sedan parked on the Horatio-West Fourth Street side of the Reggie Fitzgerald Triangle, a small traffic meridian in the West Village. "It moves around, so I know somebody owns it," she said as the dog sniffed at the car's tires. "Oh, and this is new." She indicated a "For Sale" sign taped to the inside of the front passenger-side window. "Who puts up a 'For Sale' sign with no number to call? How are you supposed to get in touch—leave a note on the windshield?"

The Bentley started turning up sometime in June. With its rounded, aerodynamic lines, polished finish, and Flying B hood ornament—not to mention its wood-panelled interior, right-hand-drive steering wheel, and fold-down tray tables—it has been provoking speculation and comment ever since. Who owned it? What was it doing on the street? Why that particular paint job? ("I just wish it was a different color—green or something fabulous," Harry King, a hair stylist, said.) A man named Jeffrey Meyers guessed that it belonged to "some yuppie." He said, "What I'm seeing it as, metaphorically, is a symbol of the gentrification of the West Village. The social fabric has been torn, and the whole cool nature of this neighborhood is being spoiled."

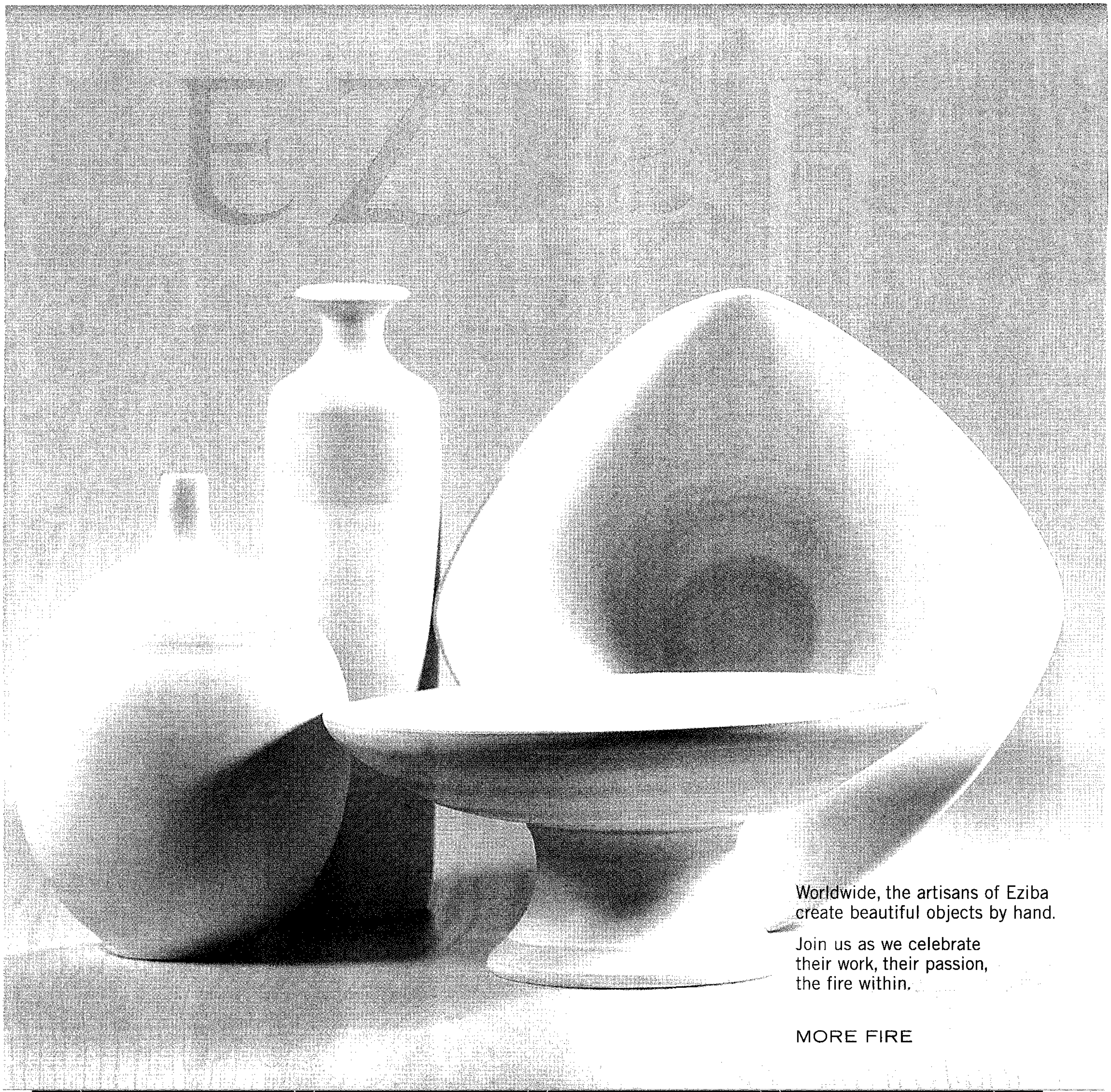
The mystery of the Bentley's provenance was solved by an inquiry at the Getty station at Eighth Avenue and Thirteenth Street. One of the attendants pointed to a fortune-telling parlor on Horatio Street and said, "Talk to the husband." The husband turned out to be one J. Ufie, a swarthy, solidly built man with a goatee, who lives with his family above a storefront where his wife has been giving Tarot-card and Crystal Energy readings, under the name "Mrs. Reese," for twenty-five years. After an initial reluctance to discuss the car, or anything else, Ufie agreed to sit down on the stoop outside his building and answer a few questions.

Q: How long have you owned the Bentley?

A: Fifteen years, but I just took it out of hibernation in early June.

Q: Are you worried that it might get stolen or that someone will scrape the paint job with a key?

A: It comes with the turf. I can't tell



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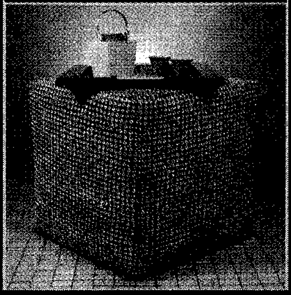

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you how many people I've seen taking pictures of it.

Q: What color is it, exactly?

A: It's called Sand Over Sable. It's a very rare color. Sable is the very finest fur you can buy, and sand is so beautiful.

Q: Are you professionally involved with cars?

A: No. I keep them for my own pleasure. I like to dingle and dangle with them.

Q: What do you do for a living?

A: I run a metal-refinishing business. It's a very rarefied profession.

Q: How much are you asking for the Bentley?

A: Twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars.

Q: Why are you selling it?

A: I can't afford to keep it garaged, and there are limited spaces all around. Also, like anything else, after all these years it's time to move on.

Q: Will you miss it?

A: Sure. I find it amusing to drive. People look at you and wonder what it is, who it is, who you are. It has its own ego.

A business call obliged Ufie to cut short the conversation and dash inside. He passed his wife, who was seated before a crystal ball, and disappeared behind a curtain into a back room. Ufie's two grown sons, who share their father's dark good looks (one asked to be called Peanut, the other declined to give his name), took his place on the stoop and offered some thoughts of their own.

"The girls love this car," Peanut said. "It makes them crazy."

"They should change the name from

JEWELLERS' CAESAR

One of the first scenes in the British writer Fay Weldon's new novel takes place amid "the peaches and cream décor" of the Bulgari jewelry store on Sloane Street in London. . . . Readers may not know that Bulgari, the Italian jewelry company, paid Ms. Weldon an undisclosed sum for a prominent place in the book, fittingly entitled "The Bulgari Connection."—*The Times, September 3, 2001.*

Ant. Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your earrings,
Within whose massy hoops, which feed the sense
That craves their argent light, there doth reside
A pearl beyond all price, except to those
Who have already oped their coffers vast
To that esteemed Bulgari, dearest merchant
I'th'affections of my noble friends,
To whom alone this unsurpassing pair
Is now available online, for nought
But fifteen hundred bucks and fifty cents.
Tush, enough of bargains; may mine eyes
Let fall their jewels on this unlucky stiff.
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones,
Unless these men of high estate have shown
The foresight to invest with prudence sound
Their assets, hedg'd more thickly than the glade
Wherein Dian, beloved of the moon,
Did trippingly ensnare the panting hart;
For if my Lords of Morgan and of Stanley,
And thou, fair Dean, whose arm doth yet
Embrace old Witter in its reach, do take
The proffered purse, in mutual assurance
Of thy unbounded funds, why then, we yield
The restless clay of this unhappy frame
Sans weeping, for we know our eldest sons
Will never have to do a stroke of work.
Brutus, whose liquidity I doubt,
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it,
Tho' not as grievously as those who mouth
Their wither'd answers to the empty air,
And find their cell phone orphan'd of all force,
When they forgot to charge it overnight;
Whereas the lusty Panasonick hath
A battery ingenious devised,
The Superflux T20, that endures
More deeply than the blasted oak, whose limbs,
Like to the babe's, will ne'er be sundered from
The bosom of the earth. And thus, hands-free,
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest
(For Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men),
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral:
A heavy task, eas'd only by the ride,
More soft than any steed, that I enjoyed
Upon the sooty couch of my sedan.
Ah! Infiniti, whose very name
Doth footings to eternity vouchsafe,
With A.B.S. as standard as the breath
Of mortals; ah, thy wheels, whose alloy trim
Outlives the jasper of the Afric soil,
Or marble of those columns orgulous
Which yet the uneyed Samson did, in love's
Despite, reduce to flinted waste! And all
For payments down of half a grand a month.

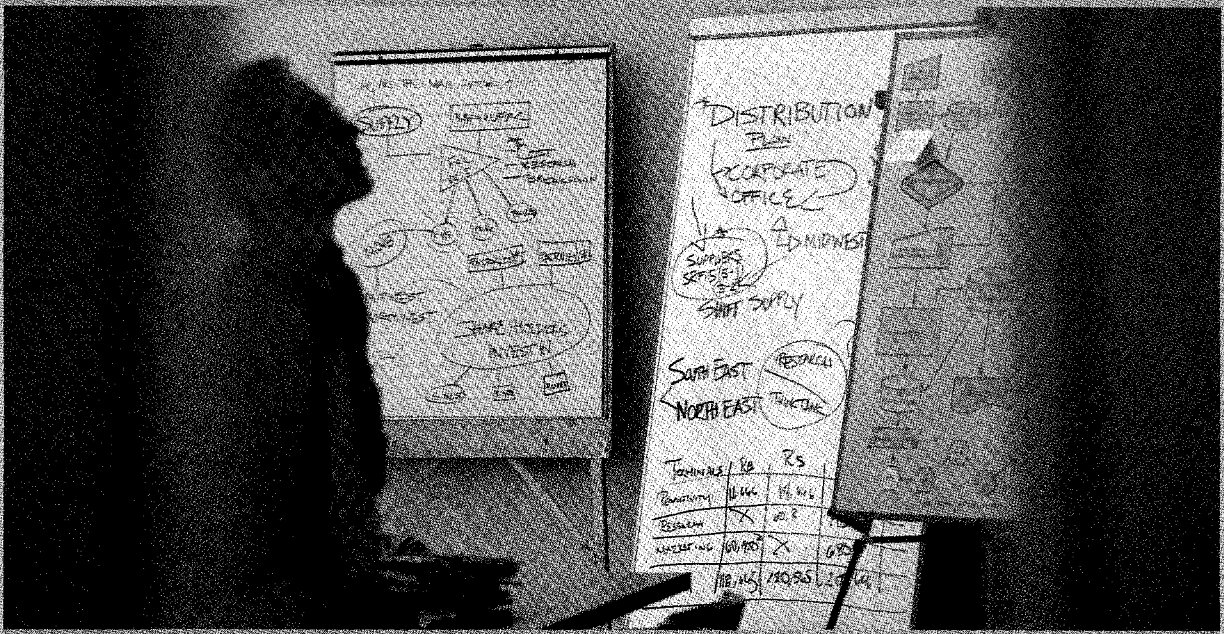
1. *Pleb.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2. *Pleb.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Caesar has had great wrong, and we are dopes.

1. *Pleb.* Wherefore dopes? Fie! Rubies red as fire
Can you and I, who feast on orts and leavings,
Ill afford.

2. *Pleb.* 'Tis so; and yet I hear
Word that the King of Burger graciously
Doth even now his whoppers grill'd with flame
Unburthen, three for price of twain. Avaunt,
And dip our napkins in his sacred sauce.
Exeunt.

—*Anthony Lane*



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Bentley to Ass-Machine," his brother added. "What did Dad have the other day—like, seven girls riding around with him?"

"Hey, as long as Mom doesn't find out, right?"

Mrs. Reese has predicted that the car will be sold within a month, and that its new owner will be a classy person.

—*Adam Green*

VISITORS' BUREAU

CLINTON IN HARLEM, HYPOTHETICALLY

Since early August, around the time a certain former President took up business-hours occupancy on 125th Street, Neal Shoemaker has been leading walking tours of "Bill Clinton's Harlem." Shoemaker, who is the founder, director, and head guide of Harlem Heritage Tours, says that although Clinton hasn't been sighted very often yet in upper Manhattan, "already he's becoming an important part of area history. Bill Clinton has embraced Harlem, and Harlem has embraced Bill Clinton. Also, it's sort of a what's-likely tour. Our intent is to visit both the locations Bill Clinton goes to and the places where you might find Bill Clinton."

The tour, which costs fifteen dollars per person, leaves from the Starbucks at the corner of 125th and Lenox Avenue every other Saturday at 4 P.M. On a recent weekend, about a dozen people showed up, including a Dutch television crew and a group of middle-aged friends from Staten Island. "It's part of my birthday surprise," one of them, a telecommunications consultant named Joyce Burg, said. "They made me cover my eyes in the car from Forty-second Street up." Burg, who wore pedal pushers and has short, teased hair, reached into her purse and pulled out a blindfold. "I'm a Clinton lover. That, and we've never been to Harlem before."

Shoemaker, tall and loose-limbed, with a thin mustache and expressive hands, pointed up at Clinton's office building, the side of which was covered by an eight-story-tall billboard for the Gap, featuring Cherokee, a female hip-hop singer, in a low-cut tank top. "So here we are," he said. A bearded and drunk-seeming fellow in dirty clothes and a hat that read "Meteor Man" saw the tour group and walked over.

"How you doing, Meteor Man?" Shoemaker said, offering a friendly smile. "I'm just telling these people how Harlem is a most interesting place."

"What's with you, thinking you can bring foreigners in here?" the man said.

"Folks, I think we'd better move along," Shoemaker said.

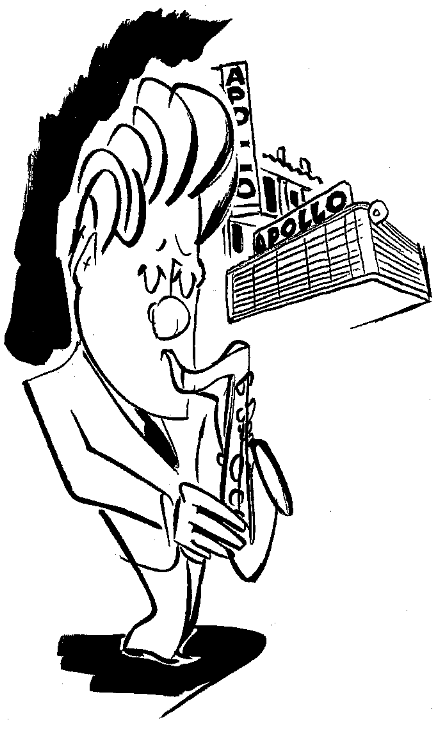
"That was strange," one of the women from Staten Island said. "I thought you knew him."

"That's not Harlem," Shoemaker said, leading the group south and stopping in front of the Lenox Lounge, the legendary jazz club. "The Lenox Lounge, where the people are warm and inviting—*that* is Harlem."

"Does Bill Clinton go to the Lenox Lounge?" the woman asked.

Shoemaker cocked his head to one side, then to the other. "I'm not sure. But I am sure he'll be showing up here soon."

Crossing Lenox Avenue, the Dutch cameraman paused in the middle of the street to film an ambulance as it sped by with sirens blaring. The next stop was farther west along 125th, in front of the Adam Clayton Powell State Office Building, where Clinton had recently addressed a crowd to mark his arrival in the neighborhood. Then it was on to the Apollo Theatre. "Everybody from Billie Holiday and Duke Ellington to Aretha Franklin has played here," Shoemaker said. But not Bill Clinton.



Bill Clinton

Up next: Bobby's Happy House, a record shop that has stood on Frederick Douglass Boulevard for fifty-five years. Bobby Robinson, the silver-haired proprietor, greeted everybody and passed out business cards. Shoemaker said, "The correlation is there's an HMV store right across the street and places like HMV are opening up because of the arrival of guys like Bill Clinton. And HMV and Bobby's both sell music."

The Dutch TV producer's girlfriend said, "I'm here from France, and I was expecting maybe a dangerous place. I'm, like, wow." She pointed across the street. "Look. It says 'Disney Store.' "

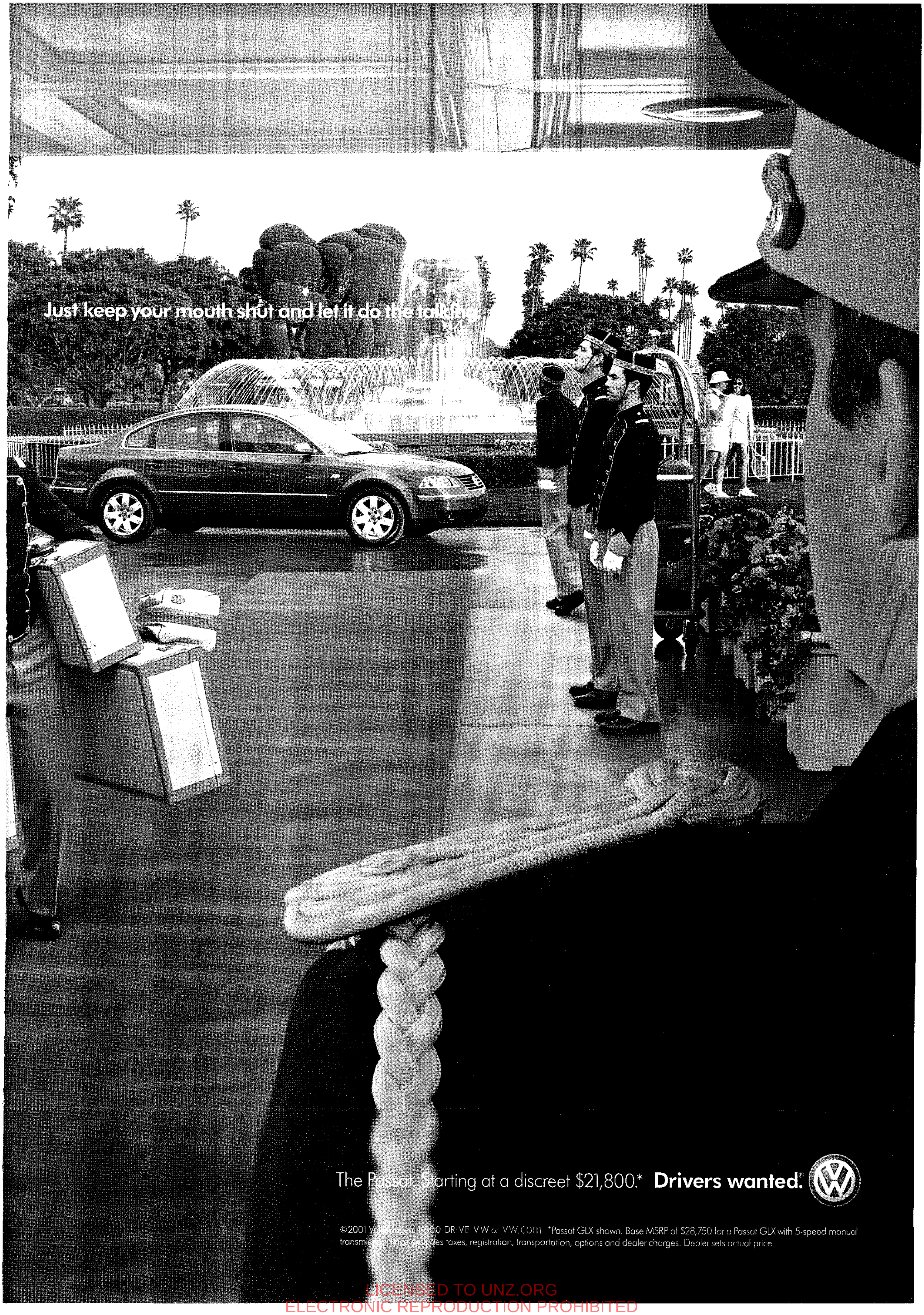
"That's a good point," Shoemaker said. "It's all about empowerment zones. Right next to us here is a Duane Reade drugstore." The cameraman filmed a row of Listerine bottles in the drugstore window.

The tour turned east on 127th, past the brownstone where Langston Hughes lived ("Clinton supports the black arts," Shoemaker said); the Muhammad Mosque No. 7, which is Louis Farrakhan's New York headquarters ("a place you might not find Bill Clinton"); and Sylvia's, the soul-food restaurant where Clinton ordered chicken, ribs, collard greens, candied yams, and peach cobbler during a visit in July. "Also, you have Wimp's"—he pointed off in the distance. "They most definitely made a cake for him."

An hour and a half after the tour started, it finished up, in the back room of the Lenox Lounge, with its caramel banquettes, etched-glass doors, and zebra-print wallpaper. "This place is amazing," Shoemaker said, moving toward the drum kit in the middle of the floor. He held out his hands and wiggled his fingers. "Can't you see it right here? Bill Clinton wearing his sunglasses, playing his saxophone?"

—*Eric Konigsberg*

TOM BACHTELL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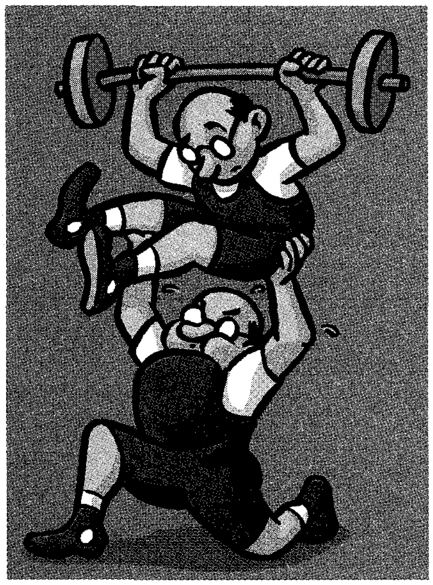
THE FINANCIAL PAGE
THE URGE TO MERGE

One December night a hundred and one years ago, the financier J. P. Morgan sat in the University Club of New York and listened attentively as Charles Schwab, the president of Carnegie Steel, expounded on the future of the steel industry. Carnegie Steel was already the biggest and most efficient steelmaker in the world, but Schwab argued that it was not big enough. Only if the various warring steel companies consolidated into one giant firm would they be able to reap the benefits of modern management and technology. The path to success was not competition but acquisition. Morgan, who owned Federal Steel, liked the sound of this, since competition, in his view, bred chaos and inefficiency. A few weeks later, he met with Schwab to talk about buying Carnegie Steel. Schwab consulted with Andrew Carnegie, who scribbled "$480 million" on a sheet of paper. Presented with it, Morgan said simply, "I accept this price," and U.S. Steel, the world's largest corporation, was born.

In the century since, thousands of C.E.O.s have fancied themselves Morgans-in-the-making, shelling out trillions of dollars in a quest to gorge their way to greatness. Buying yourself an empire is as American as starting one in your garage. During the Jazz Age, forty-nine of the country's biggest corporations disappeared through mergers. In the nineteen-sixties, a fifth of the companies in the Fortune 500 were acquired. And between 1997 and 2000 no fewer than thirty-four thousand companies were gobbled up.

The latest glutton is Carly Fiorina, the C.E.O. of Hewlett Packard. Last week, she announced that H.P. would spend twenty-five billion dollars to acquire Compaq Computer, one of H.P.'s biggest competitors. Both H.P. and Compaq have struggled during the economic slowdown of the past year. But Fiorina insisted that uniting the two firms would solve their problems, creating a company with the size and scope to dominate existing markets and make a splashy entry into new ones. This was about as smart as betting all your money on a long shot after a bad day at the track, which is why investors have been punishing H.P.'s stock since the deal was announced.

Fiorina arrived at H.P. from Lucent two years ago, amid great fanfare. (Her timing was impeccable; following her departure, Lucent fell to pieces.) Young, poised, and tough-minded, she vowed to restore H.P. to greatness, virtually overnight. H.P., she urged, had to adopt a crisis mentality. But H.P. wasn't facing a crisis. Though sprawling and sluggish, it was still comfortably profitable. It had problems, but they were long-term problems that would take years, not months, to fix. Fiorina didn't pick up on this. Even after the economy started to falter, she kept making outlandish promises, which kept not coming true. In each of the last three quarters, H.P. missed analysts' earnings estimates. Fiorina lost credibility on Wall Street. Shareholders started to grumble.



CHRISTOPH NIEMANN

In other words, it seemed like the perfect time for a conspicuous, expensive acquisition. Much as Michael Armstrong tried, disastrously, to stem A. T. & T.'s steady decline by buying two cable companies (at a cost of a hundred billion dollars), Fiorina wants to jolt H.P. out of its funk—and restore her own reputation—by buying Compaq. Misery, it seems, loves companies.

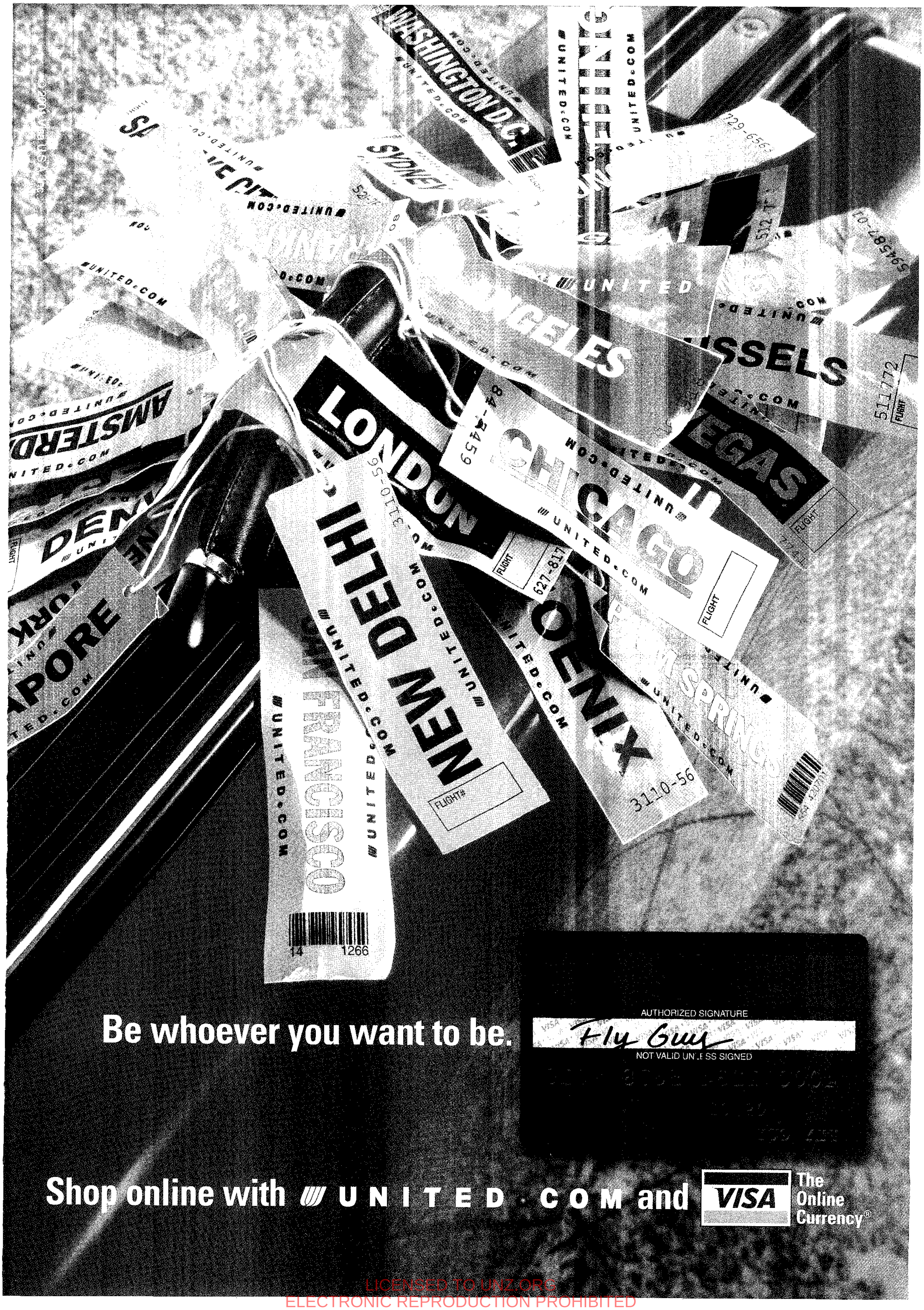
Fiorina clearly believes that she can do great things for Compaq. In this, she is like most C.E.O.s who make costly acquisitions. As Warren Buffett wrote in a 1981 letter to shareholders, "Many managements apparently were overexposed in impressionable childhood years to the story in which the imprisoned handsome prince is released from a toad's body by a kiss from a beautiful princess." Compaq is a slow-growing, unprofitable company in a stagnant industry. Alas, it's a toad that's going to stay a toad.

Yet even if Compaq were in fine shape, spending twenty-five billion dollars on it would probably be a bad idea. That's because most mergers don't work. The economist Mark Sirower, in his book "The Synergy Trap," demonstrated that two-thirds of all acquisitions end up representing a loss of value for the acquirer. Companies routinely underestimate just how hard it is to make one company out of two. And they overestimate the difference that they'll make to their new mates. H.P. is paying twenty per cent more for Compaq than investors thought it was worth. To justify this premium, Fiorina will have to make H.P. and Compaq twenty per cent more profitable than they are today—a tall order, in slow times such as these.

The corporate faith in big industrial mergers is a vestige of the spats-and-spittoon era. A century ago, only a few corporations were national in scope, so acquiring companies was a sensible way to get into markets you otherwise couldn't reach. And, in the early days of mass production, size mattered. It created economies of scale; the more you made, the cheaper it was to make it. Today, a company like H.P. can get into any market it wants. And it's already so big that economies of scale don't apply.

Even in 1901, a merger was no panacea. When U.S. Steel was chartered, it had a commanding share of the steel market. A decade later, its market share had shrunk, and it had grown fat and lazy. New competitors sprang up. By the late twenties, it had been eclipsed technologically by nimbler rivals. And, while C.E.O.s may spend a lot of time, energy, and shareholder money trying to turn themselves into J. P. Morgan, they forget one thing. It was Andrew Carnegie—the guy selling the company, not the guy buying it—who emerged from that deal as the richest man on earth.

—*James Surowiecki*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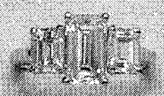
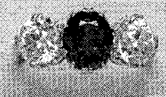
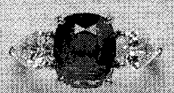

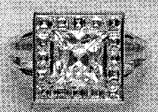

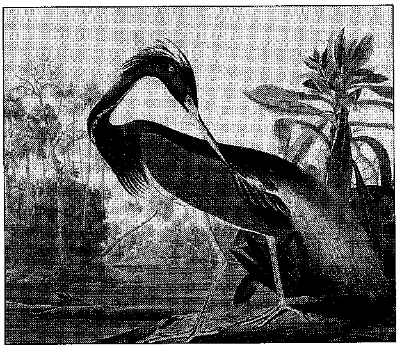

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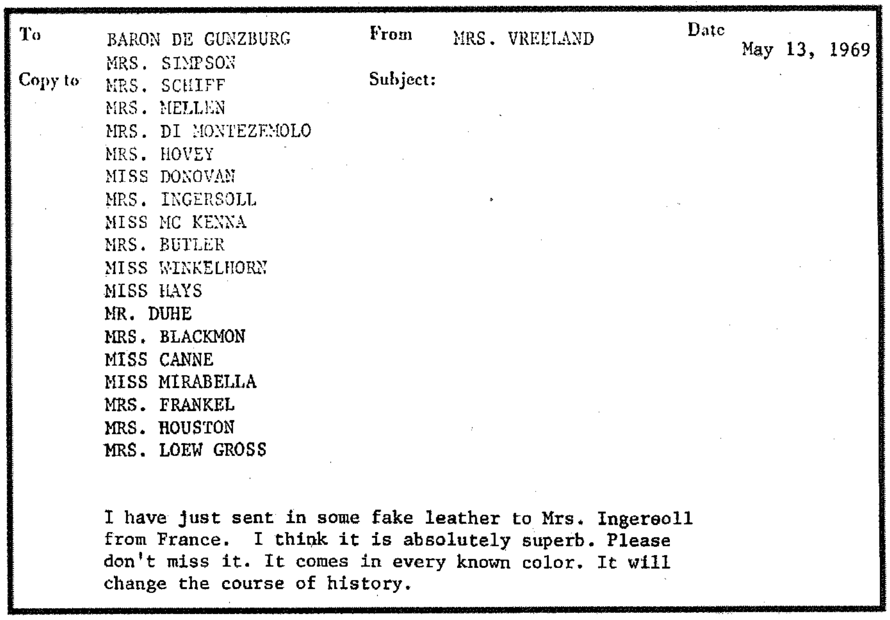
FOUND IN THE FILES

MEMOS FROM D.V.

How the legendary Vogue editor kept fashion in line.

BY DIANA VREELAND



To BARON DE GUNZBURG
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MRS. FRANKEL
MRS. HOUSTON
MRS. LOEW GROSS

From MRS. VREELAND
Subject:
Date May 13, 1969

I have just sent in some fake leather to Mrs. Ingereoll from France. I think it is absolutely superb. Please don't miss it. It comes in every known color. It will change the course of history.

Diana Vreeland was the editor-in-chief of *Vogue* from 1962 to 1971. For twenty-five years before that, she had worked at *Harper's Bazaar*, and from 1972 until her death in 1989 she was the Special Consultant to the Costume Institute at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, a job she invented. As Richard Avedon noted in a eulogy at her memorial service, she had also invented the profession of fashion editor, and worked harder at it than most people realized. Vreeland's memos to the editors, bookers, and assistants on her staff at *Vogue* record her obsessions and her passionate prodding. The memos were dictated to one of her many, often replaced secretaries, usually from home in the morning or, after twelve, at her office in the Graybar Building on Lexington Avenue, with its faux leopard-skin carpet and red walls covered with photographs and clippings neatly lined up and attached with push-pins. The ellipsis dots that occur in the memos until late in 1968 seem to be someone's way of rendering Mrs. Vreeland's telegraphic manner of speaking as she encourages the use of models she admires, discourages haircuts she finds unappealing, bemoans the dearth of watches used in sittings. "Don't let us forget this," she insists sternly, apropos the importance of white kneesocks. The advice must have confused some junior staff members, but, looked at another way, it is a brilliant and canny aperçu, not without irony and an intuitive understanding of the Zeitgeist.

SEPTEMBER 11, 1966
SUBJECT: EYE MAKEUP

We are starting a new year.

Faint, faint, if any, eyebrows.

Beautifully made up corners of the eyes, eyelids and above the eyelids.

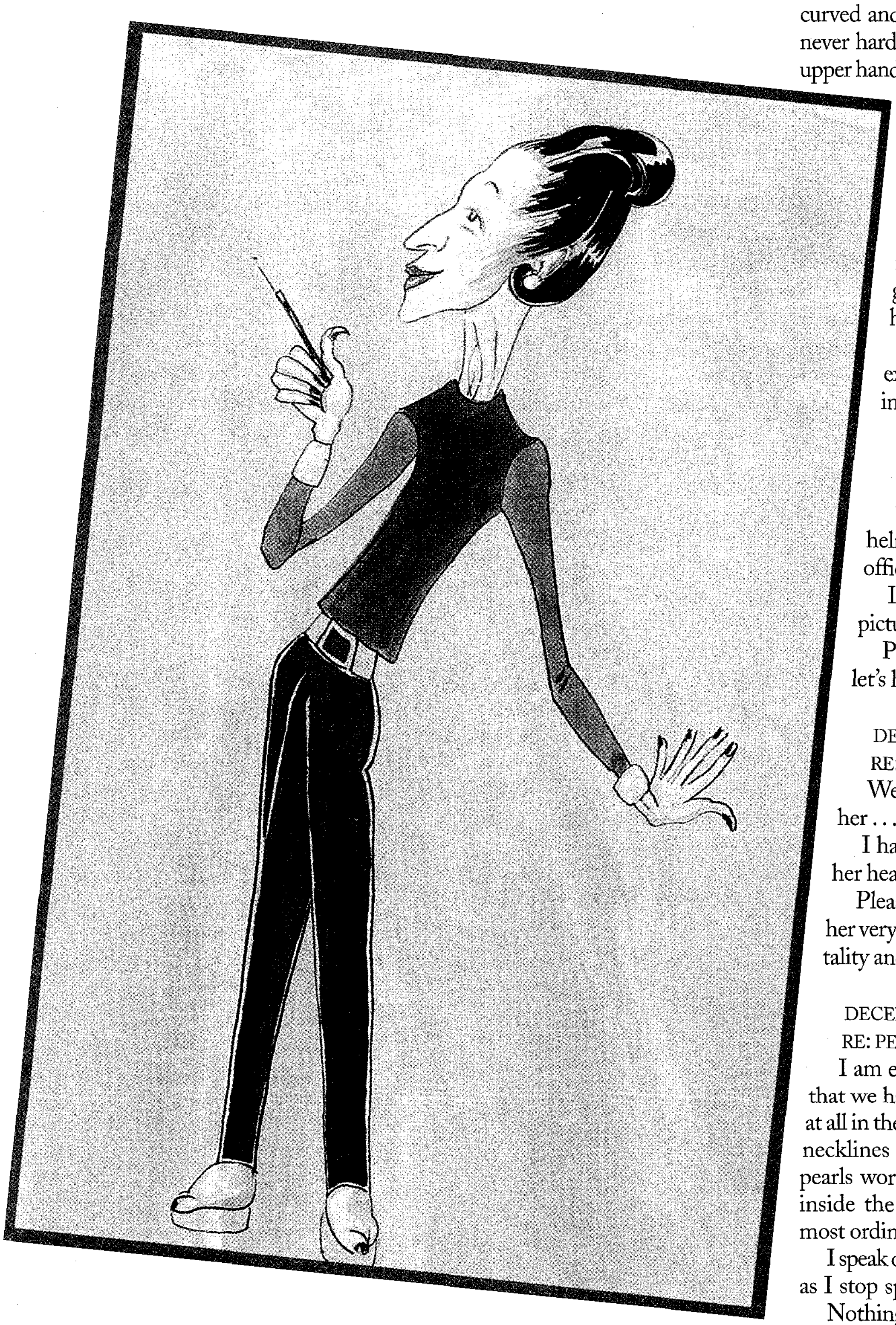
Rich looking skin with a golden sheen.

SEPTEMBER 14, 1966
SUBJECT: *Barbarella* by JEAN-CLAUDE FOREST

This book is not new . . . it was published in French and we published illustrations and remarks about it in *Vogue* several months ago . . .

It is now available in English in any bookshop . . .

It is a take-off on all comic strips of the last twenty years . . . I am sure you



"I think you would agree with me that we are not quite swinging enough at the moment," Vreeland wrote, in 1969. "What we want is dash." Illustration by Cecil Beaton.

© HUGO VICKERS COLLECTION

will agree that one sees life and today clearly in this book.

It is about a lovely girl who spends a lot of time in space with a variety of types . . .

However, the girl herself is our interest . . . I think that *Vogue* has done very well creating an image of the modern girl, plus her sort of luxury and adventure that any girl in any modern country dreams and lives . . .

This girl is not a new type . . . this girl Barbarella and the girl that *Vogue* projects is not a new type but she is the type of today . . .

She is sound of body, elongated, curved and very feminine . . . her eye is never hard . . . in every way she has the upper hand through her imagination and vitality . . . she is a beauty whatever her features and bones may be as she is fit . . .

Always in action, her eyes high, not a square line or thought in her physical or mental contour . . . she has gallantry and reason to hold her head high . . .

Barbarella is an amazing example of the girls we believe in and wish to project . . .

DECEMBER 5, 1966
RE: HATS

There is a pink straw polo helmet with a gold chain in my office . . .

It might be very chic for a picture . . .

Please take note of it and do let's have a go at it . . .

DECEMBER 6, 1966
RE: BRIGITTA KLERCKER

We will lose her if we do not use her . . .

I have just seen some pictures of her head. She looks terrific.

Please, please book her. We need her very badly. She has got life and vitality and her marvellous body . . .

DECEMBER 9, 1966
RE: PEARLS

I am extremely disappointed to see that we have used practically no pearls at all in the past few issues. In fact, many necklines could have been helped by pearls worn inside the dress that show inside the cutaway sides and back of most ordinary dresses on top . . .

I speak of this very often—and as soon as I stop speaking the pearls disappear.

Nothing gives the luxury of pearls. Please keep them in mind.

JANUARY 4, 1967
RE: JUNE COLOR

Believe that strong brownish thick pink coral should be used in a very lavish way . . .

Do remember when you are placing colors and fabrics for this issue.

A sample color will be sent to you by Mrs. Ingersoll.

JANUARY 18, 1967
RE: BRITT ECKLAND

I don't see why we aren't using Peter Sellers's wife—who is such a raving, tearing beauty—and marvellous—for small sizes . . .

FEBRUARY 2, 1967
RE: WILHELMINA

Please note page 83 in February 15 picture of Wilhelmina . . .

I don't think any of you quite appreciate what a wildly chic long-boned girl she is—as her head is so small and with a guiche and a hat she is pretty hard to beat . . .

FEBRUARY 10, 1967
RE: HAIR ON SITTINGS

For goodness sakes, beware of curls . . .

It is a great art to do them so that the girls not only look modern—but do not suddenly look very vulgar.

Don't forget, we have just been through a period of hair—where an enormous aristocracy has been projected through clean faces, very made up eyes, and sleek hair—and suddenly a round face like Klercker's looks perfectly awful . . . very silly, very affected, and who in the world would want to look like that.

We are not looking for endless variety—we are looking for fashion.

Also beware of little girl gestures—fingers in the mouth and all that. We are, under no circumstances, showing any little girl effects—nor are we using it in text—nor do we want it in any photographic effects . . . as they are terribly, terribly vulgar.

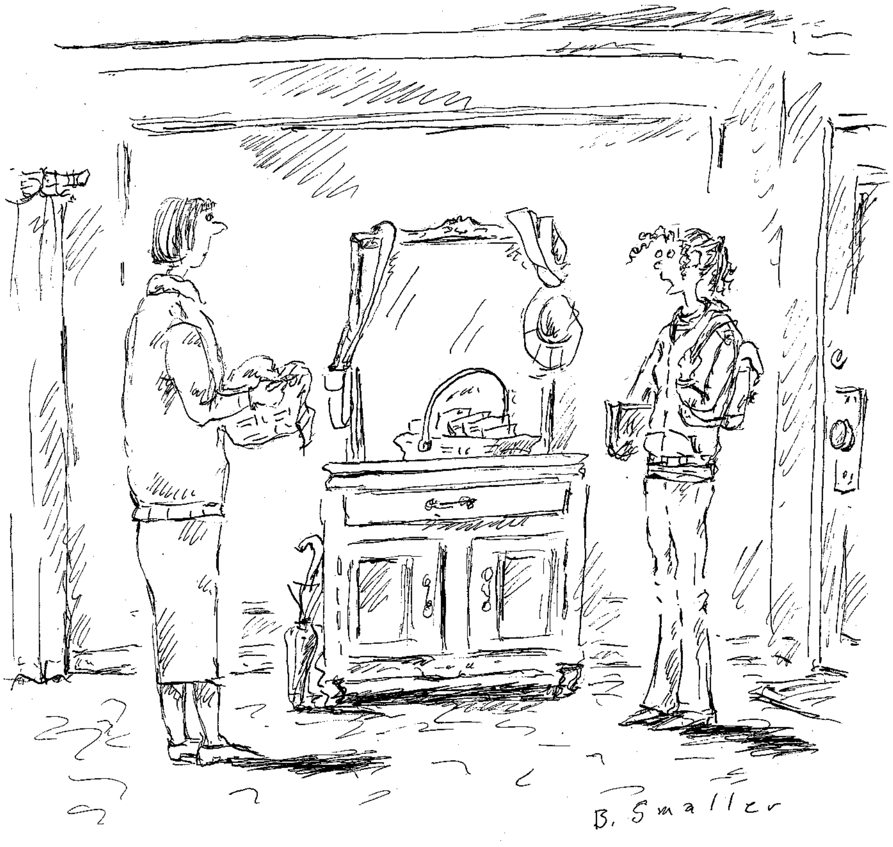
JUNE 5, 1967
RE: FRECKLES

I am extremely disappointed that no one has taken the slightest interest in freckles on the models . . .

I heartily suggest that we get going as soon as possible on this delicious coquetry—and that you experiment well before pictures are taken . . . as the only time we have tried doing this, the spots turned out to look like black moles instead of pale red freckles . . .

All these suggestions were in my telexes from Paris—and I was hoping to see them throughout the next few issues . . . and it is high time we get on to this.

Please discuss with Carol Phillips' department the best stuff to use.



"How was my day? How was my day? Must you micromanage my life?"

JUNE 7, 1967
RE: ANTONIA BOEKESTYN

I adore Antonia—I think she wears clothes like a breeze . . .

JUNE 26, 1967
RE: LEG PAINT

I really do think these marvellous colours of Givenchy—and I am sure other cosmeticians have put out—are very amusing to paint the leg, then you can put over this any of the other bright stockings in wide lattice designs . . .

I think it is curious that none of you have taken up with this coloured paint because it is very amusing and projects a mood.

For instance, the leg doesn't have to be all the same colour; you can do it in two or three colours and then put the stockings over it . . .

JULY 30, 1967
TELEX

In my opinion in the year 2001 so many physical problems will have been surmounted that a woman's beauty will be a dream that will be completely obtainable. Obviously ravaging diseases will have been surmounted.

Obviously the problem of shape and line will be so controlled that a woman will have a strong supple and splendid body all her life. The quality of her skin will be almost as she was born . . . clear with practically no pores at all.

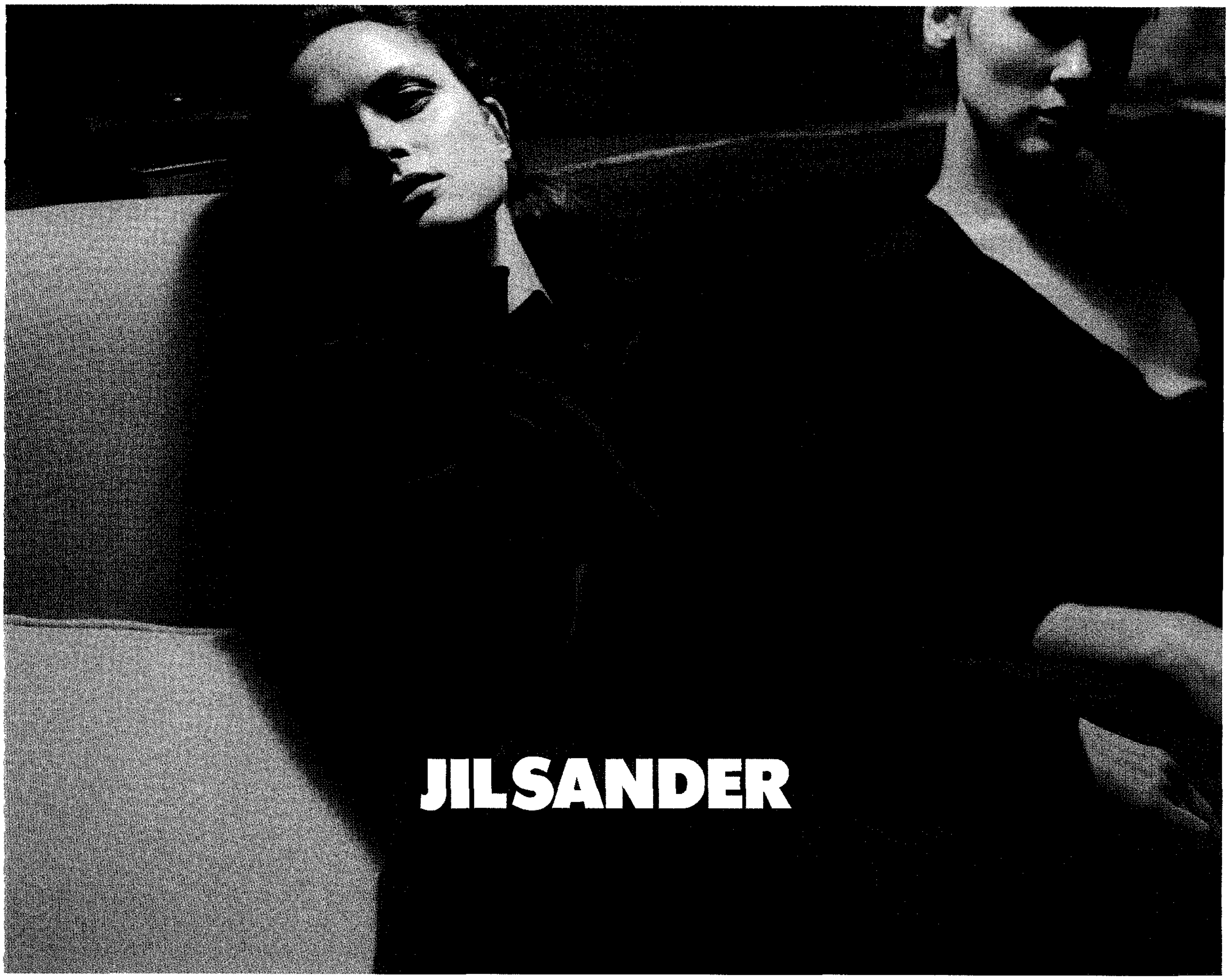
It will then amuse and entertain her to paint herself as if she was a heathen idol. Imitating and creating anew each time she wishes to step into the world, into her room or wherever it is that she is amusing herself to be.

Women will be able to do many things as they already do today but the physical pressure will have been alleviated and the various feminine rhythms that have been an obstacle to women doing routine work will have been removed. Consequently there will be more joy in every movement that she makes.

She will walk like a dancer.

Her eyelashes will be shiney and delicious the way Garbo's were long before there were false eyelashes.

She will probably bathe three or four times a day as she will be very conscious of keeping herself in a completely exhilarated invigorated and very much Diane de Poitiers and will probably take three



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cold baths a day. She will obviously not need soap as there will be a lotion to put in the water which will remove any substance that she would want to remove from the pores of her skin completely. A bath will be a pleasure or a good lie back. In any case it will be a desirable pleasure and not a rush necessity. Any woman who is not looking forward to the future isn't thinking clearly because today we are between two worlds craving leisure because we feel it will give us more time for beauty and craving to be busy and productive. Then with a splendid circulation and clear eye and mind that is working easily and doesn't have pressure on it will all be alleviated. The future holds a golden world . . . It will be for beauty, it will be for intelligent productiveness.

AUGUST 16, 1967
RE: HAIR

I think it is really essential that you all re-think these terrible looking curls next to the face . . . we agreed long ago they look dipped in salad oil . . . they also look like poor white trash people with hair all broken off and they can't get the front to the back . . .

I am all for the cut around the face as you know—that is to say down the side of the face to give a good clean guiche . . .

But, I really don't think we ought to carry on with these awful-looking curls—they do nothing for the clothes and nothing for the girl—it all gets depressing . . .

I assure you this association with people with broken hair, no hairdresser, no money, no vitality—and the will to live is gone . . .

DECEMBER 11, 1967
RE: KNEE SOCKS

I repeat again the importance of knee socks . . .

The white knee sock and the white shoe will again look divine this spring . . .

Don't let us forget this . . .

JUNE 18, 1968
RE: SONNY AND CHER

Sonny and Cher are going to be here the end of June . . .

As we couldn't publish the pictures of Cher the last time she was here and her dream is to be in high fashion and she looks beautiful in it, are there not some pictures that could be taken then?

The great thing is to wash her face . . . and if you have any trouble with her tell her that I will talk to her and she simply has to realize that certain makeups, such as a thick opaque one with thick opaque eyelashes (such as she was done before) simply don't photograph . . . and this is all we can say about it . . .

There has to be a transparency, a gleam, a lightness and an amused expression or people look dead today and very old . . .

SEPTEMBER 10, 1968
RE: BELTS

I have sent several memos about using several belts at one time . . .

I do not mean chains—though chains added around the waist with leather and with brocade belts I think are very chic . . .

I do think that belts should be worn like rings—and the more the better—particularly if they have enormous brass buckles and big brass eyes . . .

I think we have slipped up terrifically in putting over the leather belt feeling . . .

SEPTEMBER 16, 1968
RE: SERPENTS

Don't forget the Serpent . . .

The serpent should be on every finger and all wrists and all everywhere . . .

The serpent is the motif of the hours in jewelery . . .

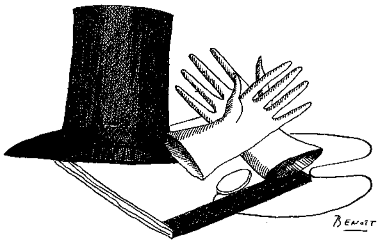
We cannot see enough of them . . .

APRIL 3, 1969

The sticky situation with fringe is, of course, extremely serious.

Marvellous fringed shawls with fringed skirts. It all seems so easy. Do take a look at the Ricci in the French section of March 15. There is also a divine pale pink satin dress of Dior's with an enormous long pink fringe on the shawl.

Fringe cascading down the front of a dress is divine. It seems to me all very simple especially outlining sleeves etc. All of this is just a question of getting someone interested, in my opinion.



APRIL 8, 1969
RE: "TO WRAP"

In my opinion, "to wrap" has got a swing to it at the moment.

I can think of, for instance, a cape.

The Maximilian broadtail shawl and fringe on Claudine de Cadaval.

The sable—of Partos, though it is not wrapped on Claudine de Cadaval and after seeing it blown up I think we will probably decide to re-shoot it as it should, of course, be wrapped.

APRIL 10, 1969
RE: APRIL 15—THE GYPSIES

I do think that the big bushiness of fuzzy hair was a mistake.

We have used them and used them. They certainly did nothing for a divine face like Jean Shrimpton's. Also, they vulgarize a girl like Korman. I think we must watch this as we, I think, have overdone it, as we started two years ago with Penelope Tree.

APRIL 14, 1969

Let's promote grey.

For everything.

At the present moment how much grey have we got?

MAY 16, 1969

I have been looking at some of the photographs that have come in. I really don't think we are careful enough about accessorizing and turning out the girls to perfection . . .

re: stockings

I am finding the stockings too dark, opaque and not shiny. The legs do not look slippery and delicious.

I am certainly pro dark stockings . . .

I have not yet seen any freckles.

Now you may think it rather disagreeable, but when someone is going away this is a final word to everybody, but I think you would agree with me that we are not quite swinging enough at the moment. What we want is dash and line and a perfection of turn out.

JUNE 12, 1969
SUBJECT: HAIR

It is an appalling thing to see four hairs on the brow of a beautiful girl.

What is this new kick?

These pictures are coming in all the time. I am speaking of hair on the forehead of a good looking girl.

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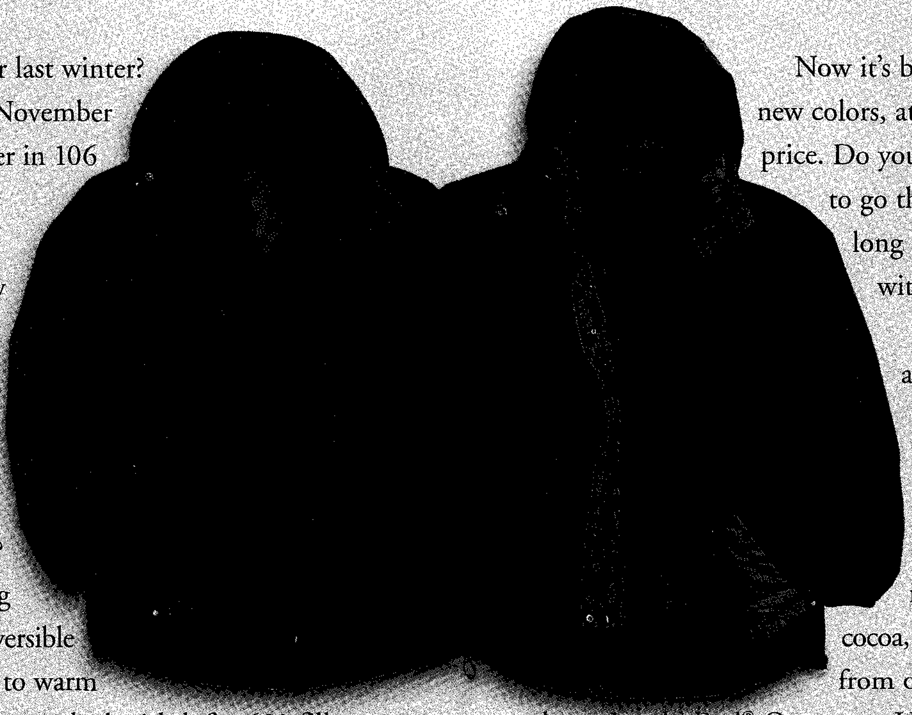

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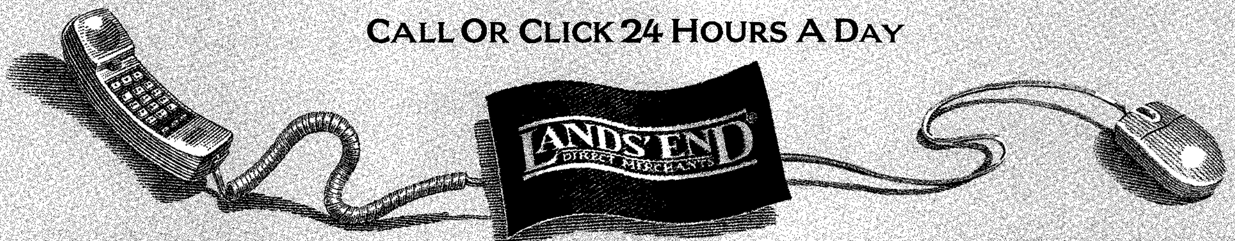

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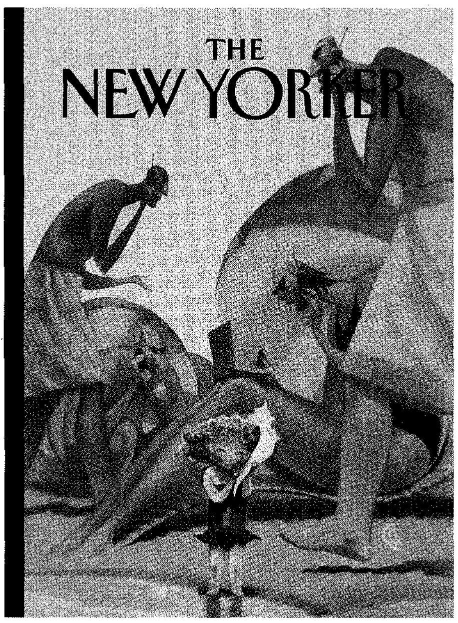

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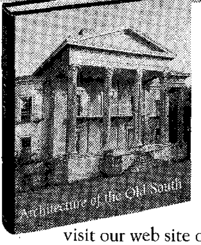

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SEPTEMBER 8, 1969
SUBJECT: HAIR

I definitely feel that we and not the hairdressers now all have to take a stand on hair.

As I have said it is the skull that counts. In my opinion there are two words that cover the general hair look.

One is the wimple—having the hair pulled around the face. Perhaps cut to the chin, cut to the eyelid and then all down past the neck, but the skull is smooth. This gives a look of femininity that was getting out of bounds at the time of the grande coiffure of dynel, etc.

The other word is, as you know, the bandage look of middle ages, nuns, etc.

Another great look for hair is—parted in the middle, skull totally outlined and the hair pulled in the most perfect and most delicious way in the back.

I suggest that everyone looks well at the picture of Marisa with a chignon. Also, Marisa in the Chanel suit.

When I say I think it is up to us, I feel in the last few months that, with some exceptions, most hairdressers have done as they wished and it is impossible for anyone to take a sitting without talking first to the hairdresser and telling him what you have in mind. I do feel all of us must work very seriously as fashion editors, that is to say, working with fabrics and working with hair.

There are so many amusing ways of bandaging the face with hair and this is particularly good on girls whose jaw is slightly wide. There is nothing so pretty as when the hair bandages the face and is knotted in front or at the nape of the neck, but of course this girl must have a wonderfully shaped face.

The beauty of the girl of the last 5 years has come from the fact that half of her face on each side has been cut off by her hair.

If you will take the same girl you will find her looks completely diminished once you reveal her entire face.

We have been over and over this question of controlling and working harder with hairdressers but I do not see the results in the book that I feel, and I know on thought, you will agree with me, should exist.

So now let's go very seriously into the new year, starting with November 15th pictures that have a real dash and style.

Short hair cropped or at the hair line like a little boy's is delicious.

The guiche is dead.

Undercombing is dead.

The great exception will be a volume of hair of such beauty glistening and curl that would be irresistible and always we must turn the tables not to just make an effect but because it is so attractive.

SEPTEMBER 8, 1969
SUBJECT: THE GYPSY LOOK

I think that we can consider that the gypsy look has now gotten into the bloodstream of most people who are interested in fashion.

The look has languor.

The hair is crazily wonderful.

The girls and boys of today really are gypsies. They are not competitive. They amuse themselves in their own way and believe in the physical beauty of each other.

Let us keep at this gypsy theme and carry it on into 1970.

SEPTEMBER 25, 1969

Is there nobody in the village or slightly out of work or a poor old Arab who would make us some passementerie ornamental belts etc. I cannot believe that somebody would not be happy doing this.

I would go to the Tunisian and Moroccan shops. Let's give the Arabs a boost, they are very down in the mouth because of the war.

Let's really investigate this. I don't think we are being very fair.

NOVEMBER 20, 1969
RE: SHAWLS, PONCHOS, ETC.

I am strong for the shawl, the poncho, the toga what-have-you. BUT.

We must not cut in on the coat market. First of all we will lose the workers and there are very few tailors left and they must have encouragement. Please encourage the coat into whatever market you are going.

We know the coat market is very weak.

The coat people are very frightened . . .

DECEMBER 3, 1969
SUBJECT: WILD LIFE

At last after all this time of talking and asking, we have received a list of animals that appertain to our business that are in danger of extinction:

All Spotted Cats
Cheetah
Leopard
Jaguar
Ocelot
Tigers
Polar Bears
Alligators
Crocodiles
Sea Turtles
Vicuña
Sea Otter
Spanish Lynx

JANUARY 5, 1970
SUBJECT: WISPS OF HAIR

Don't you think the time has come to drop this. I am not speaking of ringlets around the face, I am not speaking of anything that is especially pretty or becoming but I do think sad little pieces of hair falling on the forehead have, first of all, never looked well and at the present moment look bad.

I don't feel any of you boss the hairdressers around enough. I do not feel they are coming up with anything.

JANUARY 5, 1970
SUBJECT: RUDI GERNREICH

Rudi Gernreich called me while he was in California and told me the following:

"Life" on Jan. 5—today—will publish his views on the 1970s.

He believes in being totally hairless, shaved all over the body very, very clean look of nudity—no hair, no clothes.

When necessary, the body will be made up.

Rudi's other statement is he wishes to separate the young from the old. He believes fashions for the older generation should be taken from the oriental, as an old body in flowing robes is beautiful and an older body in young clothes is dreadful (we all agree).

For older people—

flowing Tibetan robes and lots of personality.

For youth:

leotards and brilliant skirts for girls and boys.

Brilliant yellow, brilliant violet, etc.

Brilliant colored cosmetic lenses for eyes.

JANUARY 20, 1970
SUBJECT: DOG COLLARS

Please see the dog collars on page 5 of *W.W.D.* This is what I am talking about. Every girl's throat is strapped. It really looks marvellous. It can be done with big

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FEBRUARY 5, 1970
SUBJECT: BOWLEGS

This is urgent!

I am alerting you to something.

Every picture in which the girls appear in dresses below their knee they look bowlegged.

Do not allow the girls to swing their knee away from the line of the ankle bone and foot.

This is vital!

FEBRUARY 16, 1970
SUBJECT: HAIR BACK IN CHIGNON

I really did ask you to consider how the hair is pulled back.

I wrote a note before to say that I thought the hairline around the face should be exposed and the hair not pulled down and then back as this is a very hard line and very unmodern looking.

From the parting the hair should be combed back not down and back.

Most girls' ears stick out.

Please always have glue on hand to glue back the ears as in a color picture it is impossible to retouch.

FEBRUARY 17, 1970
SUBJECT: FLAT SOLE

And by flat sole I mean the sole that is heelless, the sole that creates a walk that is exactly like being barefoot.

"The flat sole hits the streets."

I hope that as soon as possible we will publish the espadrille, the totally flat soles which Avedon photographed.

I am putting this as you might say the cart before the horse as we have not decided where to put this heelless totally flat shoe. But as soon as we do you are all aware of why.

We are working towards *the naked foot.*

We know that the naked foot cannot be in certain climates and in certain places but very exquisite shoes will be made to walk, so to speak "nakedly" in the street.

Please remember this when accessorizing. *Please remember that none of the clothes of today come from a heel, they come from a flat shoe which I hope has an exquisite arch.*

Edith, to you, I say:
"The flat sole hits the streets."

FEBRUARY 25, 1970
SUBJECT: LYNN SUTHERLAND

I have just looked at some Penn pictures of Lynn Sutherland and she has put on a lot of weight.

Her face is too fat, her body has lost its line, she looks much older.

Miss Slavin, please call her agency and tell Lynn herself that she is much too valuable and great a model to allow herself to put on this weight and she must lose it right away. If she is having any problems, she must see her doctor.

MARCH 24, 1970

Whoever of you is taking the sitting on skirts and blouses for June, I think has a very important responsibility.

I think we must have laced belts and laced boots.

The skirts must be the right length which is a little long, that is below the calf.

The most attractive thing with this would be big floppy hats.

I suggest the editor who is going to take these pictures, takes a big felt hat, takes it into the bath with her and knocks hell out of it and when it dries, see what happens. I think the big shape one would do oneself is what we are talking about, then tie long chiffon and Odyssey handkerchiefs that really trail down the back or sides or just trimmed with flowers. I think we must get into this group of shirts and skirts, boots and belts are very attractive and modern looking.

We must put this over as the summer look 1970.

Please all of you look at the May board and see the pictures that we have put there of Diane de Monbrison by Calmette. She looks so striking with her boots and her tight veil around her head. The stride and dash is amusing.

I do think that a big hat, however, will look better for June only it could be straw or felt but it will not be anything to do with gun play or westerns.

APRIL 13, 1970

Please notice the small eyebrows on everybody at the moment who looks really well in their pictures.

Brigitta Klercker—it has opened wide her eyes and her whole face looks different. Granted she is looking marvellously well but the eyebrows are important. This also applies to Marisa, who is different looking with these brows the whole width of the top of her face is different, her whole eye is opened.

It is the non-brow or very small brow, if any, that is so vitally important to fashion.

This is the biggest change in the face since the natural mouth.

APRIL 14, 1970
SUBJECT: IRONING ONE'S HAIR WITH AN IRON

What has happened to this delightful idea, we have not heard about it lately.

APRIL 16, 1970
SUBJECT: SHADES OF PURPLE

I do think that we should specialize in magenta, bright red, violet, purple, etc.

We all feel it.

We all know it.

But it never seems to come in the book.

We made a special effort for January 1 and it looked very well if you want to look back and see—why don't I see it coming in anymore.

APRIL 21, 1970

I do think gloves add spice and coquetry to some costumes, also for the evening.

I love the big mittens that have been used on the artificial fur coats. I think they are absolutely great.

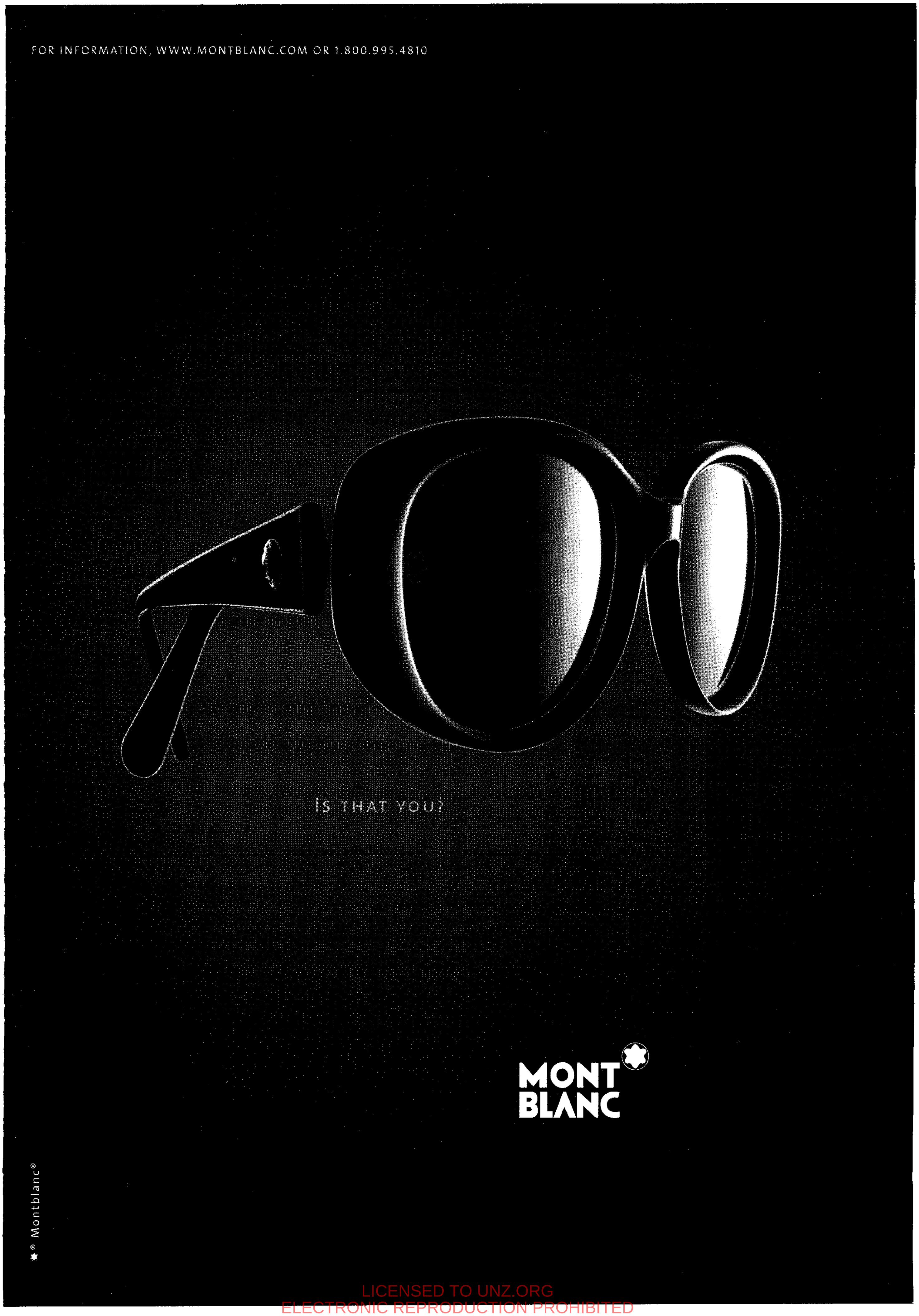
Keep working on various lengths. Keep working on infinite variety, variety, variety. We need it very much in order to keep fashion alive.

Variety even to the point of confusion. We have got to stir the pot and bring the plums to the surface, therefore, stir and stir.

APRIL 28, 1970
SUBJECT: ACCESSORIZING PRESENT DAY CLOTHES

I really do think it is important that the present day clothes are broken up a bit with something very charming, otherwise they look like poor clothes.

For instance, the amusing shoulder bags around town—the embroidered ones from Pakistan from Odyssey



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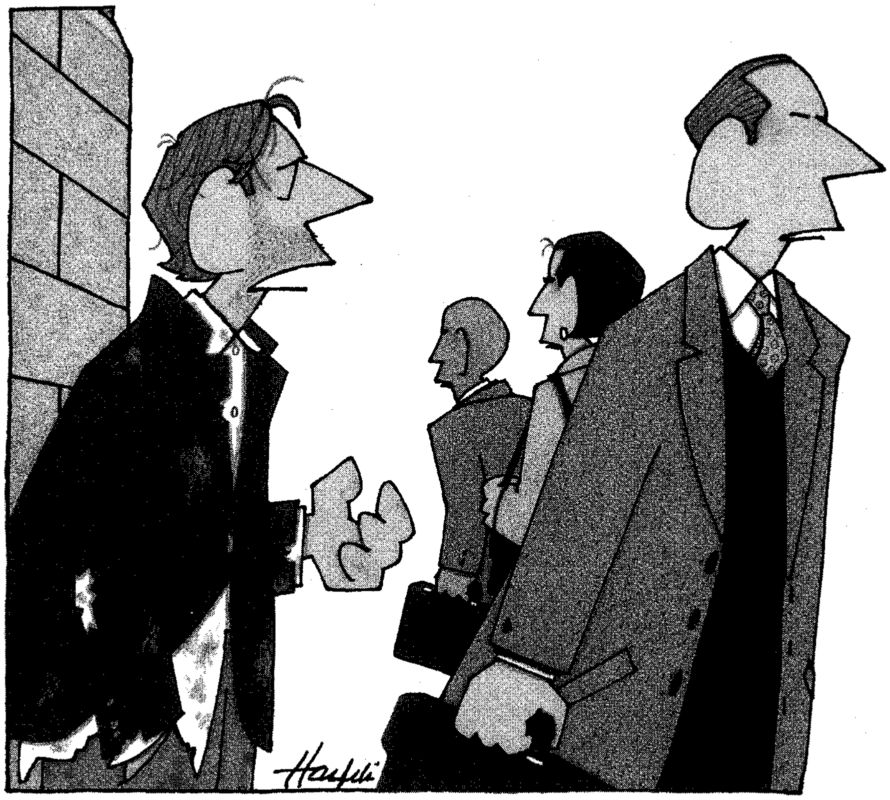


"Spare a little eye contact?"

• •

which everyone in town is carrying and look divine.

I do think it is the knack of confusion that really and truly is the only thing that can save the day at the moment.

We must be sure not to show people as if they were running the women's ward in a sanatorium.

MAY 4, 1970
RE: BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE

We are going to start a new "Beautiful People" . . . and therefore we must all start thinking and collecting . . .

"BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN BEAUTIFULLY DESIGNED COATS."

This I think is very badly put—someone will have to think of a better title . . .

So far, we have

Mrs. Holzer in a beautifully embroidered coat of black mink.

Didi Ryan in a paisley coat made from an ancient paisley shawl—plus a skirt also from the shawl—very beautiful.

Valerian Rybar in paisley pants and dinner jacket for the evening—made from an embroidered paisley shawl.

Lots of people do not want to join "The Beautiful People" . . . therefore when asking anyone to pose, I suggest you do not mention that—but only flatter them into having their picture taken in their beautiful printed coat . . .

JUNE 11, 1970
SUBJECT: SUITS

The suit is news. Nothing else really is.

All clothes are good.

Please promote the suit very thoroughly from every market.

Let's carry on with the suit, let's do something for the reader besides sending her to a late fiesta in delectable clothes, which is important but not what the reader is looking for.

AUGUST 7, 1970
SUBJECT: HAIR

The hair in Paris is total hair, long, straight, thick and down or in a chignon raised well off the neck.

There is no fuss about hair. It looks healthy, strong and totally feminine.

No fuss from a hairdresser looks right, it is too tacky for words.

I have told you that there are many short, short haircuts. Also Garbo has her hair cut like a little boy and she is too beautiful for words with long sideburns.

DECEMBER 17, 1970

I know it will interest you to hear that for the cleaning of pale suede, and pale suede only, there is a cloth which one rubs to keep the suede clean, and one gets it at Tandy-Crafts near 34th Street.

I was told this by the designer of Ginala.

JANUARY 13, 1971
SUBJECT: DARK GLASSES

When you do girls in the street or out of doors or in the studio it is difficult to use fairly clear glasses, in other words it is the really dark glasses that photograph the best.

I don't know the reason for this, but it is a fact, it must be something to do with the photograph and this is just a suggestion.

JANUARY 15, 1971

I suppose you are all aware that the red violet that we have always fancied has now become the "touch color." It is all in a print; for instance, there is always that red violet touch. Shoes are red violet. Pullovers are red violet. Toe nail polish is red violet.

It is almost where scarlet has been through the ages—the colour that picks up the whole. I think it is extremely interesting, and it has certainly taken years of pressing this colour to arrive at this.

FEBRUARY 3, 1971
SUBJECT: PROPORTION

The afro look is totally out, as we know, the cropped black head is super.

As you know, we took many pictures last summer in Paris of a lovely black girl, though only one was used in the Christmas issue.

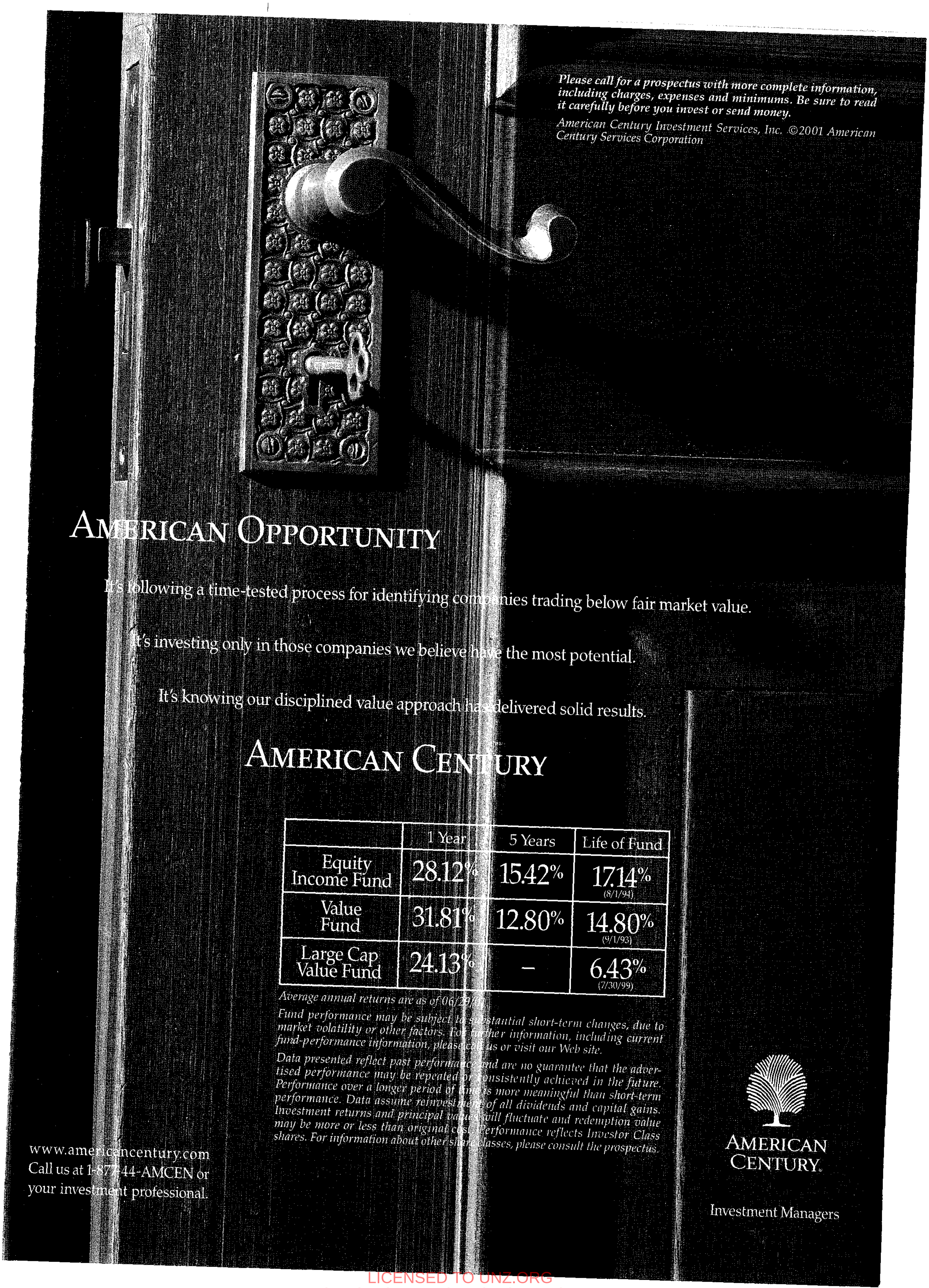
All of this is very interesting and should be watched.

The small head is definitely in.

It has never been out except about 6 years ago when the bouffant had enormous novelty and most people did not go quite far enough, they merely raised the hair.

We must watch proportion.

When fashion turns over it brings in little tiny creaks and cracks. That is the fascination and that is where you have to watch every step. ♦



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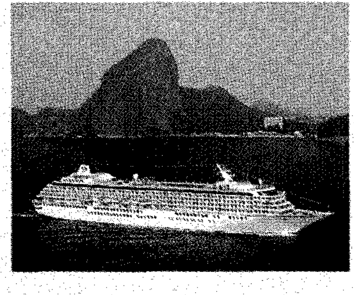

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Fancy restaurants are not the destination, though they certainly can provide part of the pleasure. Instead, it is the markets, street stalls, neighborhood crannies, farms, vineyards, and docks that beckon—where the heart of a place lies, and therefore its best tastes.

So where are epicureans travelling these days? All over the globe—there's no corner untouched by that great taste imperialist, imagination. Yet, in the most recent roamings of chefs, one thing stands out. The foodie quest is not for the newest dish but for the newest old dish—the flavors and traditions that endure undiluted and undisturbed by modernization.

The heart of a place lies in its markets, street stalls, neighborhood crannies, farms, vineyards, and docks.

BY NAO HAUSER

SENSORY OVERLOAD

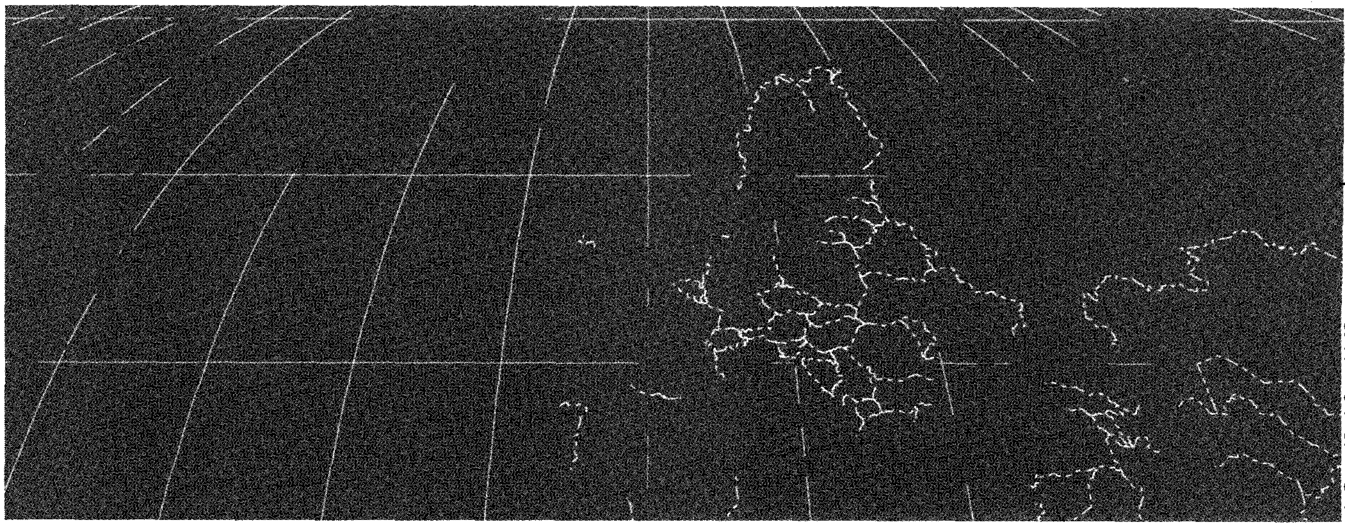
"India is enough out of touch to be fashionable," says Chef Bruce Sherman of Chicago's North Pond Cafe (www.northpondcafe.com). "People find it exotic, intriguing." So he had no trouble interesting a group of epicures in a trip this year to the country he once lived in and still loves for "the intensity and diversity of flavors." The destination was the southwestern coastal province of Kerala, where place names like Tellicherry and Malabar portend "the experience of driving in the green hills and seeing peppercorns drying on mats by the side of the road." Sherman adds, "It's so incredible—you get there and pinch yourself."

Other elements of what the chef refers to as an "amazing sensory overload": "The infinite variety of bananas; sipping the juice of green coconuts someone has scrambled up a tree to pick for you; breakfasts of fish stew with curry leaves and coconut milk."

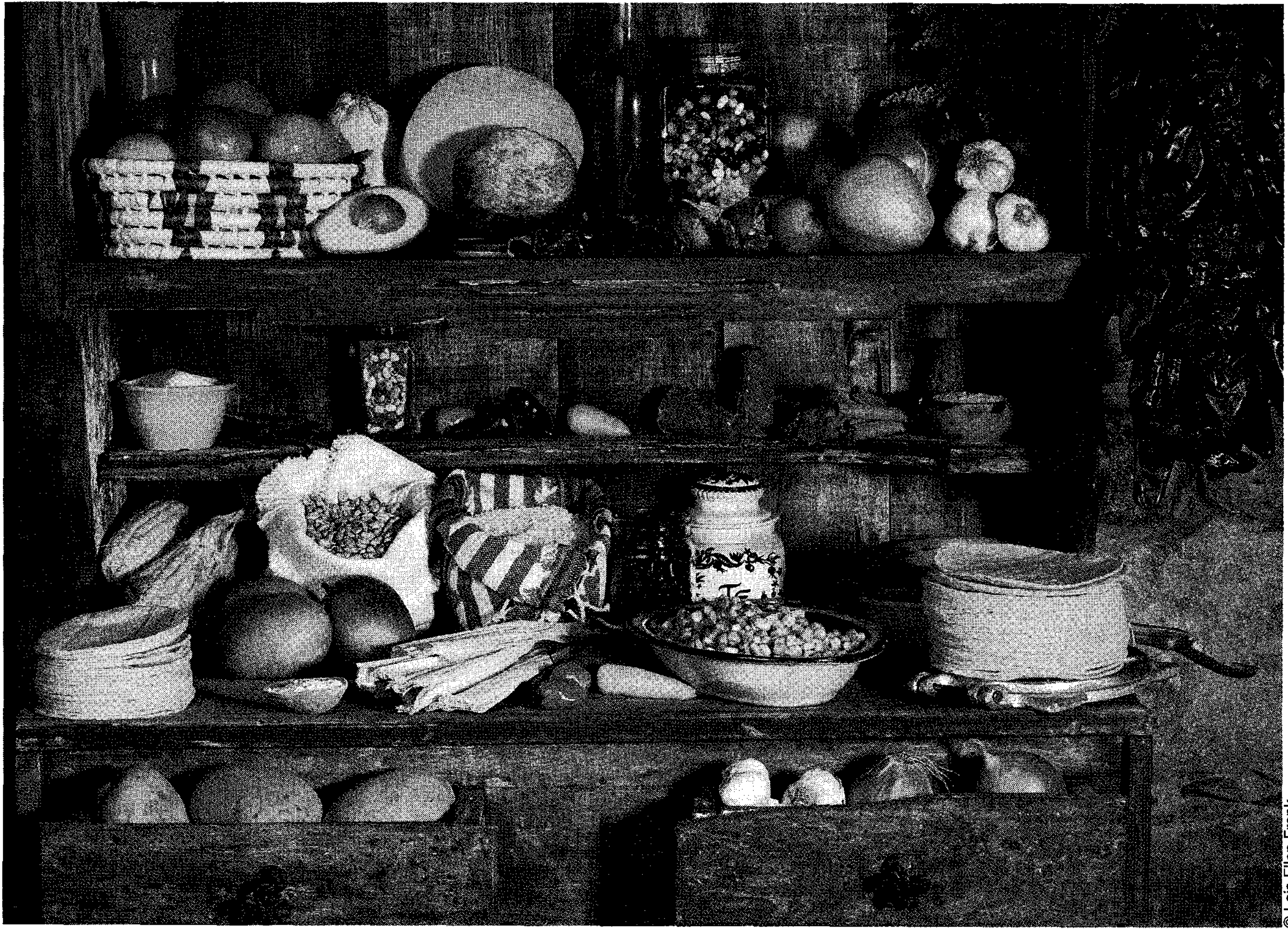
Tour member and connoisseur Jolene Worthington, a food company executive, remembers the experience: "The taste of the curries was almost translucent, and the spices were so fresh and vibrant there was no lingering astringency." (See "What's Cooking?") To become more familiar with the flavors of Kerala, read Maya Kaimal's "Savoring the Spice Coast of India: Fresh Flavors from Kerala" (HarperCollins, 2000).

HOT SOUR SALTY SWEET

Authors Jeffrey Alford and Naomi Duguid named their award-winning book about Southeast Asian food with its quartet of



good enough to eat



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GETTING BACK TO THE GARDEN

The enduring flavors and traditions of indigenous cuisines have become destinations in and of themselves for their exotic appeal. *They provide as much information about a culture, in fact, as history, art, and architecture traditionally have.*

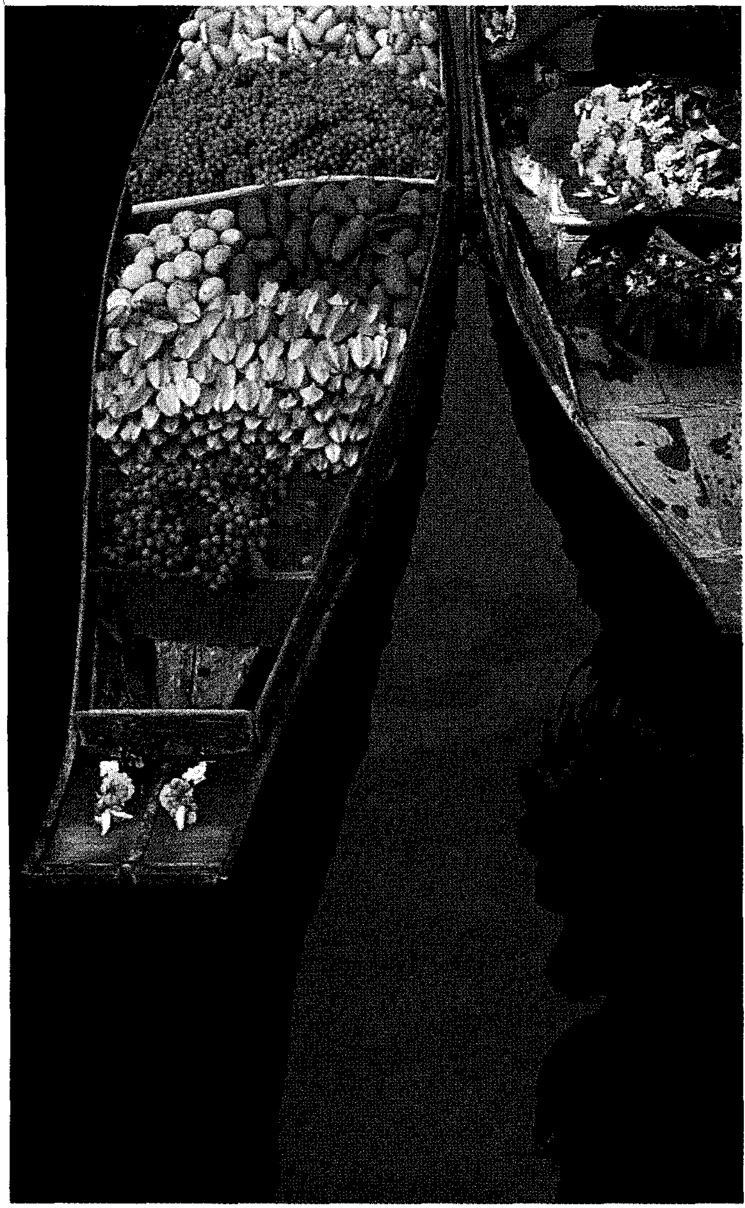
taste sensations, "Hot Sour Salty Sweet: A Culinary Journey Through Southeast Asia" (Artisan, 2000). And those qualities are what Chef Seth Carter Raynor of Nantucket's Pearl and Boarding House restaurants remembers most vividly about his three weeks in Vietnam, on a tour organized by the Culinary Institute of America at Greystone in Napa Valley (800-333-9242; www.ciachef.edu). "To see all the contrasts in a single dish added a whole new dimension to my cooking," he says. "And not only the hot, sweet, sour, salty, but also the crisp and soft. How one thing worked off another, that was the revelation—a kind of sparkle I'd never known before." The freshness was also overwhelming. "Food is harvested, then sold and eaten immediately. It comes from people's backyards. Everything's local. They're not FedExing anything." He came back with memories of *pho,* the Vietnamese beef soup, for breakfast ("an incredible way to wake up, to a broth someone has been cooking for hours") and the Vietnamese coriander, *rau ran,* which he now grows in his own garden.

Irene Khin Wong, chef and owner of New York catering firm Saffron 59, leads an annual culinary tour to Southeast Asia, with two destinations chosen from among the countries of Vietnam, Cambodia, Myanmar, Thailand, and Indonesia (www.saffron59.com; 212/253-1343). Saigon, where she lived for four years, draws Wong back for the deliciousness of "eating crab with tamarind sauce along the Saigon River and devouring the savory steamed crepes filled with chicken sold by street vendors." But her favorite place is Myanmar "because it hasn't been touched by tourism yet. It's tranquil and peaceful, and the food is memorable." Especially, she says, the salads, fruits, and "huge, succulent tiger prawns from the Bay of Bengal."

INDONESIAN AND THAI LOVE AFFAIRS

For every connoisseur who craves the bucolic side of Southeast Asia, there's at least one who falls in love with the food frenzy of Jakarta or Bangkok. For Margaret Sheridan, Senior Editor of trade publication *Restaurants & Institutions,* Jakarta provides the most satisfying memories of the seven years she travelled in search of Asian flavors while living in Hong Kong. "It's always a mess, and maybe that's why I love it. It's really Asia," she says. And there, she happily discloses, "I became completely addicted to sweet *martabak,*" a kind of pancake slathered with peanut butter, nuts, condensed milk, and chocolate, and sold as a snack all over town. Maybe Sheridan is especially into messes—but then, what finger-lickin' epicure isn't?—because her other most blissful memory is of picking roast suckling pig off the carcass at a roadside table in Lovina, a town in southern Bali famous for the treat. She recalls: "It was the most delicious, wonderful pork I've ever eaten—and so greasy my elbows slid off the table." (Suggested reading: "Indonesian Regional Cooking," by Sri Owen, St. Martin's Press, 1995)

Chef Gerhard Doll of Chicago's Peninsula Hotel came from Germany and worked in several Asian cities along the way, including Seoul and Hong Kong. But, he claims, "It was Thailand that opened up Asia for me. The hospitality, the culture, the cuisine. I think I tasted every dish. I learned about hot, sour, sweet, and salty and also the Buddhist philosophy—how much they care about food." He spent five years in Bangkok



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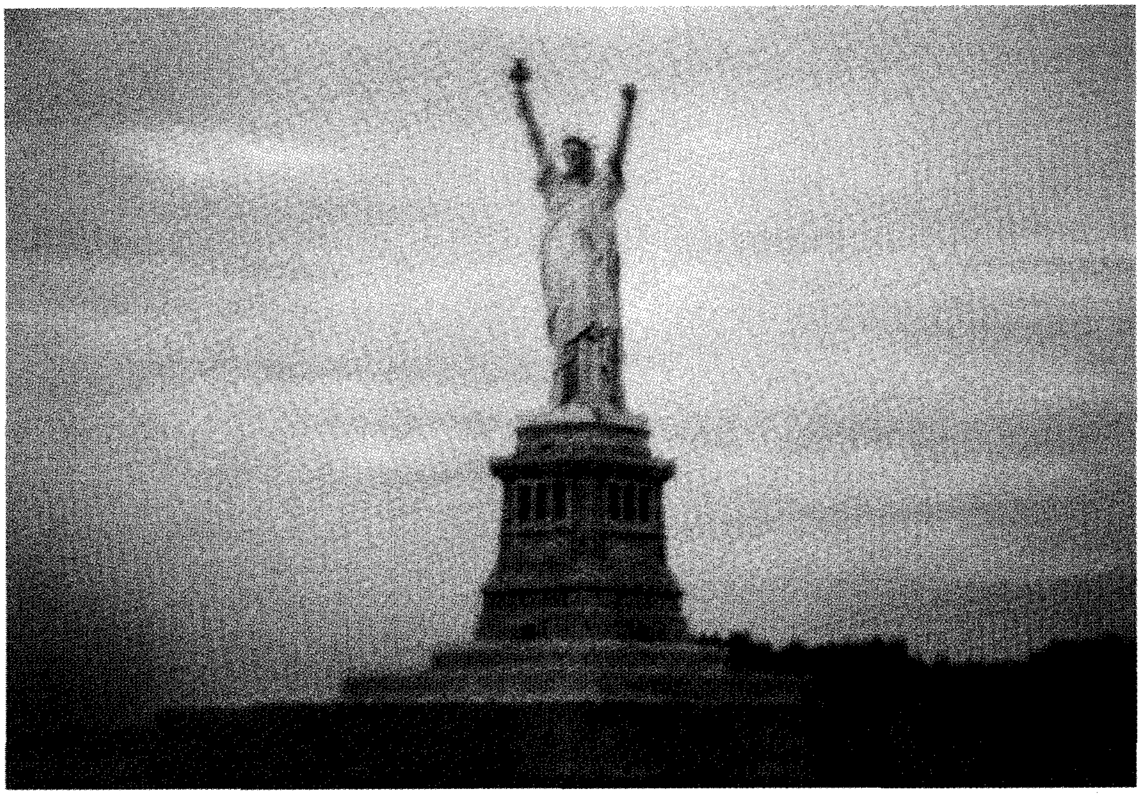
THAIS TO THE PAST

Just outside of Bangkok, hundreds of floating market vendors, selling fresh produce and delicacies, navigate the Damnoen Saduak canals in long-tailed boats.



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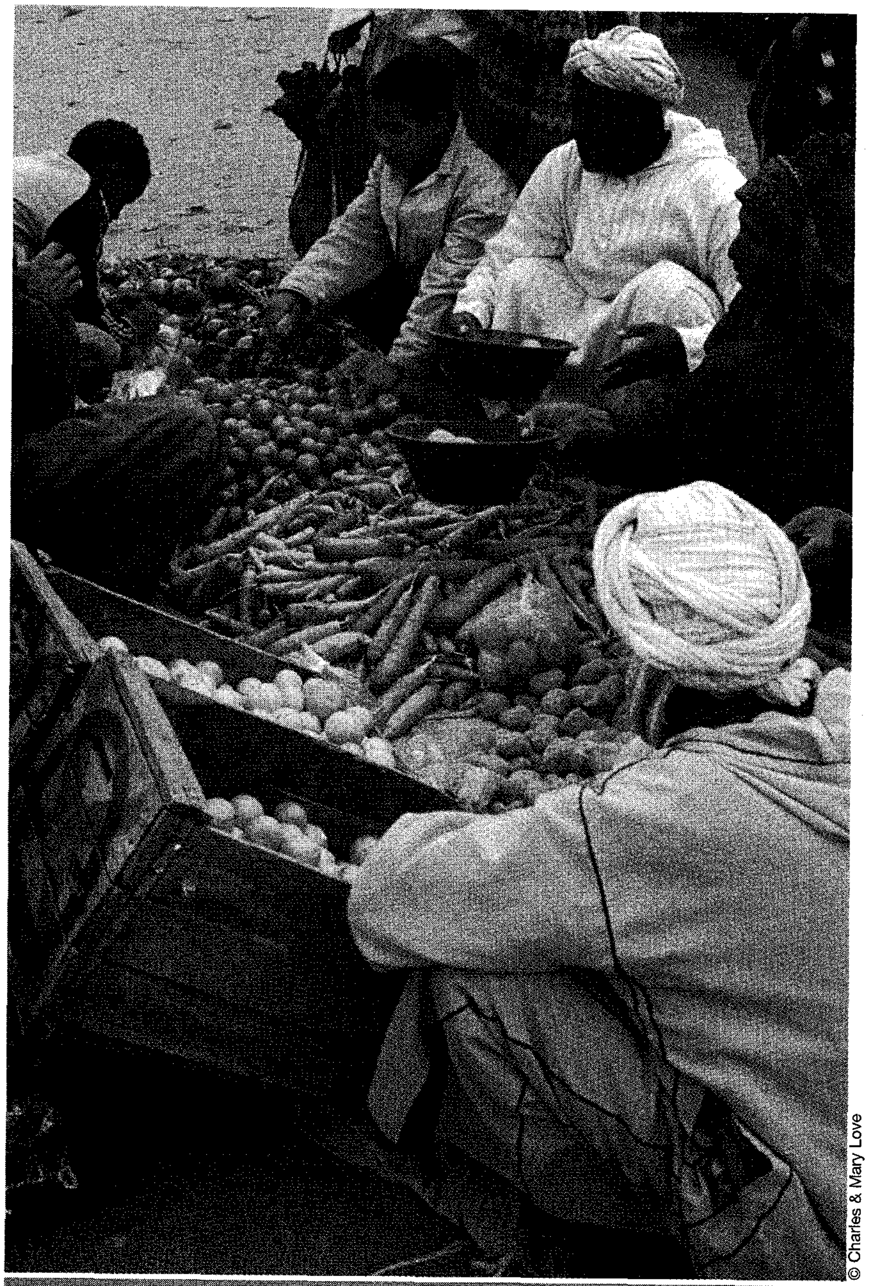
and “wouldn’t have missed a minute.” Indeed, he still eats Thai food everyday, brings hints of its mystique to his restaurant menus, and remembers with wonderment the spices, curries, and tropical fruits, as well as the elaborate food carvings and beautiful presentations. But the deepest impression for him was sociological. “Before, eating for me was a necessity. In Thailand cooking is the way of life. Families spend the whole day preparing the six or seven dishes they will sit down to at night.”

CRAVING COMPLEXITY

“The greater the number of cross-cultural influences, the more interesting the food,” says Joel Zack, President of Heritage Tours (www.heritagetoursonline.com), who has noticed a definite upturn in appetite for culinary destinations in Morocco and Turkey. As is the case with many travellers, Zack’s interest was piqued by the architecture and art of those countries, and the visual intricacy led inevitably, and inextricably, to the parallel complexities of taste.

The well-travelled cookbook author Rozanne Gold consulted Zack to plan a pilgrimage to Morocco as a birthday surprise for her husband, restaurant consultant Michael Whiteman. “It was totally selfish,” she says of her gift. “I wanted to go where I could taste the real *bisteeya* (a savory, hauntingly seasoned pigeon pie), or a real *tajine* (stew), the chicken with olives, the famous preserved lemons.” But what impressed her the most was a simple breakfast the couple ate sitting on the floor of someone’s home: “The best thing was the warm homemade pita served with olives and dishes of olive oil, honey, and argan oil for dipping. We sat and sipped tea and dipped. The flavor mix was wonderful, especially the honey and olive oil. And it was something I never would have imagined if I hadn’t gone there.”

Author Arthur Schwartz, who hosts “Food Talk” on WOR radio, has just returned from his third trip to Turkey. He was drawn there the first time, more than ten years ago, “because I loved Turkish food, but also because my interests are broader. The culture and history drew me.” Since then, he says, “Istanbul has become not just the place where East meets West, the capital of the Ottoman Empire, but also a hip, cosmopolitan city where ‘now’ meets ‘then.’” And this means better restaurants. In fact, “It’s hard to get a bad meal in Istanbul,” he claims. “Your chances of eating well are better there than in Paris or New York.” He recalls fondly the grilled seafood at Balikçi Sabahattin, a seafood restaurant in the old Sultanhamet neighborhood of Istanbul, the flaky *boreks* (pastry stuffed with meat, cheese, or



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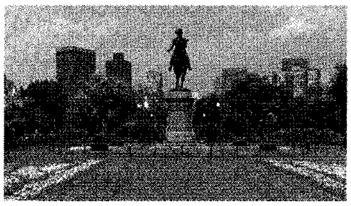
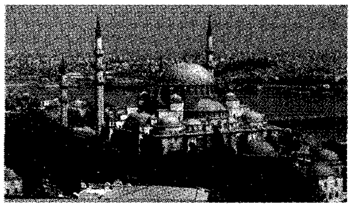
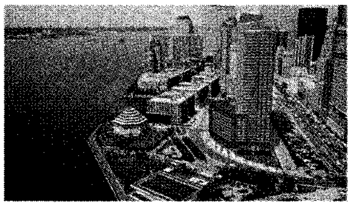


Boston Common
(opened September 2001)

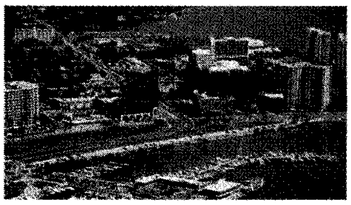


Istanbul
(opening October 2001)



New York, Battery Park
(opening October 2001)

Miami, Coconut Grove
(opening December 2001)



Sarasota, Florida
(opening December 2001)

New York, Central Park
(opening December 2001)

vegetables) sold in every bakery, shopping for Turkish red pepper in the bazaar, and feeling like a sultan himself at the Sultan Konyali food concession in the Topkapi palace. Visitors can eat at the epicenter of the historic empire, overlooking the Sea of Marmara and the Bosphorus.

For his next return, Schwartz has his tastebuds set on Gaziantep, in the southeastern part of Turkey, which is known for *kufteh* (an irresistibly seasoned mix of bulgur wheat and ground meat). Gaziantep is not far from Adana, famous for its kebabs. A tour that may take him there, he notes, is being offered by Culinary Expeditions in Turkey (415/437-5700; www.turkishfoodandtravel.com).

EUROPE: FOREVER YOUNG

"Spain is very, very, very hot now," says Joel Zack, who also leads tours there as a logical extension of his interest in the intersection of Moorish, Christian, and Jewish cultures. One big reason for Spain's eminence is simply the popularity of tapas in America—tempting devotees to continue their snacking rounds in the bars of Seville, Madrid, and Barcelona (where tapas are called *pinchos*). Another is the opening of the Guggenheim Museum Bilboa, which has brought renewed attention to Basque cuisine. A third is the wave of appreciation, long overdue, that has built for Riojas and other Spanish wines. The Culinary Institute of America is even inaugurating a three-region wine tour there (www.ciachef.edu).

But the biggest excitement has come from the tiny village of Roses on the Costa Brava, where Chef Ferran Adrià has been drawing America's cooking glitterati to his restaurant, El Bulli (www.elbulli.com), which was awarded three Michelin stars in 1997. Chefs like Charlie Trotter and Todd English have been making the pilgrimage to catch up with Adrià's astonishing inventiveness—his way of combining sweet and salty in a manner that erases preconceptions, and introducing surprises such as a sea-water foam to top clams. The restaurant is not far from surrealist Salvador Dalí's birthplace, suggesting that the chef's controversial playfulness and derringdo may well have had a local precedent.

Certainly the food and art of Italy's Tuscany join to make this region an overwhelming favorite—one that has won kudos for its "super Tuscans," Chiantis, and Brunellos, as well as for the scenes detailed so lyrically by Frances Mayes popular book, "Under the Tuscan Sun." So it was not surprising that when Chef Lidia Bastianich, owner of Felidia and Becco in New York,

THRILL OF THE HUNT

Commanding more per ounce than some semi-precious stones, white truffles are the center of attention in Italy's Asti where each October the Fiera del Tartufo takes place.

HEARD IT THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE

Sangiovese and cabernet sauvignon grapes are grown at the Santa Christina Estate for Tuscany's Antinori winery, Tignanello.

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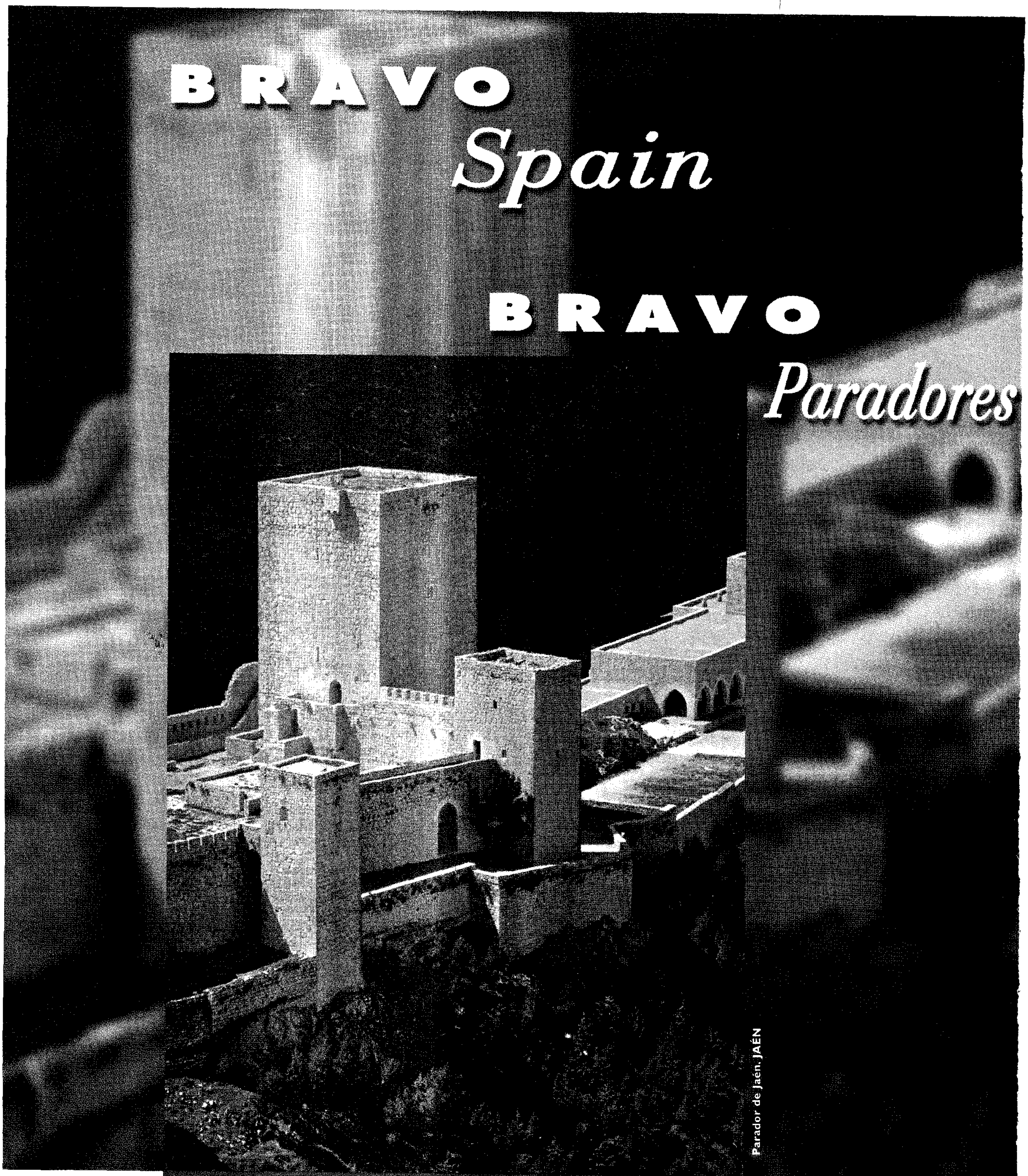
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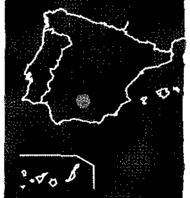

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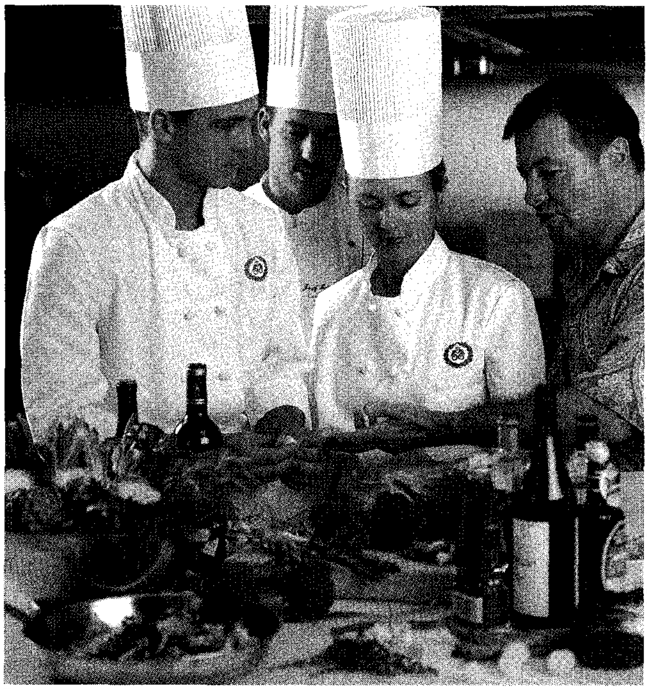
started a travel agency five years ago to offer gastronomic tours to Italy, she staffed it with art historians, including her daughter, Tanya Manuali, and program director, Shelly Burgess. "What's new about Tuscany," Burgess says, "is that people are not just making Florence a stop on a three-city itinerary in Italy, but are looking at the region as a culinary destination on its own, in a way they don't think of Rome or Venice." The Tuscan experiences people cherish, Burgess says, are tastings and lunches at wine estates, visits to see olive oil pressed, and contacts with locals like Dario Cecchini, a butcher in the tiny village of Panzano who has been known to read Dante to visitors. The next most popular culinary destination, according to Burgess, is Piedmont for its opportunities to hunt white truffles and sample Barolos. For scheduled and custom tours, contact Esperienze Italiane Travel (800/480-2426; www.lidiasitaly.com.)

For energetic epicureans, another option is chef-led bike tours in Tuscany, Sicily, and Umbria, as well as in Burgundy and Provence in France (www.bikeriderstours.com). These are luxurious eight-day trips, led by such well-known chefs as Rick Moonen of Oceana in New York and Roberto Donna of Galileo in Washington, D.C. The trips offer so many tastings, classes, and meals that the opportunity to pedal off calories seems like a blessed bonus.

VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE

And then there's the lazy way, a sybarite's dream: Book a week or three on one of Crystal Cruises' special Wine & Food Festival sailings. On shorter trips, closer to home, the chefs are drawn from America's finest, such as Jacques Pépin and André Soltner. They present demos and dinners of their own signature dishes, with wines selected for tasting by sommeliers such as Karen King



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Crystal Cruises' popular Wine & Food Festivals are graced with such celebrated chefs as Jacques Pépin who demonstrates his culinary prowess onboard.

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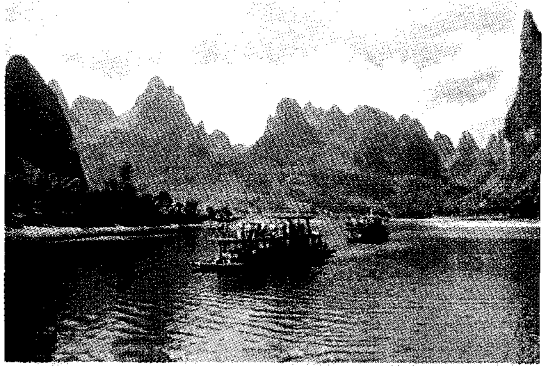

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WHAT'S COOKING?

- **Rick Bayless**, author of several prize-winning Mexican cookbooks, as well as chef/owner of the Frontera Grill and the Topolobampo restaurants in Chicago, leads two trips annually to Mexico's culinary capital, Oaxaca. One, in February, 2002, is with **Marilyn Tausend** through Culinary Adventures (253/851-7676). (Tausend leads other tours that include classes with renowned chef and author **Diana Kennedy**.) Bayless's other trip, a month later, is through the Culinary Institute of America (www.ciachef.edu).
- **Nancy Harmon Jenkins**, acclaimed Mediterranean cookbook author, will lead a tour of Sicily also under CIA auspices (October 24–November 3, 2002). Starting in Palermo, it will include central Sicily's Regaleali Wine Estate among its many stops before culminating in Taormina.
- **David Rosengarten**, cookbook author and co-host of The Food Network's "In Food Today", is leading a sixteen-day visit to India (November 30–December 16). The popular state of Kerala is included in the tour, as are the well-known cities of New Delhi, Hyderabad, and Jaipur (www.DavidRosengarten.com).
- **Julie Sahni**, author of "Classic Indian Cooking" and other excellent cookbooks, offers two trips to India annually (February and October). Tours include visits to spice and tea plantations as well as to markets and private homes (Julie Sahni's School of Indian Cooking, 718/625-3958).
- **Peter Kump's New York Cooking School** invites city visitors *(and residents)* to "Cooking in New York: A Five-Day Global Culinary Adventure" (October 29–November 2). A full day is devoted to each of Chinese, French, Italian, Latin American, and classic American cuisines. Course offerings will include classes, neighborhood walking tours, and meals at gourmet restaurants (212/847-0700).

of the Union Square Cafe. Chef Toni Neumeister, director of culinary operations (and these are huge operations, with forty professional chefs on Crystal Cruises' two ships making everything from bread to chocolate truffles onboard), says that on longer cruises, "We try to have guest chefs from the areas where we're cruising." So if you're lucky enough to be aboard, say, the Grand Pacific tour from Hong Kong to Los Angeles, you can sample the cuisines of Shanghai, Beijing, Seoul, and Osaka.

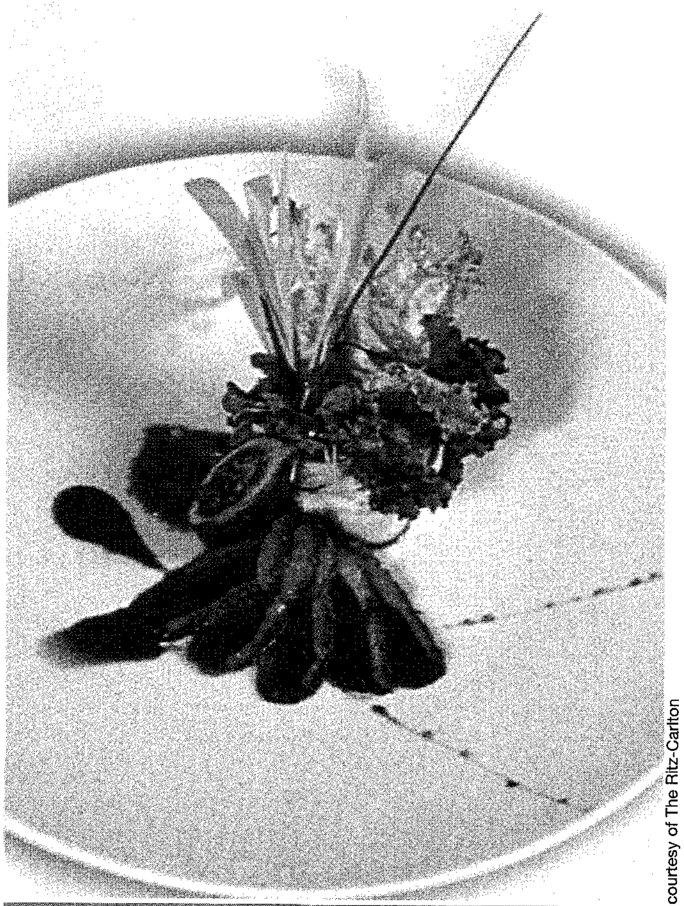
BRINGING IT HOME

The more chefs travel, the more world cuisine finds a home in American restaurants. During the last decade, that dynamic—along with high levels of immigration—made the U.S. dining scene much more cosmopolitan. This means that domestic travellers expect more than good food at hotel restaurants; they want intrigue and surprise as well.

They definitely find both at Victor's, in The Ritz-Carlton New Orleans, where Chef Frank Brunacci is enlarging the scope of Creole cuisine by adding his experiences in his native Australia and in Southeast Asia to what Native Americans, Africans, Spaniards, and French settlers brought together in local Louisiana kitchens. "People who travel get what I do," he says. "I'm trying to do a world cuisine based on what I find in this city–both ingredients and dishes." He pays homage to place by making his own andouillette, as well as cider-cured bacon to flatter a southern farm's best apple-raised pork. And he embraces the New Orleans romance with Bananas Foster, serving his version with caramelized-milk ice cream and a banana tuile. But he also treats guests to his favorite dish—spicy, crisp-skinned Malaysian duck *percik*, served with cumin polenta.

At Jer-ne in The Ritz-Carlton Marina del Rey, Chef Troy Thompson fashions seasonal and daily tasting menus out of "what the farmers bring me, because here in California there is nothing more inspiring." But he, in turn, brings to the table memories of his two years in Osaka, especially the incredible sushi he ate down at the docks at five in the morning. His approach is not Japanese but American—a taste wandering that results in temptations such as heirloom tomato salad with tempura soft-shell crab and basil, miso-marinated chicken with garden vegetables, Kobe beef carpaccio, and appetizer assortments arranged in bento boxes. The restaurant's setting reflects the French roots of his training, and when he looks out at the marina, the view is "just like the Riviera."

The accent is Gallic and the spirit is creative at Campton



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PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ

Chef Brunacci's serves up his favorite crispy Malaysian duck *percik* at The Ritz-Carlton's five-star, five-diamond Victor's in New Orleans.

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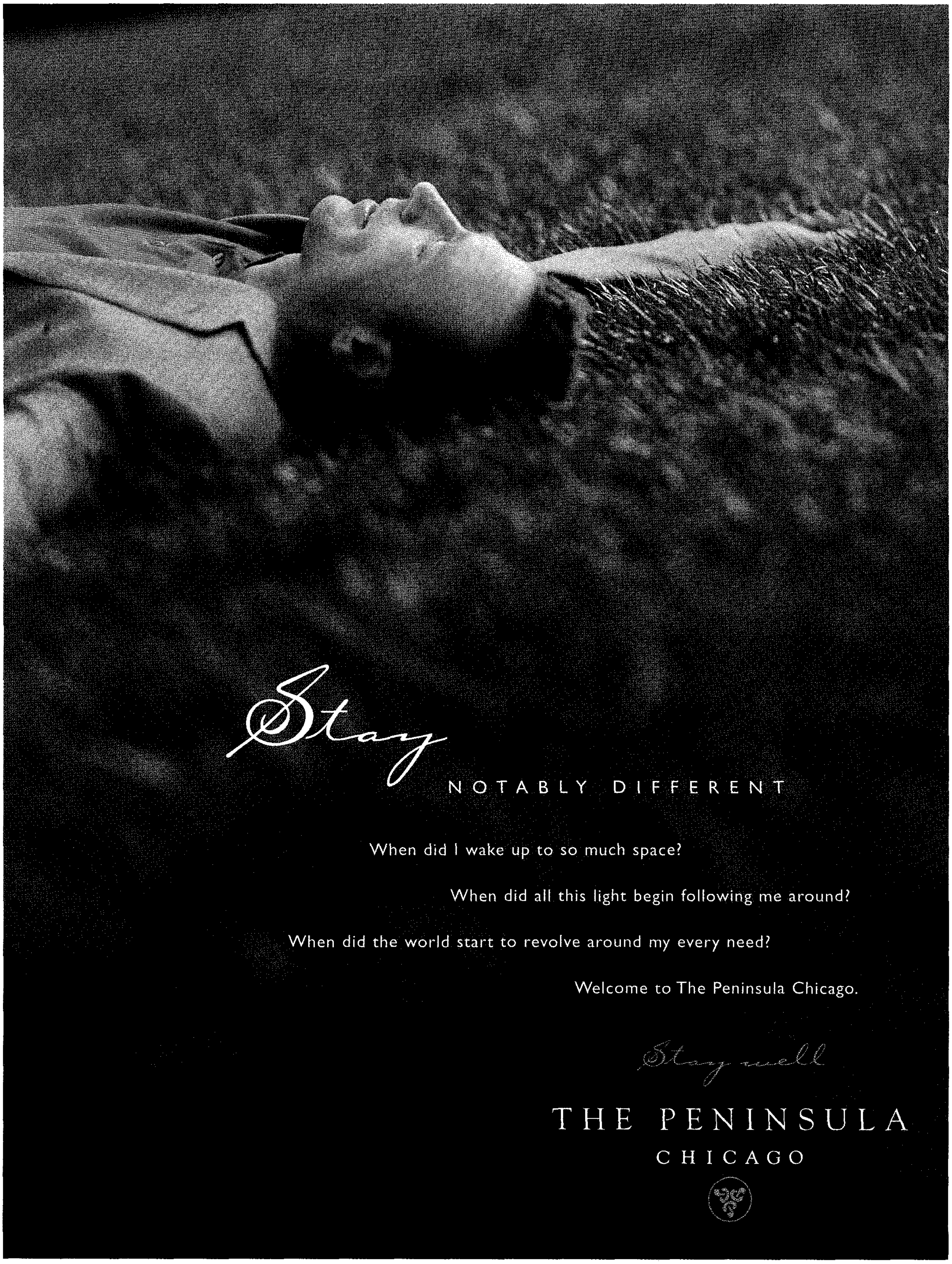

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Place in San Francisco, where Chef Laurent Manrique, a native of Gascony, uses California produce almost exclusively in his contemporary French cuisine. The Bay Area, he says, "is very much like France, where local really means local." But here he is encouraged to use his imagination to reinvent classics with exquisite lightness. So instead of duck à l'orange, for example, he pairs sautéed duck breast with a salad of oranges, "so that the 'sauce' is just the mingled juices of warm meat and fresh fruit."

NEW WORLD CROSSROADS

"All of Santa Fe is a culinary destination," says Susan Curtis, owner of the Santa Fe School of Cooking. Yet it takes visitors by surprise. "They come for the history and the scenery and the art," she says. "And they leave talking about what they ate."

But they will definitely come to eat and drink this September 26–30 during the five-day Santa Fe Wine & Chile Fiesta. The event was initiated about twelve years ago by chef and chile artist Mark Miller, owner of the Coyote Cafe in Santa Fe. Seminars, meals, and tastings prove that the Southwest's chile-based fare is not too bold to go well with the fruit of the vine. Visits to the Santa Fe farmers' market, the Spanish Colonial museum's agricultural exhibits, and Pueblo settlements and other landmarks underscore the fact that great cuisine is born at the historic crossroads of cultures. (For Fiesta information, visit www.santafewineandchile.org. For other regional classes and tours, go to www.santafeschoolofcooking.com.)

HAWAII: GARDEN OF PLENTY

Climate, soil, and coastline, as well as the mingling of Japanese, Chinese, and indigenous cultures should have made Hawaii a culinary destination long ago. But this potential was inhibited by the fact that so little was grown locally; everything had to be shipped from the mainland. That all began to change a decade ago, according to Chef Eric Faivre of the Grand Wailea Resort on Maui. Hawaii Regional Cuisine, Inc. created by Roy Yamaguchi of the renowned Roy's Restaurant, "recognized the possibility of helping farmers to develop their land so that they could supply restaurants." The results have been spectacular. "Now we have everything you could want," says Faivre, "from greens and tomatoes grown on Maui to grass-fed beef and lamb raised on the Big Island." Add these to what Chef Andrew Manion-Copley of the Lodge at Koele on Lanai calls "even better seafood than I experienced at the Barrier Reef in Australia," and you have the ingredients for greatness.

Chef Manion-Copley utilizes the island's newfound largesse at his lodge restaurant, located three thousand feet up the dormant volcano of Lanai, by treating guests to local game in such dishes as a carpaccio of venison "so tender we could serve it with a spoon." His shoreline colleague, Chef Edwin Goto of Manele Bay (a sister Lanai property), brings the fun of improvisation to more traditional Hawaiian fare. Who could resist a breakfast of *kalua* (luau-roasted pork with roasted Maui onions), or, for that matter, a menu item called only "chef's preparation of the morning's seafood auction"?

(continued)

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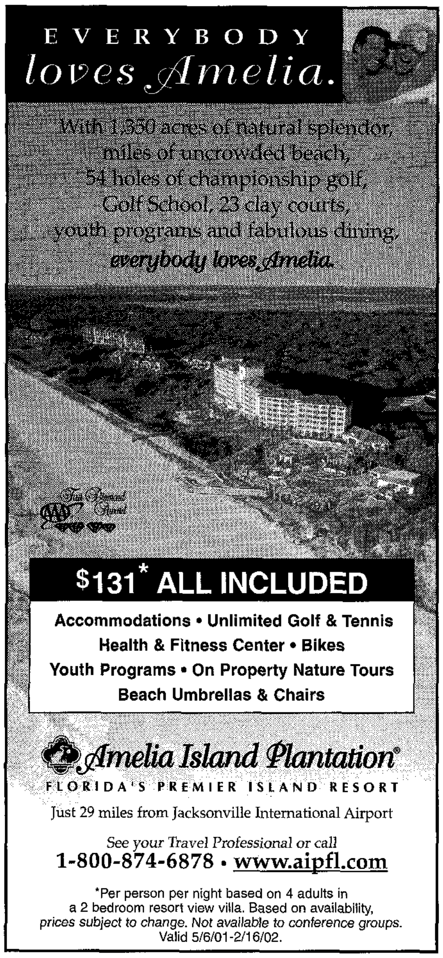
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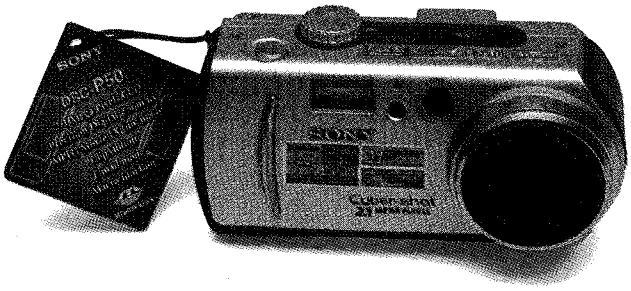

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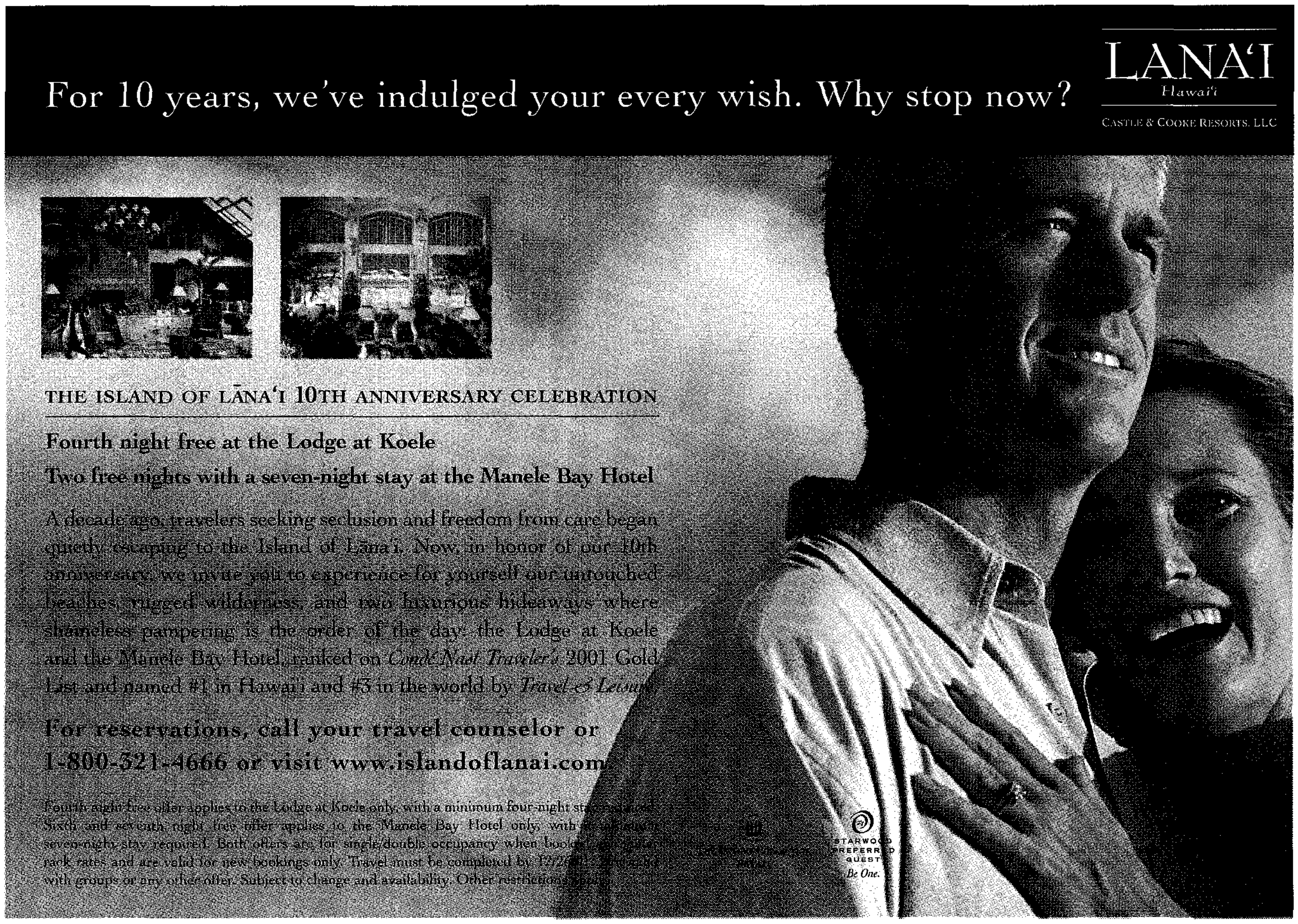
10. For the name of the winner, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the "Itinerary: Epicurean Travel" Great Giveaways Sweepstakes Winner, The New Yorker Merchandising Department, 4 Times Square, 21st floor, New York, NY 10036 after January 10, 2002.



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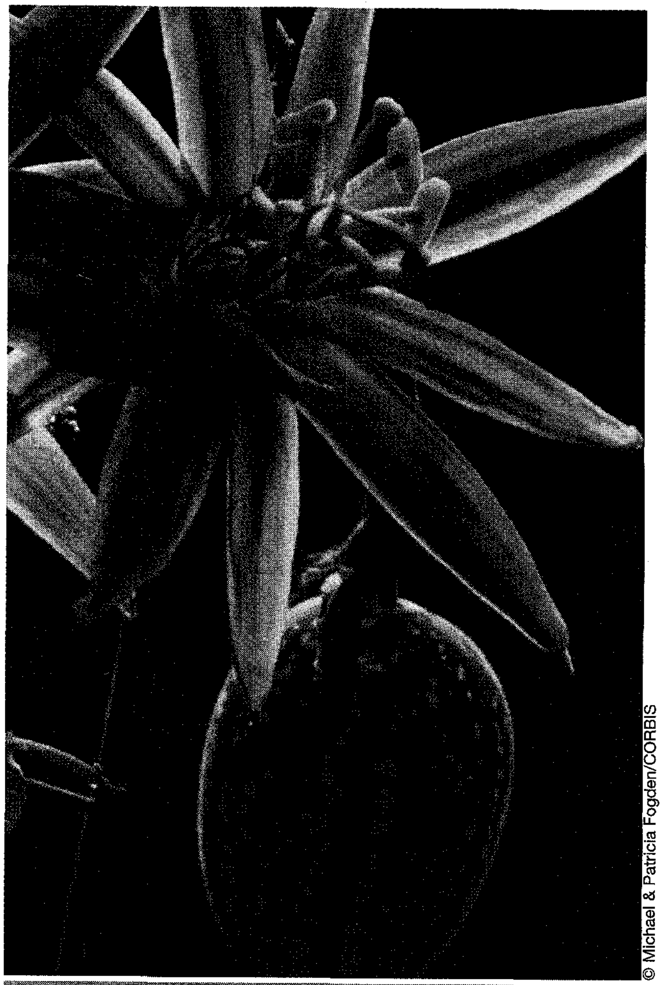

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FRESH APPROACH

The edible fruit of the wild passion flower is found along Hawaii's hiking trails.

("Hawaii: Garden of Plenty" continued)

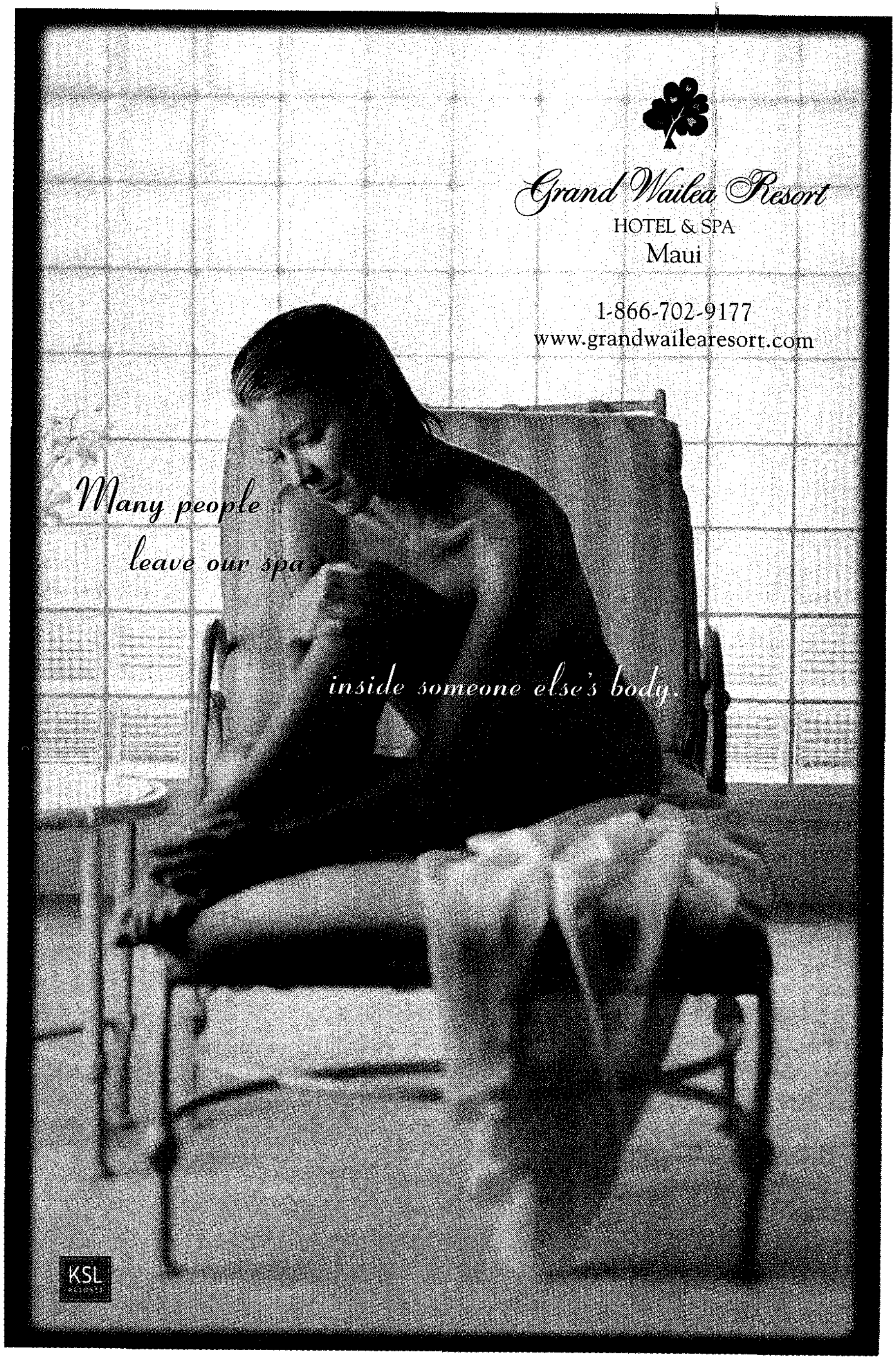
Chef Stephen Marshall of the Ritz-Carlton Kapalua on Maui cherishes not only "the freshness of everything" and "the guavas and passion fruit there for the picking," but also the Pacific Rim penchant for providing dishes from China, Japan, the Philippines, and Korea all on one menu. Yet, his personal favorite is a ceviche-like poke, a combination of Hawaii's stellar ahi tuna and the local *kukui* nuts (like hazelnuts and cashews combined), accompanied by a salad of green papaya and Maui onions.

On the beach at the Grand Wailea, Chef Faivre serves such lovely local riffs as *opakapaka* (pink snapper) with kaffir lime *beurre blanc,* as well as duck slowly roasted to fall-away tenderness in the style of kalua pork. But when he conjures up the quintessential island experience, it is this: "You are sitting outside by the hibiscus pool, staring out at the sea, at Koolawe Island and the Molokini Crater where everyone goes snorkeling. And what you are eating is the simplest thing, just ahi tartare in a martini glass splashed with Kula tomato and mango juices." So that you're tasting of the beauty you're looking at—this is the essence of epicurean travel.

(New York-based Nao Hauser is a freelance food writer, editor, and consultant who contributes regularly to *Bon Appétit.*)

NEWS BRIEFS

Spain's walled city of Laguardia in San Sebastian—the culinary center of Basque country—will be a stopover on **Cobblestone Tours'** wine & gastronomy tour of Northern Spain in 2002. . . . The spicy cuisines of Cuba and China will vie for accolades when the stylish Ling & Javier restaurant opens next month at the hip **Hotel Derek** in Houston. . . . Moustas, a restored eighteenth-century Provençal farmhouse, will be the setting next June and September for **French Cooking Classes'** hands-on culinary instruction with master chef Daniel Bonnot. . . . **Pink Beach Club & Cottages** offers a special package from November 2–5 for the first annual Bermuda Culinary Arts Festival. . . . The cuisine of Japan—everything from a bento box lunch on a train to a shojin veggie meal at a Buddhist monastery—is provided by **Elite International** on its personalized tours of Japan. . . . A private dinner at the Ephesus ruins, accompanied by the sweet strains of a string quartet from the Izmir Symphony, is a highlight of **INCA's** tour of Turkey. . . . Red wine and foie gras figure prominently on **Randonnée Tours'** Drive, Hike & Stroll through vineyards and farmlands from Bordeaux to Dordogne in Southwest France. . . . Arrange for a private dinner in the famed wine cellar at the family-owned **Bettoja Hotels'** Massimo D'Azeglio restaurant in Rome. . . . Learn Caribbean cooking on Tortola at **Prospect Reef Resort and Spa's** weeklong culinary program designed in association with the New England Culinary Institute. . . . **Aaron Travel** recommends the best dining spots in China and reserves tables at renowned restaurants with international cuisine, such as Shanghai's M on The Bund. . . . **Cox and Kings'** signature culinary tours in India provide a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• The **Chalone Wine Group** is offering a unique shareholder's opportunity for *oenophiles.* Buy a hundred shares of the company's stock (currently about twelve dollars a share on NASDAQ) and you can participate in wine and food fundraising tours organized by the company's charitable foundation. Destinations include the best vineyards of Europe, South Africa, Australia, and South America. Coming up soon from October 17–29 is a tour to Piedmont and Tuscany, with tastings of Barberas, Barolos, Barbarescos, Chiantis, and Brunellos (www.chalonewinegroup.com; 707/254-4215).

• Customized tasting tours for connoisseurs are arranged by **R. Crusoe & Son** to distilleries in Scotland, wineries (and dineries) from Alsace to Argentina, or to the Iberian peninsula for port and sherry sampling. Their one scheduled tour (offered in May and September) is to Burgundy, for eight days of winding through vineyards and villages from Dijon to Lyon (800/585-8555; www.rcrusoe.com).

• A week at the notable wine school, l'Ecole du Vin, in Beaune is one option offered by **Savour of France**, which arranges a variety of trips to France and Italy each year. Activities include cooking classes and wine tastings, and feature the Alsace, Champagne, Burgundy, Umbria, and Tuscany regions (800/827-4635; www.savourfrance.com).

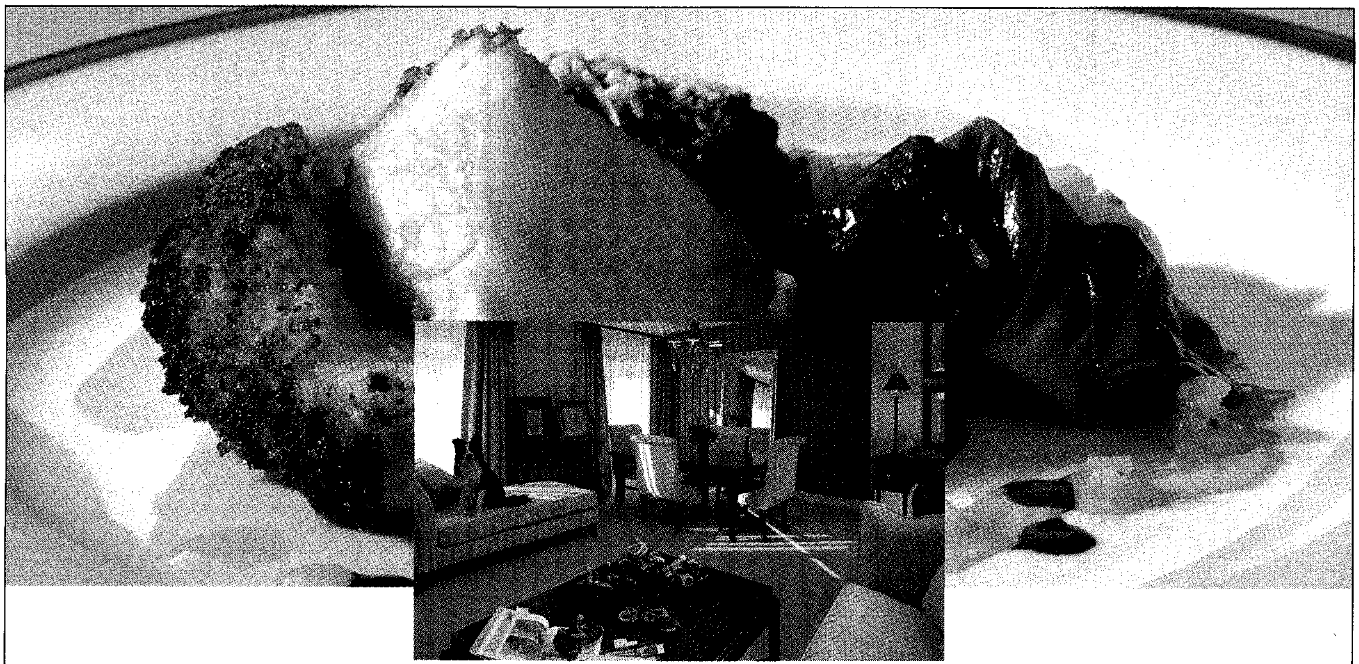
(News Briefs continued)

rare opportunity to visit food markets with a chef and assist in his kitchen and to share a traditional Indian dinner with a Delhi family. . . . Fine Caribbean gourmet fare is served in a lush tropical garden at Tortola's **Long Bay Beach Resort & Villas**. . . . The hills of Tuscany are alive with pecorino cheese and streams of olive oil and wine as exuberantly illustrated in **Backroads'** six-day walking and gourmet-cooking tour of Tuscany. . . . Epicures who are Florida-bound are attracted by fish fresh from the sea at **Amelia Island Plantation's** haute Amelia Inn dining room and family-styled eatery, The Verandah. . . . Expect a mouthwatering blend of rural Castilian and Basque cooking, as well as brimming glasses of the region's prized red wine, on **Mountain Travel-Sobek's** tour of Rioja in Northern Spain. . . . An onboard Finnish chef prepares Scandinavian delicacies on the Kristina Regina when **EuroCruises'** passengers travel from Helsinki to Egypt's Red Sea. . . . A new à la carte menu at the **Bolongo Bay Beach Hotel** on St. Thomas features local fish specialties. . . . **Number Sixteen**, one of London's most stylish B. and B. establishments, is located near many of South Kensington's finest eateries, including Kemps, at the Pelham Hotel. . . . The experience of dining in the eighteenth-century has been recreated by the recently renovated King's Arm Tavern in Virginia's **Colonial Williamsburg** in honor of the foundation's seventy-fifth anniversary. . . . Breathtaking views are only one of the awesome pleasures Switzerland has to offer. **Premier Selections'** Panoramic Gourmet Tour of Switzerland introduces travellers to the alpine country's superb wines and gourmet restaurants, as well as its well-known cheese and chocolate. . . . **North Carolina's Outer Banks** is no stranger to fine dining. Gourmet southern creations can be found at Ocean Boulevard in Kitty Hawk, a bistro-style restaurant with a martini bar, and there's also the 1587 Restaurant in Manteo on Roanoke Island. . . . Eat in style on **Uniworld's** European river cruise ships while enjoying panoramic views. The Rhône Princess stocks more than a hundred different wines in its cellar (or is it the bulkhead?). . . **TunisUSA** tours include excursions to highly touted restaurants—whether they're located along the Mediterranean sea coast or in newly renovated mansions. . . . Cocktail parties and special dinners with performing artists at various ports of call are among the perks on **Theatre Guild's** Theater at Sea cruises. The Cunard Caronia sets sail for the Mediterranean on May 27, 2002 for fourteen days of thespian revelry. . . . No need to "throw in the towel" after your travels. Extend your epicurean adventures with a fine, home-cooked meal made with fresh pork chops, loins, or filets shipped to your home by the **Iowa Pork Producers Association**. *–Dan Ouellette*

courtesy of Bettoja Hotels'

LA CUCINA ITALIANA

The cavernous wine cellar of the Massimo D'Azeglio restaurant in Rome is stocked with more than 30,000 bottles of vintage wine.



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BOTANICAL BAZAAR

Anise, caraway, saffron, coriander, and cumin. A typical sight in a Damascus spice market rich with possibilities.

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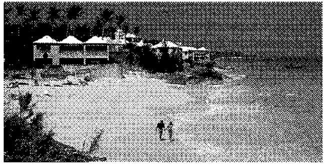
We had been honeymooning for just over two months when we arrived at Selati Lodge, a luxurious jewel tucked deep within the Sabi Sabi parklands of South Africa. Our masterful honeymoon planner had reserved us a spectacular suite, complete with private patio for dining.

During our first candlelit dinner, we had just begun to sample a magnificent orange and brie salad when Tiffany peered over my shoulder and exclaimed, "There's an elephant coming!" I spun around and, indeed, a two-ton bull elephant had emerged from the thicket and was curiously gazing at us. As we pressed on with our meal, my wife prayed that the interloper would pass on our board of fare. Clearly unaware of the gastronomic delights he was missing, our gray guest focused his sights on a fruit tree nearby, and wandered off just as the main course arrived.

A delicate peppercorn-sprinkled filet mignon was served as the sun dropped below the African treetops. But Tiffany again broke the aura of tranquility when she sensed an unannounced visitor rooting around our private swimming pool. "It's just the wind, honey," I reassured her, as I longingly eyed the succulent feast before me. "Please check it out," she implored, so I dropped my utensils and set out to prove we were alone. Alas,



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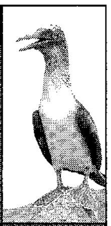

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she was right. A warthog had breached our private enclave and joined us for dinner. Luckily, he seemed to prefer the tall grass in our yard.

After devouring the filet mignons, we culminated our strange dinner party with a delicious chocolate soufflé. This was fine dining, African style, and we'll never forget it.

Darren Green
Chicago

Succulent Souvenir

Being an avid movie buff, I was determined to stay at La Jolla de Mismaloya, a hotel in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico, where "The Night of the Iguana" was filmed. After closely inspecting the 1964 sets, I continued the movie theme by slowly sipping Margaritas at John Huston's Restaurant and Sunset Bar, while the sun turned to crimson over Banderas Bay. A dinner of sautéed shrimps was so succulent that I was emboldened to ask the chef for his recipe. Surprisingly, Chef Fabrice Guisset graciously agreed, and I'm happy to pass it along to you. Enjoy.

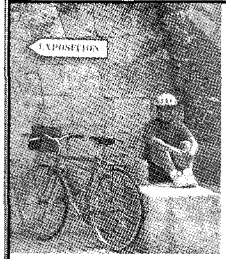
Sautéed Jumbo Shrimp with Tamarind Sauce

INGREDIENTS (one serving)

7-1/2 ounces peeled jumbo shrimp (reserve peeled shells)
2 tablespoons olive oil, separated
1/4-cup white wine
1/2 teaspoon chopped garlic
2-1/4 ounces seeded peeled plum tomatoes, chopped
1-1/2 tablespoons unsweetened tamarind pulp
One small potato (approximately 1-3/4 ounces) julienned into spaghetti strands
oil for deep frying potato
1-3/4 ounces artichoke hearts cut into quarters
1-1/2 tablespoons unsalted butter
crème fraîche (for garnish)
salt and pepper to taste
garnish:
sliced cherry tomatoes
watercress

Peel and clean the shrimp, reserving the shells. Sauté the shells in one tablespoon of olive oil, adding white wine, chopped garlic, half of the peeled tomatoes, and all of the tamarind pulp. Cook until reduced. Discard shells and set mixture aside. In a separate pan, deep fry julienned potato; drain. Sauté artichoke hearts in butter, then add the remaining peeled tomatoes. Season to taste. Place cooked artichoke hearts onto plate and top with fried potato. Sauté shrimp with remaining olive oil, seasoning to taste. Place cooked shrimp over fried potato. Pour the tamarind sauce over shrimp adding a dollop of crème fraîche. Garnish with a few slices of cherry tomatoes and watercress.

Joanne Quatela
Waverly, RI



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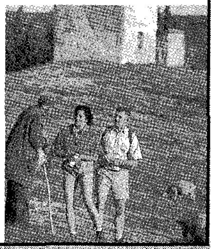

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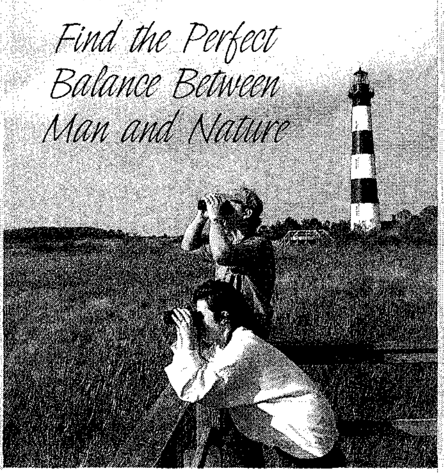

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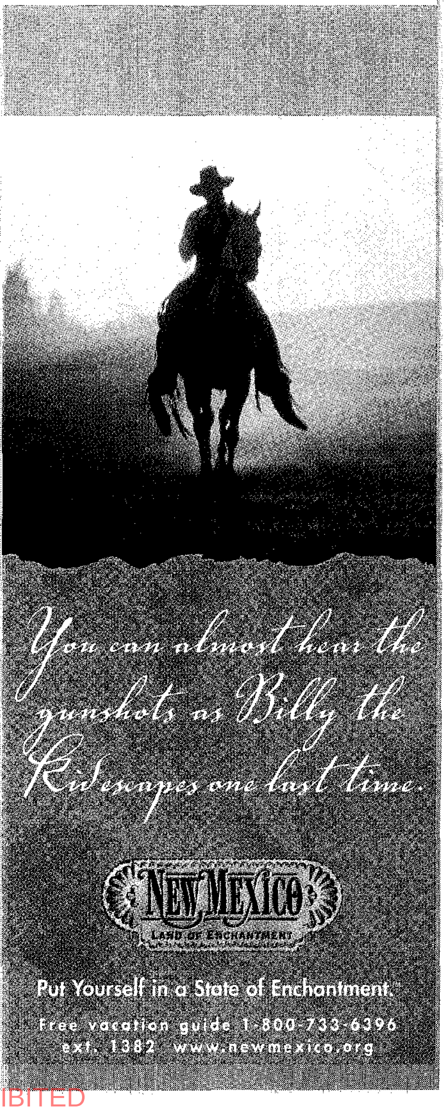

You can almost hear the gunshots as Billy the Kid escapes one last time.

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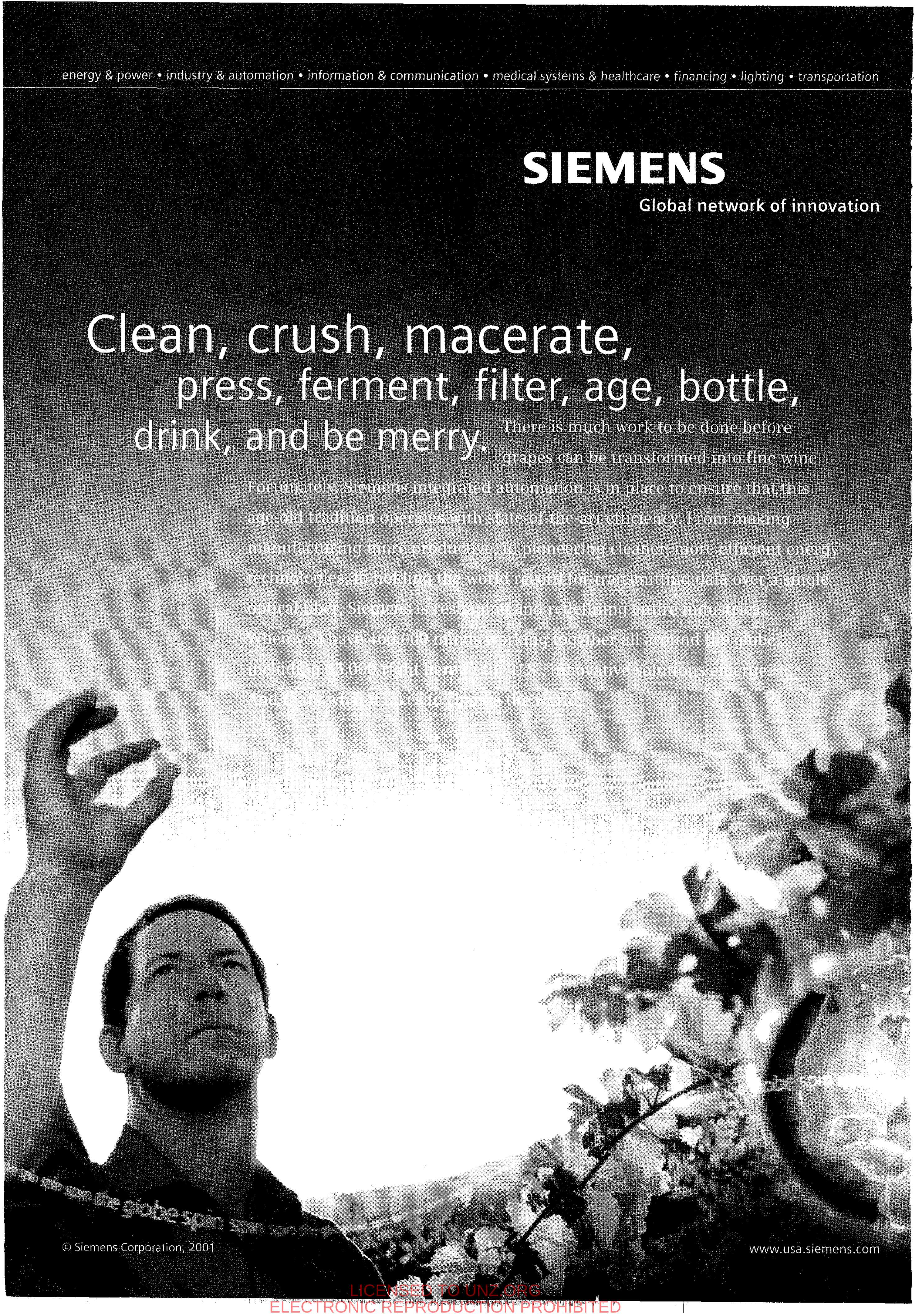
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LETTER FROM ITALY

LATIN LOVER

Can a classicist's plan to revive a dead language save Europe?

BY REBECCA MEAD

One day last May, I telephoned the home of Luigi Miraglia, who lives in the small southern-Italian town of Montella, not far from Naples. "*Ego sum*," Miraglia replied, when I asked for him by name. Miraglia teaches Latin in a high school in Montella, but he believes that the language should not be reserved for the classroom and the textbook. He converses in Latin most days, often on the telephone, speaking with friends in places as far-flung as Romania and the United States and South Korea. He conducts an extensive correspondence in Latin, signing his letters Aloisius, the name he prefers to go by among his Latin-speaking peers. Miraglia's Latin is classical in style, modelled on the epistles of Cicero, mixing artfully constructed dependent clauses and colloquialisms. He speaks Latin more fluently than almost anyone else alive—indeed, more fluently than most of the people who have died during the last two millennia. He would have been able to talk comfortably with St. Augustine, Pico della Mirandola, or Erasmus, though he might regret being unable to take their *inscriptiones electronicae*, or E-mail addresses.

Miraglia is thirty-five years old; he is of medium height, and weighs slightly more than he would like to, though not so much that he is prepared to curb his consumption of *mozzarella di bufala*, his favorite food. He has a gentle face with dark, liquid eyes, and his hair, which is thinning, is dark brown but for a single silver strand in the center of his brow. He wears Lacoste polo shirts and khaki pants, which tend to be a bit rumpled. He is restrained and polite, except when he is driving his gray 1992 Rover, at which times he becomes aggressive and daring: weaving from lane to lane and skipping ahead of more cautious drivers in a manner that even his Italian friends remark upon, although on account of a broken speedometer he never appears to be moving at more than zero kilometres per hour.

Miraglia, who is unmarried, lives in a villa set in a forested valley on the outskirts of Montella. The house contains a library of sixteen thousand volumes, most of which are in Latin, and they are arrayed on rough-hewn shelves reaching from floor to ceiling. He shares the house with a youthful group of fellow-scholars; their number is fluid, but there are usually about ten of them. Among Miraglia's housemates are two women who were high-school students of his and are now studying Sanskrit and Classics at the University of Naples; a linguist who is compiling a dictionary of correct Italian pronunciation and who speaks English with the accent of Bertie Wooster; and a scholar of medieval history who has a collection of Gregorian-chant compact disks that numbers in the hundreds. The house is also home to three teen-age Albanian boys, who entered Italy illegally by boat and were arrested by Montella police for working without documents. Through the agency of a magistrate, the boys have been placed in the custody of Miraglia, who provides them with a home and with a well-rounded education that includes lessons in Italian, English, Latin, music, history, and philosophy. The Albanians are handy in the kitchen, and they often prepare the pizzas and pastas over which Miraglia and his friends debate philosophical questions—the Platonic conception of the ideal republic; the moral obligation of man to work for the betterment of his fellow-men.

"Exspectate litteras meas!" Luigi Miraglia told the stunned students—"You'll get mail."

ARNOLD ROTH

In Miraglia's view, Latin is not a tongue that fell out of use around the same time that the toga did, something as apt for revival as slavery or lion-on-man combat. Rather, it has been the

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SIPRESS

"Which celebrities do this type of yoga?"

language of intellectual inquiry and argument, common to educated Europeans throughout the centuries, and is still appropriate for that use. "We have law, jurisprudence, science, botany, medicine, philosophy, and history in Latin," Miraglia told me when I visited him in Italy this summer. (We spoke English; he also speaks French, Spanish, and ancient Greek.) "Latin is not a dead language but a means by which men were able to defend thoughts and human rights, and this way it becomes a modern language. You can find answers to questions in our own lives." Miraglia believes that European political and economic unity can succeed only if the roots of an intellectual unity in Europe are also acknowledged and nurtured. "We don't have to look at classical culture as a model but as a seed that germinates in each new age like a new plant," Miraglia said.

As a concrete expression of his enthusiasm for the Latin-language humanistic tradition, Miraglia is attempting to establish an institute to be called Mnemosyne: Magna Graecia International Center for Classical Studies, which would attract students to southern Italy, where they could earn academic credits toward degrees in their home countries or complete entire courses of study under a permanent and visiting faculty, whose members Miraglia hopes to draw from among the Latin-speaking community. He has accumulated letters of support from scholars at such institutions as Yale, the University of Heidelberg, and the University of Ljubljana. The curriculum would include philosophy, the history of science, modern and ancient languages, and sports. (Miraglia was a keen Greco-Roman wrestler as a younger man.) Latin would not be the only language spoken, but Miraglia hopes that many of the teachers would conduct their classes in Latin, and Latin would be the lingua franca of the students, who would come from all over Europe and beyond.

Currently, Miraglia is hustling for financial support from the government of Campania, the region where he lives; he is also hoping that officials will provide him with a suitable building for his academy. He has his eye on an empty resort hotel on a green hillside near a coastal village called Castellabate, an hour and a half south of Naples, which has four tennis courts, two swimming pools, hundreds of rooms that could be converted into classrooms and accommodations, and spectacular views over the Gulf of Salerno toward Capri. One snag in Miraglia's plan is that the hotel in question was built by a Mafia family from Naples as a money-laundering operation, and a local anti-organized-crime official wants to have the building demolished. Miraglia is convinced that a far more meaningful message would be sent by letting him use the hotel. "The Mafia have built it to earn money, but not only will it not earn money for them, it will be a school whose purpose is to foster honesty," Miraglia told me. He is optimistic that he will prevail, and that once again scholars will debate and deliberate on the hillsides where Parmenides and Zeno, not to mention thousands of latter-day sunburned tourists, once dwelled.

Italy has a checkered history when it comes to reviving classical culture. Although the humanists of the Renaissance—Neoplatonists such as Pietro Bembo and Marsilio Ficino, or clerics like Pius II—enriched the culture with their revival of the philosophy and letters of the ancients, the example freshest in Europe's memory is that of Benito Mussolini. In addition to reviving the study of Latin in Italian schools, Mussolini attempted to link his own regime with Imperial Rome by excavating the Forum and building the grand Via dei Fori Imperiali. (More recently, Silvio Berlusconi has been dropping the odd Latinism into his public statements, an apparent attempt to augment his man-of-the-people profile with some statesmanly gravitas.)

Miraglia takes pains to point out that his own Latin project is not an effort to restore the glory that was Rome—indeed, Miraglia doesn't have a particularly high opinion of Imperial Rome, which involved too much sacking and conquering for his liking, and suffered an insufficiency of the activities preferred by the Greeks, such as sitting around pondering the meaning of life. Like most Italians, Miraglia studied Latin in school, and he loathed memorizing conjugations by rote. At fifteen, however, he had an epiphany

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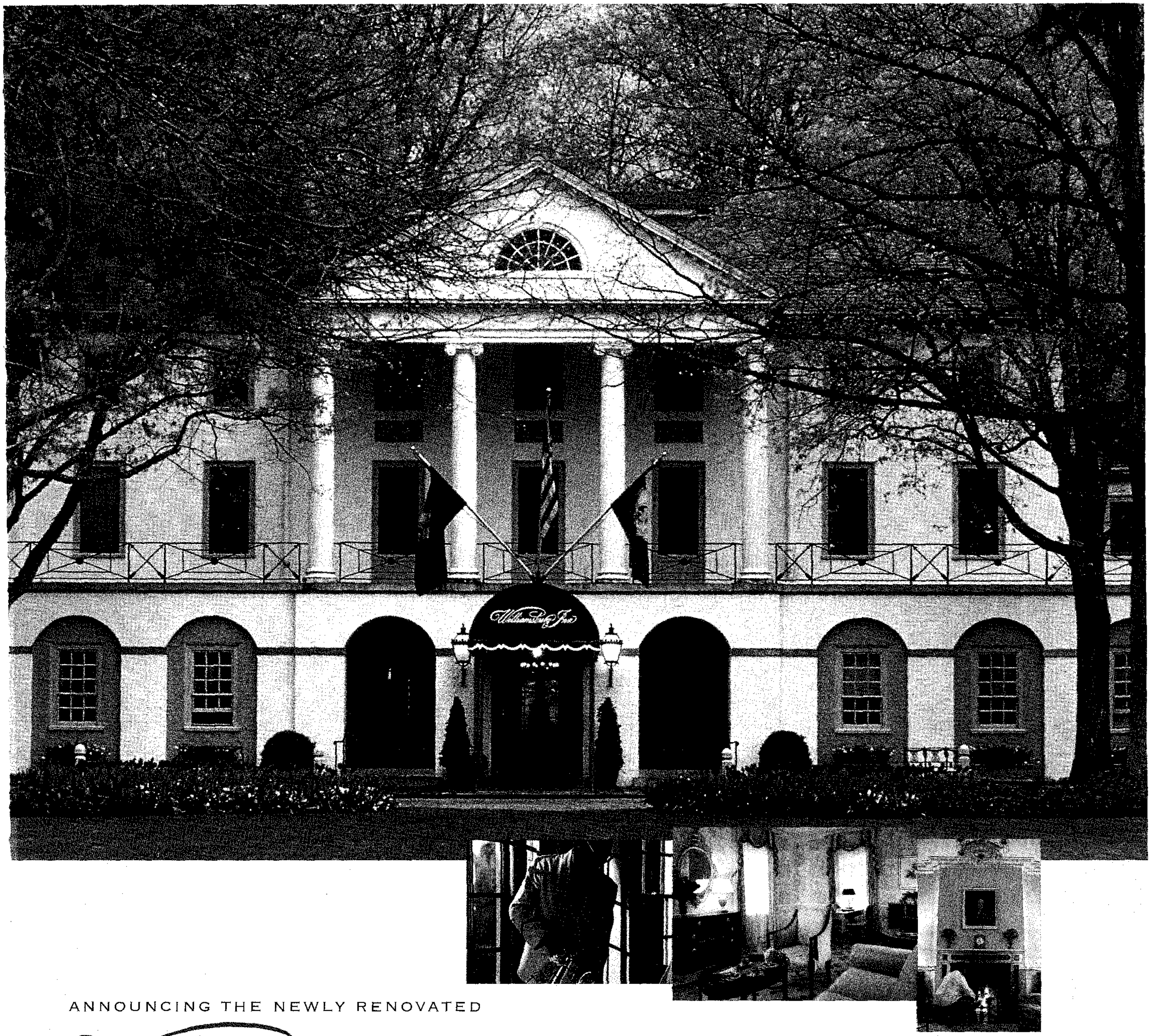

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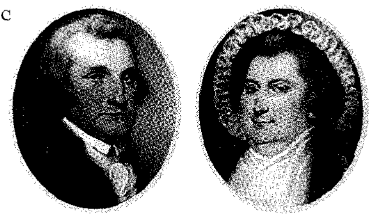

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Colonial Williamsburg

TO PURCHASE A FALL PACKAGE, CALL 1-800-HISTORY OR BOOK ONLINE AT WWW.COLONIALWILLIAMSBURG.COM during a bird-watching trip to a nature sanctuary on a small island named Vivara, in the Bay of Naples. Vivara also served as a sanctuary for an elderly professor, Giorgio Punzo, who lived in a seventeenth-century building on the island, along with a group of young scholars from the University of Naples. Miraglia was taken with this sylvan fellowship, and when he turned seventeen and enrolled at the University of Naples he moved to Vivara, too.

It was Punzo who taught Miraglia to speak Latin—and, more than that, to inhabit the language, and to enter a dialogue with the authors who had used it before him. "I began reading very simple passages in Latin, and summarized them in spoken Latin," Miraglia explained. "I was surprised that after two months I was able to read Latin much more fluently. I was able to understand Tacitus, who was incomprehensible before." He began to read works that were outside the classical canon: the Neoplatonism of Giordano Bruno, the sixteenth-century philosopher; the mathematical works of Leibniz. "Punzo was really a humanist in the classical sense—there were no blocks between classical culture and science for him," Miraglia told me.

He lived on Vivara for ten years, during four of which there was no electricity or running water. (The scholars carried barrels of water on the back of a donkey from a pipeline half a mile away to their house at the top of a hill.) Still, Miraglia remembers it as a golden time. "There is a silence, and you can study without any trouble," he said. "Time passes, and you don't feel that time passes." In 1993, it became too costly to maintain the colony, and Punzo and his students left. One day last July, Miraglia drove me to a suburb of Naples, to a cliff-top area called Posillipo—Greek for "pause from pain." He pulled over to the side of the road and pointed out Vivara, a dark-green mound between the larger islands of Ischia and Procida. Then he gestured at the countryside around us. "Nero used to come here, and Caesar himself, and Cicero," Miraglia said, like a resident of Beverly Hills pointing out the homes of celebrities. "Nero's mother was killed over there," he added, nodding to the ancient spa of Baia. "And Petronius' 'Satyricon' was set over there."

The view that Nero and his mother would have enjoyed from this cliff top was, however, radically altered: the shoreline below was scarred by an abandoned factory. "I think that the Fascists built it," Miraglia said. He grew up in Naples, where, until titles were abolished in Italy, after the Second World War, his family had been among the local nobility: a Piazza Luigi Miraglia commemorates a nineteenth-century relative who was mayor of the city. Miraglia has a jaundiced view of the city of his birth. The traffic is intolerable ("If Hercules were living today, one of the labors would be to drive in Naples, and another would be to find a parking spot in Naples" is how Miraglia puts it); and the criminal habits of some of the city's more celebrated families are a scourge. "People don't observe the rule of law," Miraglia told me one day, while he happened to be swerving his car in a screeching U-turn to evade traffic difficulties. "It's a big problem."

Miraglia's father, a prominent doctor, wanted his children to see the world, and when they were young he worked each summer as a ship's doctor aboard a cruise liner, taking his family to South Africa and South America and throughout the Mediterranean. From this cosmopolitan vantage point, Miraglia seems to have concluded that the modern world is exactly like Naples, writ large: It was fantastic once, but lately it has gone to hell. "Our roots come from Greek and Roman and Christian culture," he told me. "But contemporary European culture is founded on subculture, and that is a disaster. People cannot feel they are united by Coca-Cola and McDonald's." Miraglia's tastes are somewhat maidenly, and he entertains lurid views of the ways of the world which appear to be acquired not from experience but by rumor. "People go to a disco and think that they are with other people, but they are not able to communicate, not even with their eyes, because it is dark," he once told me. Well, I offered, there might be other ways to communicate. Miraglia reddened slightly and said, "Perhaps in a sexual way, yes. But if men do not want to be beasts they should not act like beasts."

Miraglia has found that his plan

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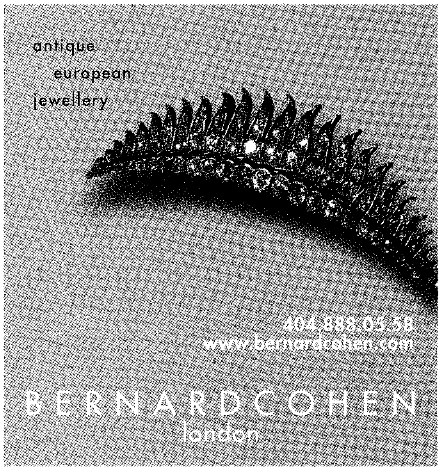

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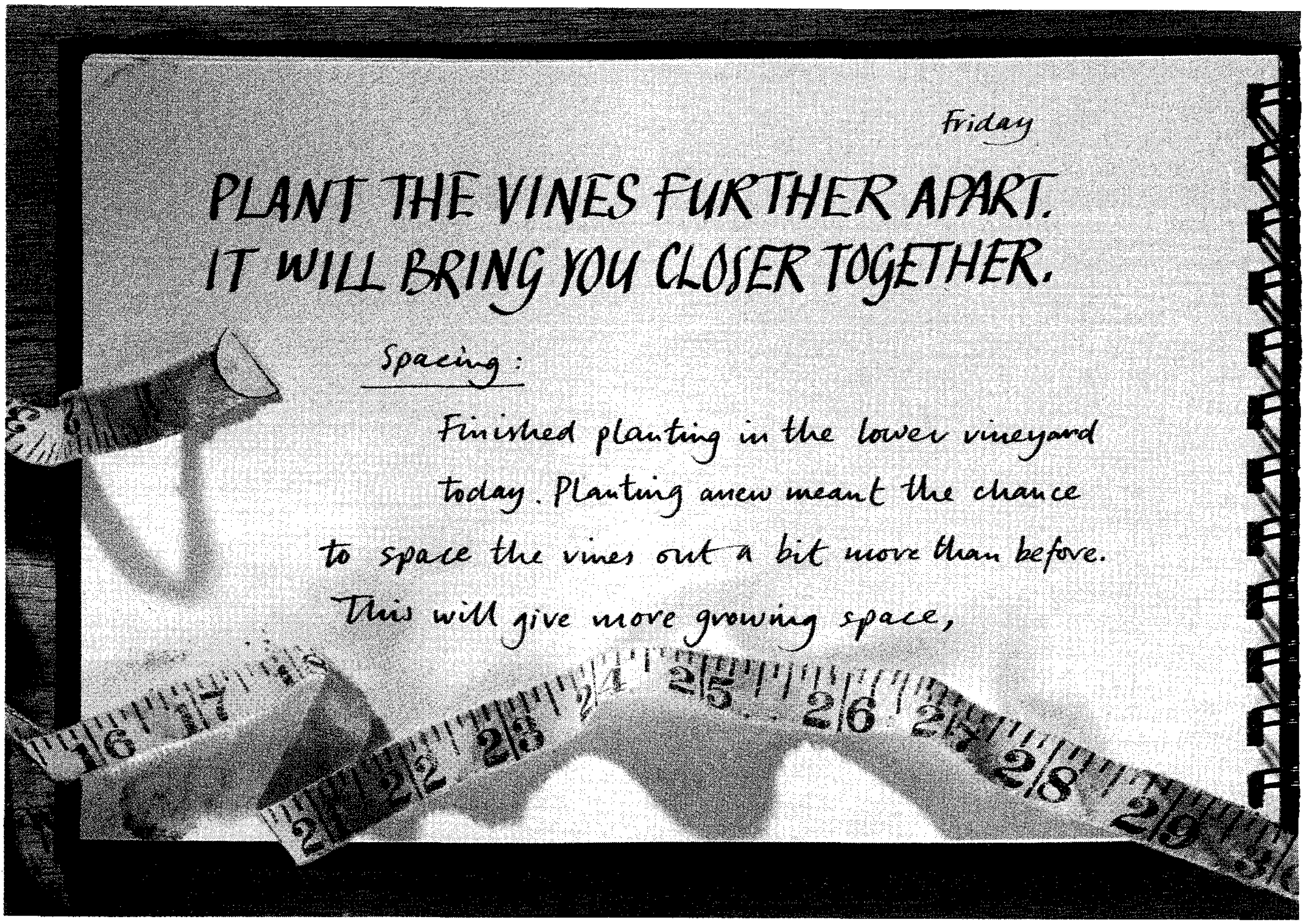
to preserve the timeless wisdom of the ancients happily coincides with certain contemporary cultural imperatives. One afternoon, we went to the offices of Antonio Valiante, the vice-president of Campania. Miraglia said he would need Valiante's endorsement if he is to raise the money necessary to found his institute: he hopes to benefit from a seven-trillion-lira ($3.4-billion-dollar) development grant that the European Union has budgeted for Campania. Miraglia took his place in a waiting room, where a coffee table was littered with brochures illustrating the tourism department's latest accomplishments—"Enjoy the First Event of the Third Millennium: The Inaugural European 'Bridge for All' Tournament"—and waited for two and a half hours beyond his appointed time for Valiante, who, Miraglia learned later, had spent the previous day threatening to resign because the department's president had undermined his authority in a political maneuver. (Valiante has since made good on his threat.)

Eventually, Valiante showed up and led Miraglia into his office, where, after glancing at the institute's projected budget—Miraglia is asking for between nine and ten billion lira annually for five years—he expressed enthusiasm. "Modern humanity needs to rediscover its roots, but that is being threatened by technology and pragmatism," he said. "We must recognize the spiritual dimension of man. We must remember that man is not only cold reason but also feeling and universal sensibility." Valiante added that he was particularly happy to lend his support, because he was born and raised in the very part of Campania where Miraglia intends to settle, and could think of no place more worthy of investment.

Ever since the ancient Romans imposed their language on neighboring barbarians, the teaching of Latin—who learns it, and why—has been inseparable from cultural politics. In the Middle Ages, Latin was the preserve of the Church, whose leaders believed that the language was inherently holier than the vernacular, and who used Latin as a means of establishing a reverential distance between priests and their parishioners. In the Renaissance, the classics were seen as a beneficial source of eternal, universal verities—"From Cicero I've learned to be myself," the Italian humanist Politian announced—and such a belief persisted well into the nineteenth century. The argument for the improving qualities of Latin is still made by the American Classical League, which points to studies showing that schoolchildren who have studied Latin achieve higher standardized test scores than their non-Latinist peers, even after taking into account the advantages that might be expected among a population of Latin-studying American adolescents.

Miraglia's claim that the classics, as the roots of European culture, provide the only means by which Europe can be saved from anomie and fragmentation has been a familiar theme during the twentieth century, as is demonstrated by Françoise Waquet, a director of research at the Centre National de la Recherche Scientifique, in Paris, in her


Friday

PLANT THE VINES FURTHER APART.
IT WILL BRING YOU CLOSER TOGETHER.

Spacing:

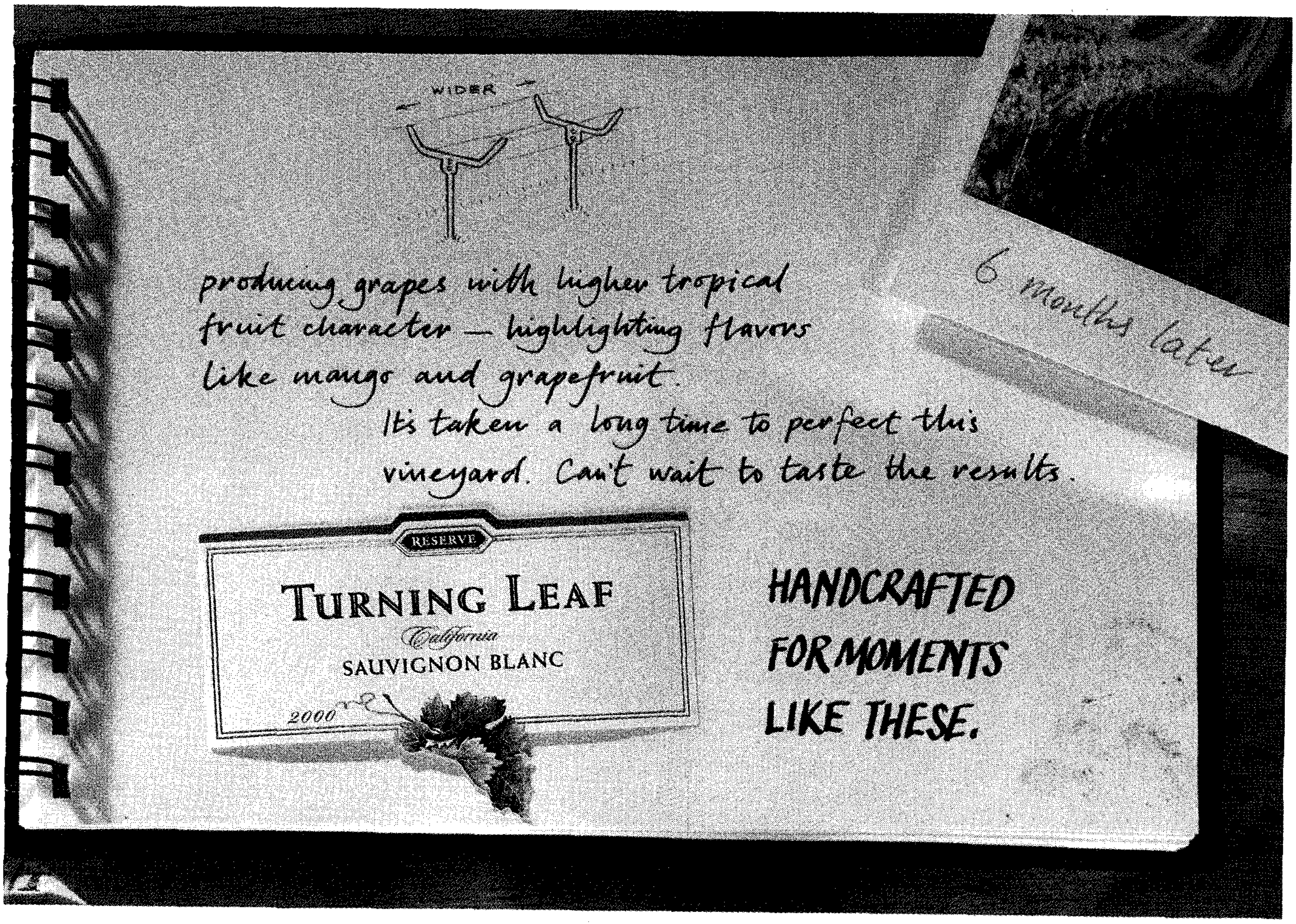
Finished planting in the lower vineyard today. Planting anew meant the chance to space the vines out a bit more than before. This will give more growing space,

excellent new book on the cultural history of Latin studies, "Latin or the Empire of a Sign." The "heritage theory," as she calls it, has been gaining ground since the nineteen-sixties, when Latin fell out of favor in schools in Europe and in the United States. Waquet debunks the popular notion that a wretched decline in the study of Latin occurred around two hundred years ago. She points out that Catholic clergymen both before and after the Reformation didn't understand the verses they were obliged to parrot; scholars at Oxford, even in the eighteenth century, were tongue-tied in the language they were required by statute to speak. Lord Byron wrote that in Lisbon he had been speaking "bad Latin to the monks, who understand it, as it is like their own."

For centuries, Latin has been taught as if it were a code to be deciphered rather than an organic means of communication. (Heinrich Heine observed ruefully that "the Romans would not have had much time left to conquer the world if they had had to learn Latin first.") The idea that Latin might best be absorbed as Miraglia absorbed it, through use, has a relatively recent provenance. In the late nineteenth and the early twentieth centuries, Latin was batted around as a possible "universal language," suitable for diplomatic use (as were a perplexing number of artificial, simplified Latin derivatives with names like Latinesco, Novilatin, and Neo-Latinus); and in the nineteen-fifties the "living Latin" movement emerged in France, its leaders arguing that a return to Latin was the only escape from what they called the "Babel of modernity." A renowned figure among contemporary Latin-language partisans is Reginald Foster, a Carmelite monk transplanted from the United States to Rome, who serves as the Pope's senior Latinist. He runs a demanding summer school, mostly attended by American students and Latin teachers, who develop their ability to read and discuss Latin texts without resorting to English. The living-Latin movement in North America is represented by SALVI, an organization based in California, which, in an example of the language's adaptability to the needs and moods of the age, sponsors such events as all-Latin wine-tasting tours of the Napa Valley.

Miraglia tends to distance himself from the living-Latin lobby. "My aim is not that the students be able to speak Latin but that they be able to understand the texts deeply," he told me. For Miraglia to claim that speaking Latin isn't important is, however, a little like Rudolf Nureyev announcing that he doesn't care about dancing. Miraglia loves speaking Latin, and his facility with the language astonishes more plodding Latinists. One day when Miraglia and I were in Rome, we dropped in on Reginald Foster's class, and afterward Miraglia hung around outside the classroom, holding forth in flowing, ebullient Latin about his institute to a group of dumbfounded students, gathering their names and particulars with a blithe "*Exspectate litteras meas!*" (Latin for "You'll get mail.")

Miraglia's efforts to downplay the Latin-speaking element of his insti-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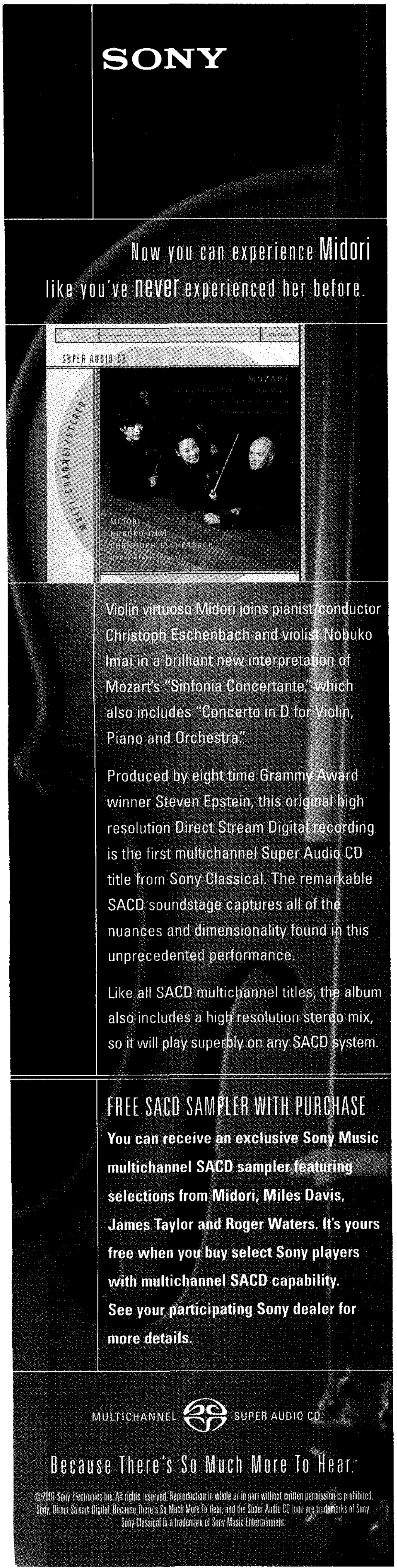
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MYSELF WITH CATS

Hanging out the wash, I visit the cats.
"I don't belong to nobody," Yin insists vulgarly.
"Yin," I reply, "you don't know nothing."
Yang, an orange tabby, agrees
but puts kindness ahead of rigid truth.
I admire her but wish she wouldn't idolize
the one who bullies her. I once did that.
Her silence speaks needles when Yang thrusts
his ugly tortoiseshell body against hers,
sprawled in my cosmos. "Really, I don't mind,"
she purrs—her eyes horizontal, her mouth
an Ionian smile, her legs crossed nobly
in front of her, a model of cat Nirvana—
"withholding his affection, he made me stronger."

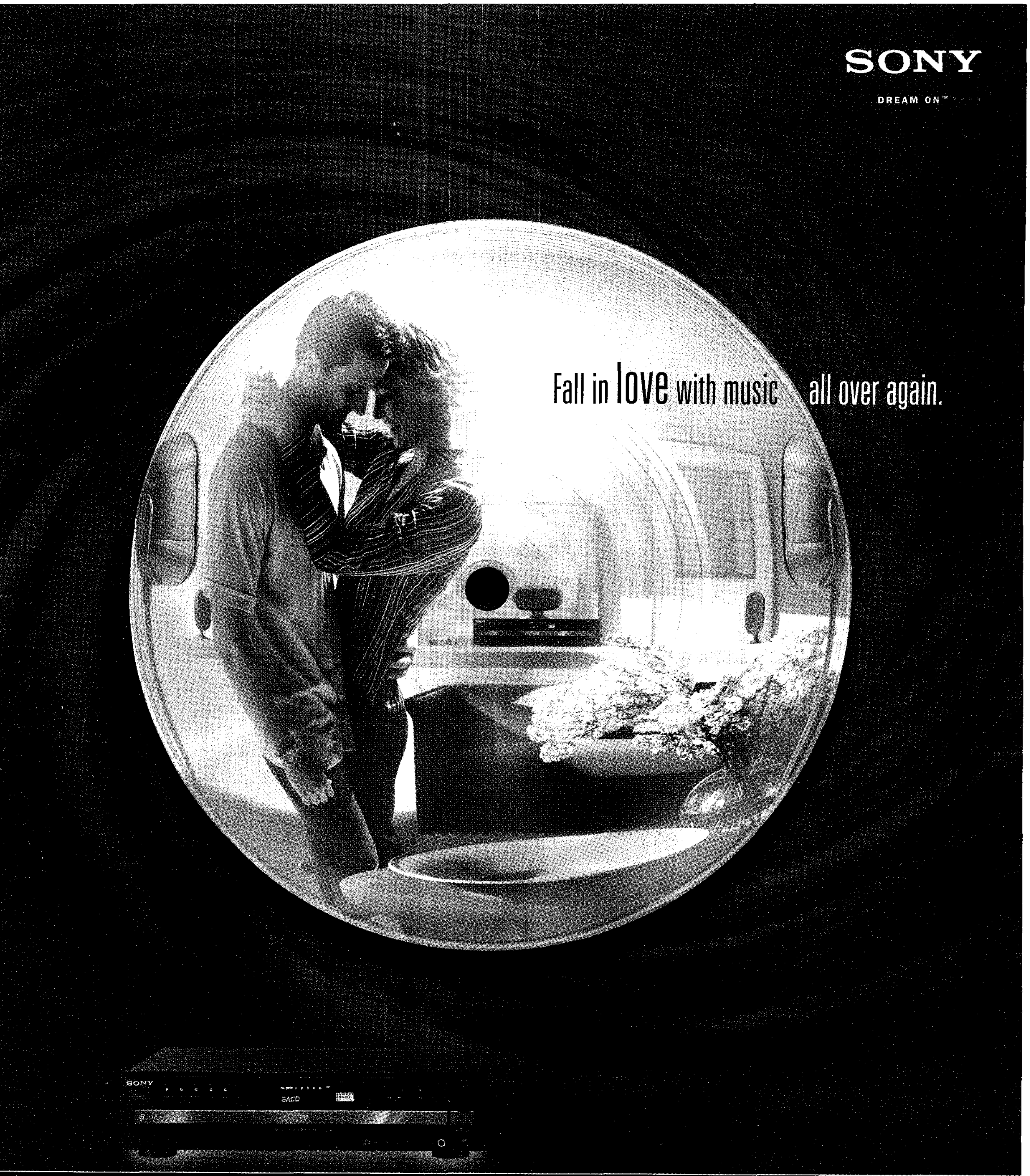
—Henri Cole

tute are political: he knows it makes him sound like a kook. Even among Latin teachers and classics professors, spoken Latin is a minority interest, and a controversial one. Latin purists dismiss spoken Latin as irrelevant to their studies of ancient authors, seeing no reason why the classical vocabulary should be adulterated with neologisms, like *computatrum* for "computer." Miraglia hates phony Latinisms—nothing makes him cringe more than hearing someone referring to a *photocopiatus*—since he believes that the language is capacious enough to accommodate even the most unexpected of modern references.

One morning, Miraglia took me to Castellabate, to the empty hotel he hopes to make his own. We were joined by Claudio Piga, a computer engineer from Milan, a private scholar of Latin whom Miraglia intends to install at his academy as a professor of the history of science; and by Dino Piovan, an enthusiastic young classics teacher from Vicenza whom Miraglia also hopes to draw to the south. Miraglia drove along a winding road up a forested hillside, and parked the car at the rear of the hotel. We walked for a while through the woods, Miraglia pointing out plants which Virgil mentions: the myrtle, the cypress. "Horace said poets love the woods—'*Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus et fugit urbem*,'" he said dreamily. We descended to the hotel, where a caretaker emerged and welcomed Miraglia like an old friend.

The hotel is built on the hillside, each floor slightly set back, terrace-like, from the one below. We entered the main building, where lush bougainvillea flowered over the doorway, and wandered into what had been the bar, its dark wood fixtures thick with dust, couches stacked against the wall and covered with white sheets. From there, we walked into a sprawling dining room, which was surrounded on three sides by windows to the sea. The view was spectacular, but so was the disrepair: there was smashed glass everywhere underfoot, and dead leaves that had been blown in through the broken windows and through a hole in the ceiling, where part of the roof had been ripped off by a tornado some years earlier. The place looked as if it had been ravaged by Huns, but Miraglia obviously could see it filled with chattering Platonists. Then we went outside and walked past the empty swimming pools to the parking lot, which was marked with a sign. "In a few years, that will say 'Area Stativa,'" Claudio Piga said cheerfully. Miraglia looked pained; although Piga was right, it seemed impolitic to speak of spoken Latin.

In the eighteenth century, the global decline of Latin was hastened by a rebellion against the classics in the New World, where it was argued that Latin



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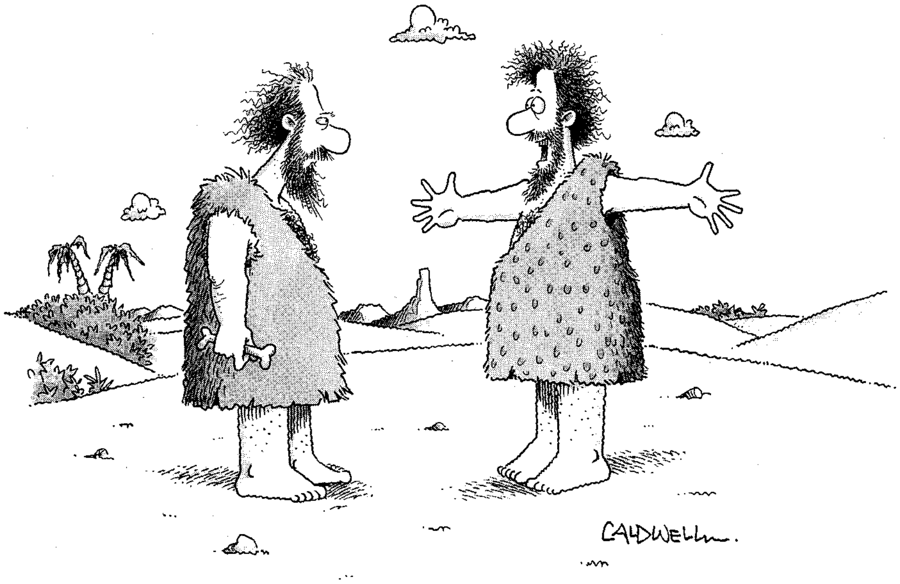
and Greek were relics of an élitist English educational model, unsuitable for the more democratic, progressive, and utilitarian society that was emerging. America has always been in the vanguard of Latin detractors, as Françoise Waquet notes: Yale dropped its Latin entry requirement in 1931, about forty years before similar moves by Oxford and Cambridge, and by the nineteen-nineties there were more American students of French, German, Spanish, Italian, Chinese, or Japanese than there were of Latin.

One result of this decline is that Latinists in the United States have had to adapt to prevailing fashions within academia; Miraglia's American peers present Latin studies as having nothing to do with the study of dead white males. At the University of Kentucky, in Lexington, one of the leading centers of spoken-Latin teaching in the United States, the classics department's Web site declares, "One could hardly find a better example of a field that is multi-cultural and truly 'interdisciplinary' than the study of Latin literature." Every July, the department hosts a "conventiculum," a ten-day, all-Latin seminar that is designed to train Latin teachers and graduate students in speaking Latin, but which also attracts amateur Latinists. The conference is organized by Terence Tunberg, the chairman of the Kentucky classics department. Tunberg, who has an intense, etched face, speaks fluent Latin, and goes by the name Terentius. (In addition to teaching, Tunberg, along with his wife, Jennifer Morrish Tunberg, is the translator of "Cattus Petasatus: The Cat in the Hat in Latin.") "Latin is no one's national language, and therefore we are all on neutral ground," Tunberg told me when I asked him to explain the multiculturalism of Latin studies. "And the great writers of the Renaissance were all multicultural, part of the international Latin culture. There were women who wrote in Latin in the medieval period. And there is a huge Jesuit literature about China and Japan—the whole opening up of the East was done via Latin."

Miraglia has attended the Kentucky conventiculum twice as a teacher; he is received as something of a celebrity, because of the purity and fluency of his speech, and because of the range of his learning. During this summer's conventiculum, I sat in on one of Miraglia's classes, the ostensible subject of which was three poems from the medieval period. Miraglia held forth in Latin for an hour and a half, during which time his discussion covered the medieval practice of the *peregrinatio academica*, whereby students would travel from one European school to another in search of new teachers; the difficulties with pronunciation in different countries during the Middle Ages (Miraglia imitated the Latin accents of a Frenchman, a German, and an Englishman to demonstrate); death, and the fact that no one wants to talk about it nowadays; Jim Morrison ("*Jacobus ille Morrison autumavit tria esse in hac vita nostra magni momenti*: *res venereas nempe, medicamina stupefactiva, atque mortem; se autem duo prima elegisse ipsum, sed a morte potius se electum iri,*" Miraglia said, which translates as "Jim Morrison said, 'There are three things in life: sex, drugs, and death. I choose the first two and the last will choose me' "); the poetry of Catullus; Sanskrit literature; and Tantric sex.

Attendees at the conventiculum are asked to sign a pledge that they will speak only Latin during the conference, but enforcement isn't a problem, since the conference provides what a therapist might call a safe space for American Latin enthusiasts, who relish the opportunity to be among their own kind. One evening, a group of two dozen participants went to a Japanese restaurant for *piscis crudus*, or sushi, and the private dining room that had been set aside for the group rang with Latin chatter: "*Da mihi aquam!*" someone would say, requesting the water jug, while someone else would ask to be passed the *condimentum zingiberis*, or ginger dressing. Miraglia, who had never eaten Japanese food before, seemed fearful at the prospect, particularly after spotting a pile of shoes outside a tatami room. "*Nescio quid malum hic olfacio,*" Miraglia said to Tunberg as they sat down, wrinkling his nose ("I smell something bad here"). "*Suspicor te pisces non pedes olfacere,*" Tunberg replied, assuring Miraglia that it was fish, not feet, he could smell. Miraglia quickly ordered tempura, having ascertained that it was cooked.

In America, where the California roll is part of the national cuisine, Miraglia's insistence on the importance of maintaining the Latin roots of European culture starts to look less like old-fashioned cultural conservatism and more like a distinct form of identity politics. Of course, part of the point of belonging to the Western tradition is to believe that the Western tradition is naturally superior to any other tradition. Miraglia has a mild impatience



"At first I'm pissed because she's all 'Fur is death! Fur is death!' But then I think, Dude! She's naked!"

Third-row seating is not an option. (It's standard.)

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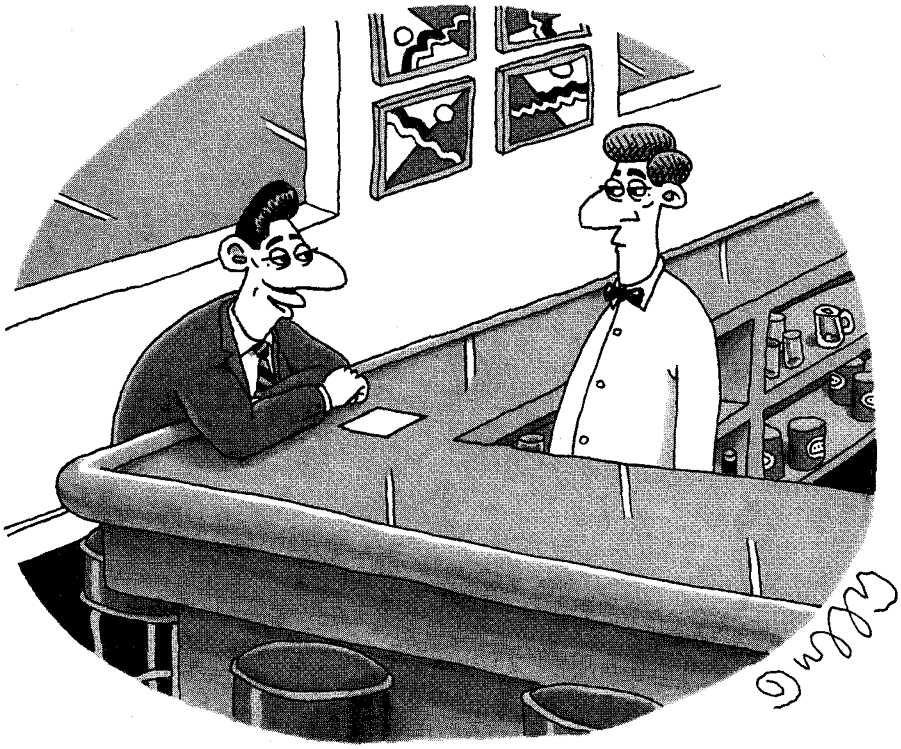

"What do you have in the way of gateway drinks?"

• •

with the current popularity of Eastern philosophy. "A lot of young people seek their own spirit in the Oriental world," he told me one day, wearily. "But they could find what they are looking for in our own tradition. We don't need Sanskrit writers, because we have it all. But we ignore it all."

One day in Kentucky, I asked Miraglia whether he was aware of the debates over multiculturalism in American universities. We were having lunch, along with a Latin-speaking friend of Miraglia's named David Morgan, who teaches at Furman University, in South Carolina, at a Southern-style restaurant called Ramsey's Diner. Miraglia had ordered fried green tomatoes and pinto beans, having been warned away from the macaroni and cheese—"*Non tibi placebit*"—by Morgan. ("If you don't make pasta quite right, the Italians get upset," Morgan said.) Over the bar was a sign reading, "We Don't Serve Women—You Have to Bring Your Own," which Morgan explained in Latin for Miraglia, who smiled politely at the joke. The notion, so prevalent in the American academy, that no cultural tradition should be granted natural privilege over any other seemed similarly untranslatable. "Humanism is called humanism because it is universal," Miraglia said, puzzled at the suggestion that one had already to be a humanist to see things that way.

In spite of his view that Europe is losing touch with its past, Miraglia does not blame American culture for the decline. Miraglia enjoys some expressions of American culture, such as Hollywood movies, and has a large video library in Montella that includes "The Mission" and a number of Disney movies; he disapproved of "Gladiator," however, because it contained bad Latin. ("They show an arch with the words 'Ludus Magnus Gladiatores' on it," he told me. "It should be 'Ludus Magnus Gladiatorum,' with the genitive.") And the enthusiasm for the Latin language among the participants at the conventiculum pleased Miraglia, though it was sometimes a little playful for his tastes. One evening, at a Latin-language singalong, a group of students, including a young Latin tutor from Madison, Wisconsin, named Justin Mansfield, gathered around a piano. Every day at the conference, Mansfield, who goes by the name Mad Latinist on the Internet, wore a different T-shirt bearing a Latin slogan. (Today's was "Purgamentum init, exit purgamentum": "Garbage in, garbage out.") He taught the singers a Latin version of "The Star-Spangled Banner." ("And the rockets' red glare" was rendered "*Iaculumque rubens,*" which translates as the reddish, or blushing, javelin.) The next day, Miraglia said to me, "We are on holidays here—the singing and the joking. And through jokes it is possible to participate in a higher knowledge. But what we intend to do in our institute is something quite different."

In August, Miraglia held his own seminar in Montella, a more high-minded affair than the Kentucky gathering. Over five days, he and his housemates, as well as fifteen visiting Latinists from France, the United States, Israel, and all over Italy devoted themselves to subjects such as "De vita activa et contemplativa," and "De amicitia," with readings from Plato, Aristotle, and Seneca. As summer drew to an end, he was still waiting to discover whether the hotel in Castellabate, with its criminal foundations, would be demolished or turned over to him for moral reinvigoration.

When Miraglia and I were in Rome, we spent an afternoon touring some of the places where Latin was once spoken not just by enthusiasts but by everyone. We began in the Forum, and as Miraglia walked along the uneven cobblestones of the Via Sacra he recited the first two lines of Horace's satire—"*Ibam forte via sacra, sicut meus est mos, / nescio quid meditans nugarum, totus in illis*"—in which the poet's walk along the same street was interrupted by a garrulous, clinging bore. A little farther on, we approached the Colosseum, and peered in. "St. Augustine wrote of the experience of a friend of his who didn't want to come to this kind of spectacle," Miraglia said. "The friend was forced to come, and he said, 'You can force my body to come, but I will not come with my soul.' He tried not to watch by closing his eyes, but he wasn't able to close his ears, and so after a while he was involved. Even he must have cried out, '*Occide, verbera, ure!*'—'Kill, beat, burn!' " As he told the story, Miraglia looked mournful, quite ashamed of his forebears.

We walked on, and Miraglia's spirits seemed to lift when we reached the Pantheon and entered under the Corinthian columns. "You walk in here just as a Roman did," he said. "There is no other temple in the world that is as well preserved as this one, because this one has always been used." Under the Romans, the Pantheon was dedicated to all the gods; in the seventh century A.D., it was converted to a Christian church. But it has served less elevated purposes, too. In the fifteenth century, its portico was used as a poultry market, and now tourists wander around the building, gazing through their camcorders. I suggested that the Pantheon was like an ancient language that had been kept alive through use. "We all use ancient literature for our own purposes," Miraglia said. "It becomes different things in different centuries, but it still preserves its value."

We walked over to the tomb of Raphael, inside the Pantheon, where a small knot of tourists were staring, uncomprehending, at the Latin inscription. Miraglia read it aloud, rolling Bembo's words richly off his tongue: "*Ille hic est Raphael timuit quo sospite vinci / rerum magna parens et moriente mori.*" Then he translated. "*Ille hic est Raphael.* 'Here lies the famous Raphael.' *Timuit quo sospite vinci rerum magna parens.* 'During whose life, the great begetter of things'—that means Nature—'feared lest she be overcome,' that is, by his art," he said. "*Et moriente mori.* 'And at whose death Nature herself feared lest she die with him.' "

He strung it all together. " 'Here lies the famous Raphael, during whose life the great begetter of things feared lest she be overcome, and at whose death Nature herself feared lest she die with him.' " In English, the epitaph lost its fluency and nuance, and I asked Miraglia to read it again in Latin, which he did. "It's very beautiful," he said, and it was, very beautiful indeed. ♦

From the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

What: World music, Arts & Dance festival
When: Friday through yesterday
Where: Maymoor Park, Redmond

I guess you had to be there.

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MY NEW FRIEND

BY ALEC WILKINSON

My new best friend is Cash Money. Cash and I have become friends only recently. A lot of people know Cash more intimately than I do and are going to feel that I have no business talking about him. But that doesn't bother me. What do we do together? Visit cafés where the waiters make a quiet fuss over him, where he places one hand on the table, his nails curved so perfectly into arcs that it is as if a mathematician and not a manicurist had worked on them.

Within Cash's capacious and complex personality are all the virtues I have ever sought in a companion. He's exceptionally attractive, especially when he's had a night's rest, but even in the run-down condition he sometimes shows up in, his jacket torn and his lapels astray and covered with stains whose origins are uncertain, with a name or a small drawing somewhere on his front in blue ballpoint ink, like a tattoo. His company (I find) is soothing and quietly reinforcing of one's sense of well-being. He's as seductive as a beautiful, dark-haired woman in her thirties whose manner conveys intelligence and sexual accomplishment. He's protective of confidences and willing to arrange the acquisition of any pleasure, no matter how singular, showy, or demeaning. Even when you go slightly mad in the pursuit, he stays by your side—at least, as far as your claim on his attention allows. Most people are unreliable anyway. You can know them too well. You can arrive at a point where you're privy to their secrets, you can hear their words in your head before they speak them, they bore you. With Cash, any failure of his to entertain you is really a failure of your own imagination. Sometimes, true, it's hard to get him on the phone. He's elusive. No argument there. He can seem unable to remember your name. All true. Sometimes he's aloof, but so is God.

FILIP PAGOWSKI

Before I knew Cash, I had never really cared about the Money family. I met Cash in Jackson Hole in 1972 at the summer ranch of the family of some friends from Bennington. Cash would show up for breakfast at the long table in the ranch mess and drink coffee and eat bacon and eggs and pancakes without somehow ever being seen to actually put anything in his mouth, which would have been vulgar, while the others talked about Bluebell or Charger or whatever horse they were going to ride that morning and gave instructions to the staff about what they wanted placed in their picnic hampers and where the car was to meet them with the hampers and so on. I discovered that everyone knew Cash to be the only rider sufficiently accomplished to manage Thunderbolt, so he never took part in the talk, and the horse was always saddled for him, a four-legged piece of distemper and insanity, waiting by the corral. Cash wore beautiful tweed jackets that fit like an embrace and were a little frayed at the sleeves. Everyone seemed extremely fond of him. Even the hard-bitten cowboys liked him, and invited him to the bunkhouse to play poker; they called him Tin and Scratch, which amused him endlessly, and he always let them win.

In the years after that, I saw him various places. Once, fifteen years ago, on the beach at Sagaponack, in front of a house that looked like the old T.W.A. building at Kennedy, glass and steel, with cables holding the whole sorry structure together and the cables looking as if they were ready to snap. He was with a couple of guys in their thirties who were smoking cigars and slapping each other on the back and had those big phones that resembled the ones that guys in war movies used to have, and he looked desperately ill at ease. I hardly recognized him. I'm pretty sure I saw him another time, on the deck of a yawl that dropped anchor late one evening in the bay off La Samanna—at least, I thought I made out his high forehead, wide shoulders, and long form—but the light was failing and no one came ashore, and by the next morning the sailboat was gone and the horizon was as empty as a slate that had been wiped clean.

We had for several years a tentative friendship. I was a little uncertain of myself with Cash, and I was never sure what sort of conversation might interest him. When I got married, my parents added Cash to the guest list, but he was abroad; he sent a cut-glass bowl that I keep on a table beside my bed and fill with change. My wife and I moved to Manhattan, to a small cold-water flat, a walkup, on Mulberry Street, in Little Italy. Cracked plaster walls, windows looking out on a churchyard, and the smell of garbage rising from the sidewalk in the summer. Across the street was a storefront clubhouse belonging to some gangsters. On the occasions when Cash came slumming downtown, he'd bring a bottle of Château Lynch-Bages and sit in our little living room and, before taking up the pattern of his evening, say such things as "No elevator, five floors—really, you're a hero, kiddo." What surprised me was that he was fond of the gangsters. They'd invite him for an espresso or a *grappa*, whatever it is they drank together, and grin and slap him on the back and give him those little European hugs where you kiss the guy on both cheeks.

Over the years, I fell out of touch with him. He didn't call, and I was embarrassed to call him. I was trying to be a sculptor, and no one seemed interested in my work, and I was getting a little old to pretend that I preferred living in a slum. I fell into feeling wounded and thinking of him as a fair-weather friend. Then he would invite me to lunch at the Gloucester House or the Racquet Club, buy me two Martinis and a swordfish steak from Block Island, and tell stories and ask if I was getting enough to eat and send me home in a taxi, and I would look out the window at the fabulous people of midtown and think, What more really could you ask of a friend than that he devote himself, intensely, for a few hours to your well-being?

I know. I grew up. I no longer considered raffishness such a laudable trait. As I said, I always viewed Cash as a member of another generation, the kind of figure you occasionally see in the corner of a photograph depicting a lawn like a pelt leading to a big white elephant of a house in Greenwich, and it really surprised me, when I got over my shyness and diffidence, that he has a kind of ageless and almost permanently youthful quality that makes chronology seem irrelevant, and his own difficult to pin down anyway. He apprehends all there is to understand about history. Knows every card game—cooncan, peter pot, arcane versions of poker—and when to bet up the odds and when only a fool or a daredevil would. Never says where he's been, who he's been talking to. Everything's mysterious. The mark, I think, of a truly cultured person—someone with acquaintances all over the map, who's welcome anywhere and knows how to behave at a cockfight as well as at a dinner with three wineglasses and seventeen utensils. Someone who knows how to put you at your ease. Who supports your own best impression of yourself.

Where this new infatuation is going I can't say. I hardly see him frequently enough to be certain. Sometimes at dinner I'll sit there talking to someone across the table and think, Why can't you be Cash? I want to be just like him. When we're together, I study how he holds himself, his gestures and rhythms of speech, his manner of dressing. I think it was foolish of me to keep him at some remove. I look for him everywhere, crossing streets, in the back seats of limousines, reflected in the windows of stores. It's an obsession, I know, a May-to-September thing, I suppose, ruthless and thrilling, but I'm not at all sure that I don't really like it. ♦

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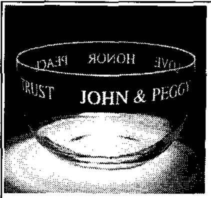

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ANNALS OF DESIGN

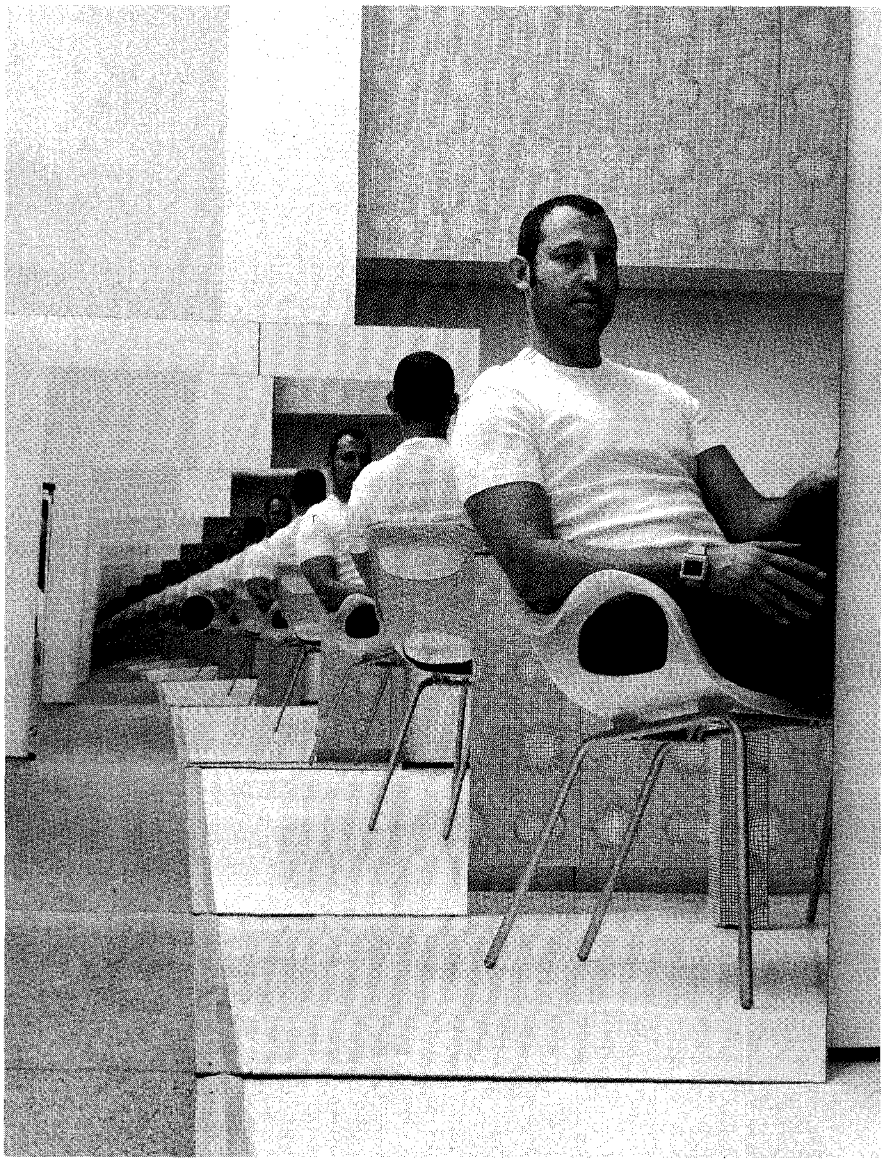
PLASTIC MAN

How Karim Rashid became the prophet of Blobism.

BY JOHN SEABROOK

Salone del Mobile was ending, and Delta's Sunday one-thirty business-class service from Milan to J.F.K. was full of well-heeled American retailers and marketers of design. Before takeoff, passengers circulated in the cabin, quizzing colleagues about what they had liked at the huge weeklong industrial-design fair, and fortifying themselves for reëntry into a less stylish country with the complimentary orange juice and champagne.

A man from the home-furnishings department of Bloomingdale's was talking to a buyer from the gift shop at the Museum of Modern Art about the growing popularity of what he called "the fashion bed"—designer-made furniture for sleeping. "What we're wondering is whether the customer who goes for Calvin's sheets may push over into Donna's bedding," the Bloomies guy said.



Rashid in his Manhattan studio. "I never liked nature," he says. "It was already done. It was designed. You couldn't do anything to it." Photograph by Jason Schmidt.

Karim Rashid barely made the flight. Rashid is six feet four inches tall, and he was dressed in the white suit that he often wears on public occasions. Every time Rashid, who is forty, had surfaced in Milan during the previous week, his appearance had caused a stir. But here, among the businessmen on the airplane, he was just another unshaved and scruffy-looking designer.

Rashid was exhausted from his week of meetings and parties and acclaim. His hair was cropped close, and his goofy square glasses, set off by his almost perfectly round head, made him look a little like a stick drawing—all circles and straight lines. He sat down in the seat next to me, took his MP3 player out of a fluorescent-orange bike-messenger-style bag, tucked it into the seat-back pocket in front of him, and settled in for the nine-hour flight. Yet another potential client had called that morning, he said, wanting to set up a breakfast meeting, but Rashid had explained that he absolutely needed to get back to New York. Along with all the work that had been commissioned in Milan, there was a tsunami of ongoing projects, including designing and building a hotel in Los Angeles, the Gershwin West, and another one, the Semiramis, in Athens, for the Greek industrialist Dakis Joannou. He also had an upcoming opening at Deitch Projects, in SoHo, where one of his concept pieces, Pleasurescape, would be unveiled.

He hated to turn down a job, Rashid added, but he was working too hard these days, and his back hurt, and in a recent picture in the *Times Home Design Magazine* he had looked, he said mournfully, a bit "chumpy." Plus, "I think I might be getting sick again." Rashid's travel schedule—in the past year, he had been away from New York on business for two hundred days—makes him something of a germ vector.

Delta's business service had been recently redesigned, and Rashid was not impressed. The flight attendants were dressed casually—the men in open-collared shirts, the women in tailored slacks (the two attendants we spoke with, a man and a woman, both seemed miserable in their new attire; "It's so *unprofessional*," the man whispered)—and the toiletry kits, which used to come in soft, leathery-feeling rubber bags, are

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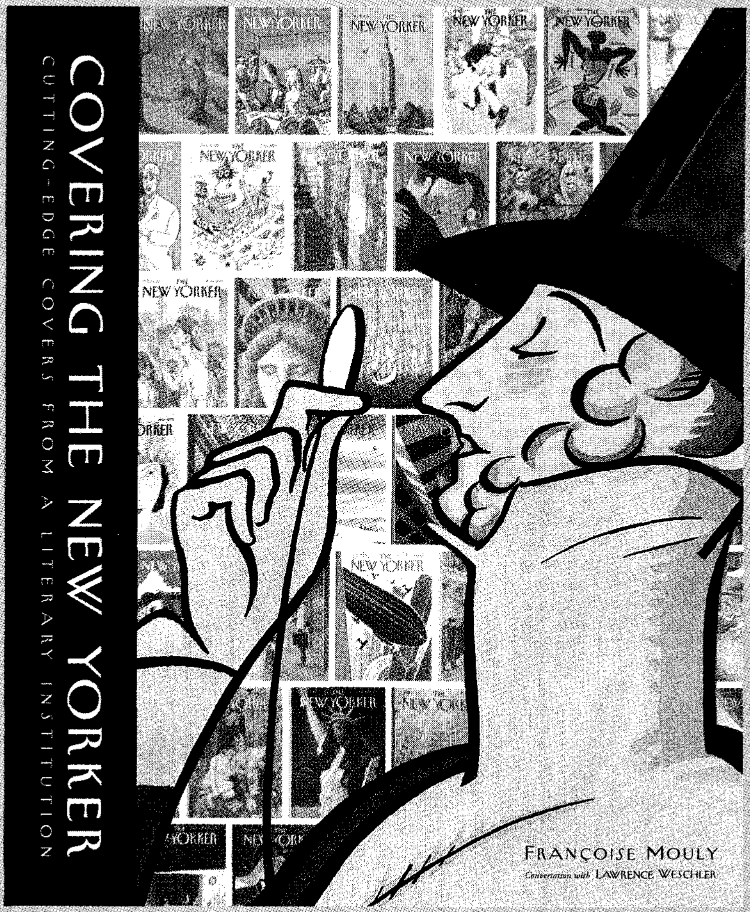
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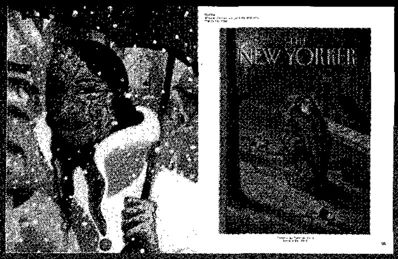
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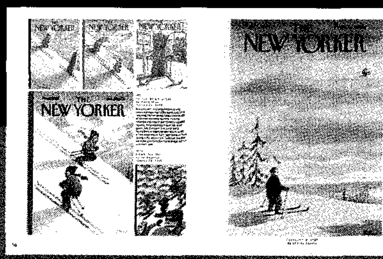
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"How stupid is this?" Rashid took the metal box out of the seat-back pocket. "They're so hard!" he said incredulously, hefting it. He gestured around the cabin. "It's amazing how much bad design there is in airplanes. Why are the bathrooms so small when there's so much space in here? You end up peeing on the floor and splashing water all over the sink. It's terrible, and yet every single airplane is the same way." He sighed and said, "Take a look around at your environment sometime, wherever you are. Ninety per cent of the stuff you see is an absolute fucking mess." But Rashid has big plans for your environment, as the title of a handsome new book of his work, "Karim Rashid: I Want to Change the World," makes clear.

In previous years, Rashid did what most product designers who come to Salone del Mobile do: he trudged around, portfolio in hand, to the hundreds of different manufacturers' booths, hoping to get a commission to build something—a stereo, a light fixture, a chair. This year was the first time Rashid let prospective clients come to him. "I had six incredible meetings today," he told me one evening in his hyperbolic, excitable conversational style. "I mean, *amazing* meetings."

Most artistically acclaimed product designers establish themselves by first creating expensive avant-garde furniture or restaurant interiors; some then capitalize on their fame by making inexpensive housewares. Rashid launched his career backward: he made his name by designing an eight-dollar plastic trash can, the Garbo, and a forty-five-dollar stackable chair, the Oh, and then used his credentials as a democratic designer, inheritor of the Bauhaus tradition of good design for the masses (which is one of the most enduring tenets of modernism), to get commissions for undemocratic design for the élite. In Milan, he showed a one-off furniture installation called Surfacescape: a four-piece, reconfigurable seating concept produced by Edra, an Italian manufacturer of expensive furniture. At the party for the sofa, Rashid introduced me to Valerio Mazzei, the head of Edra, by saying, "I love him. This is a dream. He understands completely what I'm doing. It's as if we are one."

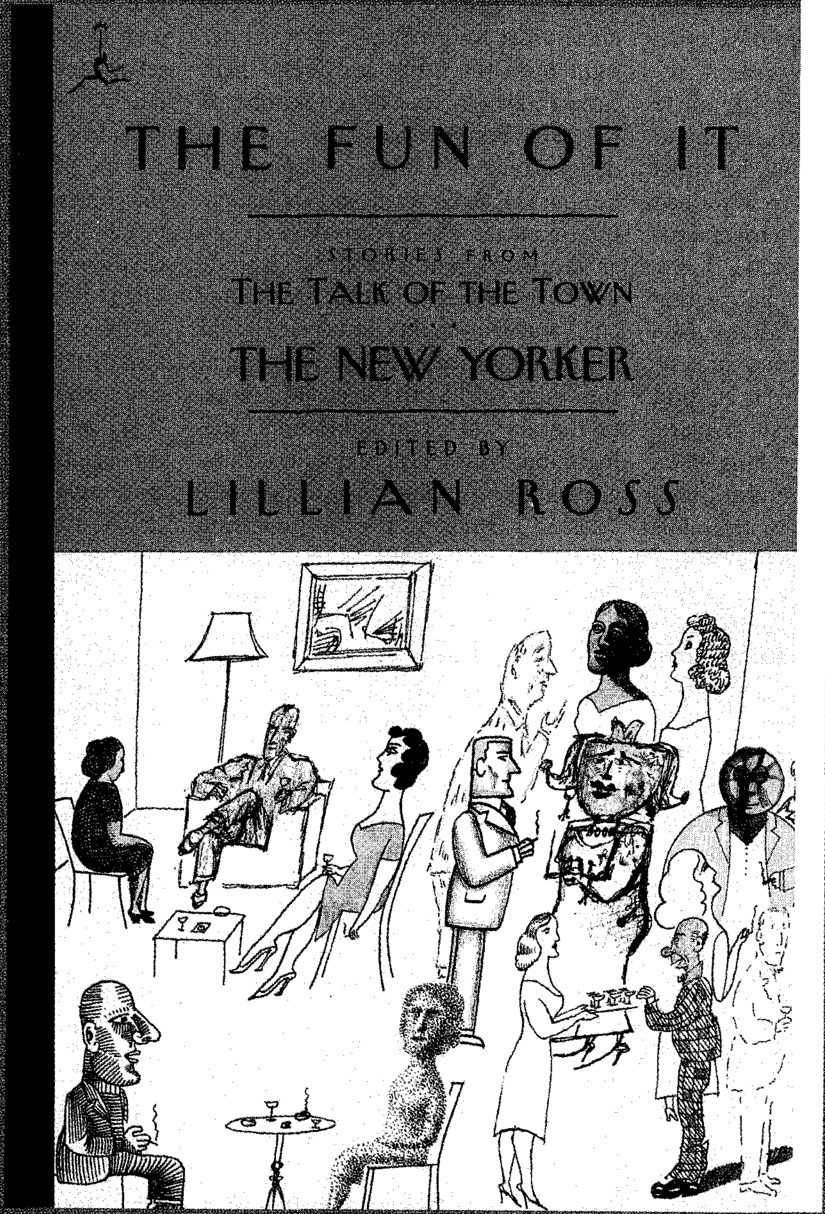
Italian design firms like Alessi and Magis have been making housewares for years (colanders by Philippe Starck; garlic presses by Guido Venturini), but these products generally sell to aesthetes in museumlike settings, such as Moss, a store in SoHo, at prices that are ten times higher than those of ordinary colanders and garlic presses; they're classics. Many of Rashid's products—perfume bottles, credit cards, pens, backpacks, mouse pads, lighters, and coffee cups—make no pretense to classicism. His speciality is designing F.M.C.G.s, or fast-moving consumer goods—products with relatively short life spans. Some of his best designs are disposable, like his shopping bags for Issey Miyake, which are made of transparent polypropylene sheets that fold into shape, with a rubbery handle. He is opposed, he says, "to this old modernist idea of permanence, when designers produce so-called classics that will live forever. Because I don't think we're living in a time where anything will live forever anymore."

The strain of trying to redesign the offending ninety per cent of the world, while at the same time keeping pace with

Rashid made his name with an eight-dollar trash can and a stackable chair. "He has a great talent for the ephemeral," a designer says.

MICHAEL ROBERTS

E. B. White visiting a potter's field. A. J. Liebling on a book tour with Albert Camus. John Updike navigating the passageways of midtown. Jacqueline Onassis chatting with Cornell Capa. Ian Frazier at the Monster Truck and Mud Bog Fall Nationals. Mark Singer with sixth graders adopting Hudson River striped bass.



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the fast-moving stream of consumer goods, did not look easy. Rashid closed his eyes and took a brief nap.

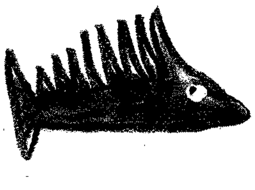
To find a precedent for a designer like Rashid, you have to go back to the product designers of sixty years ago, men like Norman Bel Geddes, George Nelson, and, above all, Raymond Loewy, the French-born designer who developed the Coldspot refrigerator for Sears, redesigned the Lucky Strike cigarette package, and remodelled the Greyhound bus. Loewy's generation found a visual vocabulary, streamlining, that transformed toasters, vacuum cleaners, refrigerators, and cars into objects of consumer desire. Rashid and his generation are creating a new kind of commercial-design language—a twenty-first-century streamlining—which can be seen in laptops, cell phones, portable music players, G-Shock watches, Oakley sunglasses, Oral-B CrossAction toothbrushes, and, of course, sneakers. The new streamlining has put on weight. It's softer, curvier, more colorful, and "swoopy," a favorite design word for describing those urgent yet sinuous, Gehryesque forms that new plastics can support. The old geometry of cubes, spheres, and cylinders has given way to a digital geometry of "nurbs," "spines," "metaballs," and other shapes produced by computer-aided-design software (CAD), which allows the designer to create and manipulate forms on the computer. The shapes look organic, but the mathematical calculations on which the CAD software runs give their surfaces the hard sheen of crunched data. In "I Want to Change the World," Rashid calls the new style Blobism.

Rashid's products are made of digital-age materials. He uses rubber that looks practically edible, and plastic that feels almost like flesh. The colors are acid shades from the Twister-board sixties, a little washed out, in a way that reflects the passage of years. But although Rashid is technologically innovative, in his relationship with the business side of his practice he is a throwback to Raymond Loewy, who once said that the most beautiful curve is a rising sales curve. Rashid himself says, "I'm a businessman. Artists are businessmen. 'Business' has come to seem a bad word, because it means compromise, but we are all part of a commercial process, aren't we?"

Are we? The architect R. Buckminster Fuller accused commercial designers like Loewy of being little more than servants of advertising and marketing, engineers only of planned obsolescence, rather than makers of useful improvements for mankind. The same criticisms could be made of Rashid's work. Obsolescence is part of the essence of his F.M.C.G.s. "A lot of what Karim does is take old designs from the fifties and make them curvy and kooky," one design nabob told me. "They're superficial glosses on classic designs. I liked his Prada packaging, because it's all about waste and consumerism, and that's what Karim is best at—it's an ideal marriage of his talent and a product. He has a great talent for the ephemeral." Starck invented a new style; Rashid is more of a medium for new trends in the design world. His Oh chair has been on the cover of Crate and Barrel's catalogue, but Murray Moss does not show any Karim Rashid products in his store. "Rashid is brilliant at communicating design to the masses," Chee Pearlman, a design columnist for the *Times*, told me. "But often his work is too easy."

In Milan, Rashid was certainly an easy target for those who feel that F.M.C.G.s might not be the best direction for modern design to take. An alternative design group calling itself Latebloom had gone to the trouble of having signs printed that said "Fuck Karim Rashid," and had stuck them around Milan during the fair. (Other famous designers were similarly honored.) Someone had stolen one of his customized fluorescent-orange Puma sneakers when Rashid removed them at the party for Surfacescape. He seemed startled by the evidence that not everyone in the world meant him well: "I mean, would someone actually steal my shoe?"

After we were aloft, Rashid asked one of the flight attendants for some extra-strong coffee, giving her exact instructions on how to make it, and offering to show her, if she liked. I asked him how he became a designer. "As a child, I never liked nature," he said. "I had all these allergies, for one thing. I always felt sick when I was in nature. And then I didn't like nature because it was already done. It was designed. You couldn't do anything to it."



Rashid was born in Cairo. His mother was English; his father, an Egyptian, was an artist and a theatrical-set designer. In England, where Rashid spent his early years, his father worked as a night watchman, because he could not find work as a set designer or an artist; eventually the family moved to Canada, and his father became a set designer for Canadian TV and the BBC. Mr. Rashid kept his skills sharp by rearranging the family's furniture almost every week. There were three children—Karim; Rashid's older brother, Hani (a founding partner of the SoHo-based firm Asymptote Architecture); and his younger sister, Soraya, who is now a singer-songwriter living in Manhattan. "Dad was always drawing us, over and over again," Rashid told me. "He would take me with him in the afternoons when he went to sketch. When I was four, I had an epiphany—I was drawing a church, and I realized I could change it." After dinner, the Rashid men would sit around the table sketching one another.

Rashid obtained a degree in industrial design from Carleton University, in Ottawa, and then spent a year in Italy, where he studied with Ettore Sottsass, one of the founders of the Memphis school. He worked as an unpaid intern for a year and a half in Milan, and then returned to Toronto, where his parents lived, and took a job with KAN Industrial Designers, a firm that employed twenty designers, working for clients like Black & Decker and Samsung. Rashid developed a drill, and designed post-office boxes for Canada Post, replacing the red steel Victorian-looking boxes with containers made of aluminum, cast iron, and plastic. "I did stereos for Toshiba, designed a space heater, a sniffer for detecting parts per million of heroin, laser processing devices, farm equipment, medical equipment, that sort of thing. I spent ten years in that world. And it's all about commodity. It's certainly not about beauty and meaning—the people you're working for couldn't care less. But you learn how business works." David Shearer, who sells a wide range of Rashid's products in Totem, his Tribeca store, says, "A lot of designers come up with beautiful designs, but they have no idea what they cost or how complicated it is to make them. Karim understands what it takes to bring a product onto the shelf."

In 1991, Rashid quit and moved to Providence, Rhode Island, where he had found a job teaching at the Rhode Island School of Design. He left after a year. According to Rashid, he was fired because he insisted on getting students out of the ivory tower of craftsmanship. (RISD says his contract was not renewed because there were differences in teaching philosophies.)

"I was in this decrepit town, Providence, I was very depressed, and I didn't know what to do. I had to make a choice—go to New York and try to be a designer, or go back to Toronto. My brother and sister were in New York, so I went and slept on Hani's floor for six weeks." In 1993, he got a position at the Pratt Institute, in Manhattan, where he taught for four years. He also taught at the University of the Arts, in Philadelphia.

Rashid pitched more than a hundred companies in 1992 and 1993 before he got his first commission, from a Santa Fe-based company called Nambé, for a line of tabletop accessories. He was turned down by the élite European manufacturers he approached; they weren't interested in a guy who did drills. He decided to concentrate on the second-tier manufacturers, companies like La-Z-Boy and Ethan Allen. He rode Amtrak into New England, making a Captain Willard-like journey into the cradle of American manufacturing, once the home of early Yankee machine shops and now a postindustrial landscape of fast-food chains and malls.

"I remember I went to Ethan Allen, which is based in Danbury, Connecticut. This was about nine years ago, when they were closing a lot of stores around the country," Rashid said. "I thought, Here's an opportunity. I know why they're closing these stores—it's because fewer and fewer people are interested in buying simulations of an antique, which is what Ethan Allen sells. The generation that started buying contemporary furniture at Ikea is growing older, and now they want something that's a little higher quality and more substantial, but they're used to contemporary designs, so where are they going to go? If they move to Italian stuff, then the American companies are over. Maybe not tomorrow, but ten years from now, all those antique sofas and highboys are going to be gone. Because the mindset of youth culture—and I've picked this up from my students—is that they don't care about the past. The past is pointless. It's over. Their mentality is skateboards, MP3s, and Nike running shoes, and eventually that's going to affect the furnishings they buy. But, of course, Ethan Allen wasn't interested in what I had to say—here's this arrogant guy telling them what to do with the future of the company."

"You seem reasonably fit—have you ever pulled a rickshaw?"

Finally, in 1995, Umbra, a Toronto-based company that makes inexpensive housewares, agreed to try an idea of Rashid's—a trash can made of high-impact virgin polypropylene, which would sell for less than twelve dollars. "The idea was extremely simple," Rashid says. "We were limited by the height of the can, but I thought, If I raise the handles, it will appear to be higher, and then the top will form a kind of rim to catch stuff you throw. And having a rounded inside rather than a square one would make it easier to clean. And I knew a lot about plastic, so I knew they'd have no trouble molding it, and in fact when they did the first injection of plastic for the Garbo it molded perfectly—usually when you do a first injection it doesn't hold together. In 1995, plastic was still kind of on the outside, aesthetically, but it was amazing how quickly the aesthetic landscape changed and plastic became the thing." He built a better trash can, and the world beat a path to his door.

The coffee arrived. It was satisfactory—barely. Rashid reached under the seat for his bag and brought out several large design magazines: heavier-than-*Vogue* tomes celebrating the crossover of fashion, art, design, and advertising. I pointed out that he was lugging around a lot of weight for a digital guy, and Rashid responded that it was absolutely ridiculous that print still had such a powerful grip on the world. He said he had done away with all the books and CDs in his home. "All I want is a chip in my eye, that I can download information to directly," he said. "Remember, it's not the camera, it's the picture you take with the camera that's important. It's not the phone, it's the conversation. I'm not proposing doing away with physical goods—I produce physical goods. It's this fetishization of things I'm opposed to."

Nonetheless, Rashid has designed more than eight hundred things since 1993, and he has fifty projects going at

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the moment, everything from cosmetics to an "absolutely fantastic" project he was working on for a Swiss company called Golay—a line of jewelry with cultured pearls, which would rescue the pearl from the neck of the débutante.

I asked what accounted for his extraordinary drive, and Rashid said he wasn't interested in the money; he was interested in getting his ideas manufactured. "I want to create original things, original ideas," he said. "I want to see what I can contribute to humanity while I exist." He may be a celebrity in the design world, but to a lot of manufacturers, particularly Americans, a famous product designer is nothing more than an uppity engineer. The standard rate for product design is about three per cent of the manufacturing costs. (Architects generally get between five and ten per cent.) From a business point of view, what a designer brings to the process—creativity—is what spreadsheets define as the "undeliverable." (Part of Rashid's success as a designer stems from his ability to define the undeliverable not only in terms of aesthetics but also in terms of publicity, which is something his clients find easier to measure.)

Rashid's recent experience with Ronson, a once proud British manufacturer of premium lighters, is a good example of the kind of treatment product designers receive from their clients. Ronson was a good opportunity for Rashid, because, he told me excitedly after he was commissioned to design an inexpensive lighter, it would be the first time he had made a product that would sell for less than a dollar. Ronson was a famous brand that had been all but ruined by disposable plastic lighters, particularly beginning with the Flick Your Bic campaign, in 1974. In 1998, an American investment firm called Berkeley Capital Advisors, whose business is to invest in undervalued or dying British brands and reinvent them, became Ronson's largest shareholder. One of the directors of Berkeley, Bahman Kia, persuaded the Ronson board to hire Rashid, the prince of plastic, to lead Ronson into the "premium mass" market by producing designer disposable lighters that would sell for twenty-five cents more than Bic lighters. This strategy was based on the new thinking that design actually does matter to the masses. (Berkeley has also taken a management position in Maclaren, a maker of strollers, and is trying to interest Philippe Starck in designing a few.)

Ronson asked for twelve lighter concepts; Rashid presented thirty-eight. Eventually Ronson settled on three: the Gripper (sheathed in artificial rubber), the Pebble (a blob), and the Spindle, which looks like a microphone. Rashid also came up with designs for other Ronson product lines—a pen, a calculator, an AM-FM radio, and an artificial log shaped like a ball. Then he took it upon himself to reinvent the brand, replacing the old black Ronson typeface with an electric-red digital-looking script. So far, Ronson has put only the lighters into production. The company declined to follow Rashid's branding advice and postponed action on the other production ideas. It seems that Ronson wasn't ready for Rashid. "I think I scared them," he says.

Out came Rashid's sketchbook from his bag, a big, heavy black ring binder filled with thick paper. He sketched with an orange pencil (he usually works with a black Pilot fine liner) and listened to Dirk Diggler on his MP3 player. He was working on a new furniture project for Edra, the manufacturer that had produced the Surfacescape piece. When he is at the conceptual stage, his method is to go over the sketch again and again, move on to other ideas, then return to the earlier sketch, filling up a whole pad with a few projects. He keeps sketching until the "singular shift"—the change in form that will determine the identity of the product—emerges. Then he gives the sketch to one of his assistants, who enters the shape into a computer. (I could see how a product designer who works entirely by hand, painstakingly crafting physical models of sketches made with a slide rule and paper, might find Rashid a little irritating.)

The easiest way to see Rashid's work in New York is to look for one of the hundred and fifty manhole covers he de-

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DON'T LOOK BACK (1967)

D. A. Pennebaker's classic portrait of Bob Dylan on tour in 1965 England captures the folk bard just before his ascension from prophet to icon. Features numerous performances, including "The Times They Are a Changin' " and "Mr. Tambourine Man," along with appearances by Joan Baez and Donovan.

Monday, September 10 at 5:30 PM

LET'S SPEND THE NIGHT TOGETHER (1982)

This cinematic celebration of The Rolling Stones includes twenty-five songs recorded during their record-breaking 1981 tour. Concert footage was filmed in the Brendan Byrne Arena in East Rutherford, New Jersey, and Tempe, Arizona's Sun Devil Stadium.

Monday, September 10 at 7:45 PM

ROCKERS (1978)

When a reggae musician starts his own record company to liberate his colleagues from the control of a crooked label, the results are both exciting and dangerous. Even rawer than the reggae classic "The Harder They Come," the film features songs by Peter Tosh, Bunny Wailer, and Burning Spear.

Tuesday, September 11 at 5:30 PM

WATTSTAX (1973)

Isaac Hayes, The Staple Singers, Rufus Thomas, and others commemorate the five-year anniversary of the Watts riots with a performance in Los Angeles. This documentary mixes concert footage with social commentary on the black community and comedy from a young Richard Pryor.

Tuesday, September 11 at 7:45 PM

STOP MAKING SENSE (1984)

In this masterful concert film, Jonathan Demme captures the kinetic magic, eccentricity, and oversize suits evocative of The Talking Heads' storied three-day gig at Hollywood's Pantages Theatre in late 1983.

Wednesday, September 12 at 5:30 PM

PURPLE RAIN (1984)

This electrifying film début chronicles the story of The Kid, a struggling Minneapolis musician. Prince's Oscar-winning soundtrack reveals, among other things, exactly what it sounds like when doves cry, and Morris Day and the Time sparkle in their supporting roles.

Wednesday, September 12 at 7:45 PM

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signed for Con Edison, which are exhibited mostly in the streets of Manhattan, particularly around Times Square. The design is a plumped-up version of the old Pan Am logo, made by tweaking a two-dimensional grid on a computer until it looked pregnant with information. Rashid tried to get Con Ed to cast the covers in high-impact, glow-in-the-dark translucent plastic, which could withstand as much weight as the standard iron covers, but Con Ed decided that the public wasn't ready for translucent plastic manhole covers. However, Rashid did manage to get "DESIGN BY KARIM RASHID" built into the product—a literal form of street credibility.

You could also walk by the Rashid offices, on West Seventeenth Street, which have a faux storefront where plates, bowls, mouse pads, pens, and furniture are displayed in a Lechters-like setting. The furniture in the showroom looks like something Rashid's father might have come up with for a fifties TV drama about the future. Behind the showroom, fifteen studious-looking assistants work at computers. Rashid has an office in the back. He lives upstairs with his wife, Megan Lang, a computer artist.

Rashid is an apostle of "soft tooling"—computer-assisted model- and diemaking technologies, which, when used along with CAD software, can drastically reduce the tooling costs involved in the creation of industrial products. Because manufactured objects are expensive to tool for—the average cost of making a die for a chair is three hundred thousand dollars—most products need to remain in circulation for at least five years if the producer is to make a profit. By making it possible for manufacturers to produce industrial objects more cheaply, in smaller batches, and to change the objects' shape and color from one batch to the next without major retooling costs, the new technologies will enable industrial designers to cater to seasonal changes, as the fashion industry does. Meanwhile, fashion companies are relying to an ever greater extent on machines to do the tailoring that used to be done by hand. (For example, when you go into Zegna to get a bespoke suit, your measurements are fed into a computer-tailoring program, and a computer-controlled blade cuts the fabric.) Rashid is at the crossroads of these two converging production cycles, supplying the product industry with more transient goods and the fashion industry with less season-driven ones. "I think there's a fourth dimension to all products, a kind of aura, a sensibility," he says. "Right now, that dimension is very much a part of fashion, and I think we're going to find it more and more in everything."

But do people want to change their furniture and housewares the way they change their clothes? After a day of squeezing into uncomfortable shoes merely because they're fashionable, you may want to just lie in the chair you've had forever and put your feet up.

About halfway into the flight, I glanced over at Rashid and noticed he had grown pale and was breathing hard. "Are you O.K.?" I asked. He shook his head, got up, and walked up and down the aisle, taking deep breaths. The challenge of being an artist who was also a businessman who was really an artist seemed to be causing a singular shift in him. He disappeared into economy class, where two assistants he'd brought along were sitting.

These conflicting pressures were on display later in the week, at the Deitch Projects opening, in SoHo. Pleasurescape—a molded-plastic seating arrangement for sixty, all in white, made out of the material used for slides in water parks—sat in front of a forty-foot-long hot-pink panel. Jeffrey Deitch, a friendly, preppy-looking man dressed in a blazer and tie, was standing near the door. "Karim is part of something I'm very interested in," he said, "which is the convergence of the audience for art, design, advertising, entertainment, and fashion. I'd like people to walk in and ask, 'Is this art or furniture or advertising?'" Along one wall, framed sketches of Karim Rashid products were hanging, with the 1995 sketch for the Garbo holding pride of place. I stood before the drawing and asked myself whether a trash can, by virtue of being not only a good trash can but also an artifact of our throwaway culture—disposable itself—might be viewed as art. Something that Marcel Duchamp started seemed to have come to its logical conclusion: a best-selling eight-dollar trash can had made Rashid's reputation as an artist.

The da Vinci of the disposable age was dressed to match his furniture, in pink pants and a white shirt. His wife was wearing a sleeveless black dress that showed off some Karim Rashid tattoos, which were on her upper arm. I asked Rashid if he considered the objects in the show to be art or product design. "Well, I'm an artist first. That is how I think of myself. I'm thinking about people dealing with space in an object culture. I'm trying to bring the experience of modern life, the banal experience of an airport waiting room, into galleries. I'm trying to do the same thing artists do—I wouldn't be showing at Deitch if I wasn't—but I'm also making products."

When I said that I liked Pleasurescape because it was practical, Rashid seemed taken aback.

"Yeah, I guess I have a tough time with that, as an artist. I can't help myself."

Twenty minutes after his escape into economy, Rashid was back in his seat. He said he sometimes got panic attacks. "I have a compulsive personality," he explained. "If I have nothing to do, I'll start rearranging the stuff in my office. I used to get depressed a lot, and if I worked I'd feel so much better, so now I work. And I'm starting to reach the point I've always dreamed of reaching, and that's when I start to panic. As the demands get higher, I have to keep performing. My throat tightens, and my heart starts beating really fast."

The plane landed at J.F.K. late in the afternoon. Rashid's predecessors made streamlining the style of people on the go, the jet-setters, but the speed of the digital world has left air travel in the dust—nine hours seems like far too long for a flight from Milan to New York. Rashid hoisted his bag over his shoulder and walked up the passenger tunnel into the general banality of the airport. Weary travellers, some with children, were in the waiting area, preparing to board overnight flights. They looked as if they could use a Pleasurescape.

In baggage claim, the suitcases whirled around and around the stainless-steel carrousel. When ours came, we carried them into the first-generation plastics of the customs hall. The elevator up to the parking lot didn't work, and Rashid shot me a look that said, "See? The world is an absolute fucking mess." But an elevator for the twenty-first century would have to wait until the designer had gone home and got some sleep. ♦

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GOING SOLO

Is Stella McCartney ready to launch her own label?

BY DAVID OWEN

Almost everything remained to be done, and time was running short. Stella McCartney, the fashion designer, laid her head in mock despair on a big worktable and closed her eyes. Then she sat up and said, "Somebody remind me at this point in the next collection that we need to do just one color, one fabric, one print, no embroidery. Minimal, minimal, minimal. 'Stella is all about "minimal" this season.' Somebody please remind me of that."

Nobody paid much attention. McCartney has four design assistants, and all four were busy. Annette was on the telephone with a fabric broker, Molly was drawing the outline of a toe on a shoe last, Lena was sorting through a pile of photocopies of pictures of antique textiles, and Yuni was fussing with some lettering that was going to be printed on a shirt. The assistants are all women in their twenties, and all but one are recent graduates of the London design school that McCartney herself attended. Two of them, on separate occasions, described the group as "the United Colors of Benetton": Yuni is from Korea, Molly is from Israel, Annette is from Germany, and Lena's mother is from Cameroon. McCartney is half English and half American.

The worktable, around which all five women were sitting, was heaped with books, buttons, fabric samples, buckles, sketches, auction catalogues, coffee cups, candy wrappers, and half-full water bottles. Taped to a glass partition directly behind McCartney was a large, customized calendar—produced by an intern, at McCartney's request—counting down the days till October 8th, when the collection they were creating would be introduced in Paris. No one had found the time to jot down more than a few of the numerous intermediate deadlines. Now McCartney reached for yet another pile of fabric samples and asked, of no one in particular, "What are we going to do? Can we pull this off, girls? Are we going to pull it off, or what?"

McCartney is twenty-nine. In 1997, when the French fashion house Chloé reportedly chose her from a field of more than forty candidates to replace its departing head designer, Karl Lagerfeld, many in the industry smirked at the choice. McCartney was scarcely out of school, she had yet to make a real mark as a designer, and she was best known not for creating clothes but for being the daughter of a Beatle. Lagerfeld was especially huffy, saying, "I think they should have taken a big name. They did—but in music, not fashion." McCartney brushed off the remark, and felt flattered that a big shot like Lagerfeld even knew who she was. She then did what Lagerfeld himself had failed to do during the previous five years: she reanimated Chloé's moribund brand. Her début collection, which she showed in Paris in the fall of 1997, won uniformly enthusiastic reviews; during the next four years, Chloé's annual sales reportedly quadrupled. Anna Wintour, the editor-in-chief of *Vogue*, told me, "What Stella did was to surprise everybody, by very, very quickly developing her own style. It's very much the way she dresses herself, and you can feel her in all the collections she does. We have so few women designers who are really important in the field of fashion, and it's great to have someone like Stella joining the ranks. She has made a lot of very young, very attractive girls want to buy those clothes."

The clothes that McCartney made for Chloé were not buried under layers of self-consciousness or irony; they were lighthearted and eclectic and—to use a favorite word of hers—"foxy." She created alluring combinations of unlikely elements: tight-fitting, low-cut jeans, for example, worn with a top that was essentially a non-suffocating version of a corset. ("Corsets make your tits look great," McCartney says.) Her clothes began to appear on Gwyneth Paltrow and Kate Hudson and Nicole Kidman and Cameron Diaz, and Chloé won more floor space in department stores than it ever had before. McCartney's designs found favor even among more matronly customers; Madonna wore Chloé trousers in her "Ray of Light" video, in 1998, and she wore a Stella McCartney gown when she married Guy Ritchie. Last fall, McCartney was named the VH1/*Vogue* Designer of the Year, beating a field of fashion icons, among them Miuccia Prada and Calvin Klein.

In April, after being courted by several major houses, McCartney made a move that had begun to seem inevitable: she left Chloé to establish her own label, in a joint venture with Gucci Group, the venerable Italian luxury conglomerate. The move was a lucrative one for her; no one will talk about numbers, but the transaction is said to have included lots and lots of zeroes; Stella said that Domenico De Sole, Gucci's president and chief executive officer, jokingly called the company's negotiations with her the most difficult deal they'd ever made. (One of McCartney's nicknames is Stella Steel.) Nonetheless, she charmed Gucci's executives, one of whom told me that he admired her personal approach, and the way in which she has bonded with her team: "It's a nice way to work. When she visited our factories in Italy, everyone liked her."

The partnership gives McCartney solid financial backing and access to Gucci's workshops, factories, and marketing expertise. Still, the timing of the move created an unyielding schedule. Not

"People always assume that I'm just some kind of rock chick," Stella McCartney says. Photograph by Wolfgang Tillmans, July, 2001.

only did she have to come up with an entire new collection almost immediately; she also had to move her headquarters from Paris to London, hire a staff, find suppliers of raw materials, invent a concept for her retail stores, lease buildings to house those stores—the list was long and disturbing.

Late one afternoon in July, in a cluster of temporary offices four floors above the Gucci store on Old Bond Street, in London, McCartney addressed the issue of her logo. Now that her own name was going to be sewn into her clothes, she had to decide how to depict it graphically. The question tormented her, because her feelings about logos are mixed. On the one hand, she despises the extent to which logos themselves have come to dominate entire sectors of the fashion industry, a trend that she described to me as "really nineties and really foul"; on the other hand, she knows that the image she chooses may represent her to the public for the rest of her career.

"I'd been trying to design my logo myself for weeks," she said. "Then someone told me, 'Stella, you hire companies to do this for you.' And I thought, That's weird, because how can they ever know who you are? In my case, people always assume that I'm just some kind of rock chick. I really feel as though I ought to spend months and months finding my own design." She picked up her Walkman, which had been lying on her desk, and considered the Sony name printed on the front. "My God, that's a good logo," she said. "You recognize it immediately. And it's just a fucking font."

A young man with a ponytail and a laptop computer arrived for a meeting. He was a graphic artist and a logo designer. McCartney knew, from looking at earlier work of his, that his basic style was dramatically different from hers—she loves working pieces of lace and embroidery into her designs, for example, whereas his samples were all angular and high-tech and vaguely menacing—but he had been available on short notice, and he was interested in working outside his usual genre, so she was willing to see what he could do.

She moved a chair around to the front of the desk and, in a breathless monologue, explained what she was looking for. "I want my logo to be timeless and tasteful and slick and charming and individual and vintage-y and not really over-the-top industrial, and I want it to have some little element that's cool," she said. "I'm not really a huge fan of curvy. I think it would be nice to take an old font, something very beautiful and amazing, and then make it new and modern. I know I have to live with this. It has to be something that will work on labels and bags and storefronts and everything else, and it has to make sense in different cultures, and it can't be too feminine, because I may want to do men's clothes someday.

"I like the idea of working my initials in somehow—S.N.M., Stella Nina McCartney. I like the fact that there are two 'C's together in my name, a big 'C' and a small 'c.' There are certain colors that I like. I've thought about putting a horse in there, because I'm mad about horses. And my name means 'star,' although that's not my favorite image. I shouldn't even tell you these things, because I don't want you to come back to me with a lot of stars or a lot of horses. The logo just has to echo me. The whole thing about my line is mixing and matching, not dictating to people, not being oppressive." She pointed to one of the sample logos that the designer had shown her, a tangled pair of bold black arrows. "This is too much like a boutique in Soho where you buy new-designer clothing, and that's not what I'm doing." She paused. "I just want something that's really fucking cool."

The logo designer was intrigued. He loaded up his samples, and said that he would be back in a day or two with a broad range of rough ideas. If she liked any of those ideas, he said, they could move on to the next step; if she hated them, she could send him packing, no hard feelings. They shook hands, and he left.

McCartney slumped back in her chair and said, "Tick tock, tick tock"—the sound of another deadline drawing near.

Several months earlier, on a pleasant spring morning in Paris, McCartney presented what would turn out to be her last collection for Chloé. The show was held in a long, high-ceilinged, colonnaded gallery in some rearward part of the Louvre, and the audience included her father, who arrived just before it began. He was wearing a dark Kenzo suit, a printed T-shirt designed by his daughter, and sneakers, and he sat up in front, amid a small herd of celebrity onlookers, among them Liv Tyler (the actress), Chrissie Hynde (the rock star), George Martin (the record producer), and Richard Branson (the Virgin mega-millionaire).

The collection—which is in stores now—represented a maturing step in the evolution of McCartney's exuberantly youthful style. (The one recurring criticism of her designs over the years has concerned what Guy Trebay, writing in the *Times*, recently referred to as her " 'My Little Pony' aesthetic.") Jess Cartner-Morley, writing in the *Guardian*, called the presentation "an elegant, sure-footed show, full of gentle wit and lovingly crafted, detailed clothes." Among the more arresting pieces was a series of fake-fur coats, each of which appeared, from a distance, to have been splashed with a cupful of molten gold; in fact, the shiny areas were patches of embroidery, which had been inlaid deep into the nap of the fur.

McCartney has never used real fur, leather, or other animal products in her clothes; she is an outspoken advocate of animal rights, as was her mother—until her death, from breast cancer, in 1998. Last year, McCartney narrated a six-minute video entitled "Stella McCartney's Fur Farm Exposé"—a performance that wasn't popular with other members of the industry. Because of her convictions, many fashion observers initially doubted that she could possibly be negotiating with Gucci, which has always been known best for its leather; after the deal was officially announced, some accused her of hypocrisy. But McCartney views her appointment as a victory for her beliefs, saying that her alliance with Gucci amounts to "infiltrating from within." Her personal ban on using ani-

“I don’t really have the skirt for this blouse.”

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mal products remains in place, she told me, and she hopes to educate Gucci’s other designers, over time, about alternatives to animal-based materials.

When the show was over, a public-relations operative led me through the opening from which the runway models had emerged, into a series of cluttered dressing rooms, where the atmosphere consisted of heat plus perspiration plus Marlboro Lights. Various unclothed models poked through heaps of jeans and T-shirts, looking for their underpants, while their boyfriends waited. Semi-seedy-looking middle-aged men with no obvious business in the dressing area lurked at its perimeter. The floor in one room was covered with discarded hair extensions, which were as slippery underfoot as banana peels.

Stella McCartney was standing in the farthest room, being interviewed by a television crew. She was wearing a pair of her own low-cut jeans and a (typically) revealing top, and she was smoking a cigarette, which she had bummed from an assistant. She looked both exhausted and exultant: in the fashion industry, months of frantic labor culminate, each season, in a public spectacle that lasts maybe fifteen minutes. Her face is round and cute, like her father’s, her hair is brownish red, and her eyes are blue. As is usual for her, she was wearing virtually no makeup or jewelry. After answering questions for a few more minutes, she exchanged hugs with a succession of well-wishers, then escaped into an impromptu sanctuary, which had been constructed from office-cubicle partitions. Behind the barrier were her closest friends and associates. After a brief negotiation at the entrance, I went in, too, and, like many people who have just been admitted for the first time into the private world of Stella McCartney, I headed straight for her father.

“Most young girls at some point want to be a fashion designer, the way guys used to want to be a train driver or a fireman or something,” Paul said, when I asked about the origins of his daughter’s interest in clothing design. “But she really worked at it. And she’s always had this fantastic eye, even just knocking around with friends. Stell can look at what you’re wearing”—and here he took me by the shoulders and pretended to examine the fit of my sports coat—“and she can say, ‘Not this jacket, not this shirt, not those trainers.’ She has just always known what she was doing.”

It’s a good thing my tape recorder was running, because the whole time he was talking I was mentally saying, “Paul McCartney, Paul McCartney, Paul McCartney.” I was a John man in my sensitive youth, as were most would-be poets of my acquaintance, but from the depths of my Lennonism I could readily see and appreciate that Paul was the Beatle who got the biggest kick out of being a Beatle. He also seemed, once the Beatles disbanded, to be the one who came closest to establishing a plausible imitation of wholesome family life—not a trivial accomplishment for one of the most famous people in the history of the world.

“I’ve watched her in the atelier,” Paul continued, “and she’ll be saying, ‘Um, need a bit more bias on here, this hem’s got to come up a bit—wait a minute, give me this, it’s the wrong material, change it.’ And they all say, ‘*Oui*, Madame, *oui*, Madame.’ I just stand there and think, This is it—this is the real thing. When she started, people said, ‘She’s a bit young, it’s a big job, she’s twenty-five’—and I said, ‘Yeah, well, the Beatles made “Sgt. Pepper” at twenty-five, and we weren’t too young for that.’ She’s just brilliant. And she’s my little baby.”

Paul married Linda Eastman in 1969, just six weeks after the Beatles’ dispiriting last performance as a group (on the roof of the Apple Corps.

building, at 3 Savile Row). Eastman had been married before, and she had a six-year-old daughter, Heather, whom Paul later adopted. Paul and Linda's first child of their own, Mary, was born in the summer of 1969; she's the adorable infant peaking out from Paul's jacket in the photograph on the back of his first solo album, which was released in 1970. Stella was born two years after Mary, in the fall of 1971. A brother, James, was born in 1977.

Paul and Linda McCartney with Stella and her sisters Mary (at left) and Heather, in 1975. Photograph by Robert Ellis.

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During most of the seventies, the McCartneys lived in a big white Georgian house on Cavendish Avenue, in the St. John's Wood section of London, just west of Regent's Park. "It was an area that was quite Americanized," Stella said, "and there was an American-style Jewish deli, where you could get, for example, a good rye bread. This was a time when there weren't any delis in England, and English food was really bad. And there was no decent ice cream. There was just this stuff which was guaranteed to be a hundred per cent free of dairy products. That's actually the kind of thing I buy now, but at the time it was just strange. My mum was American, though, so she knew about ice cream, and she used to ask the people who ran the local deli to bring over coffee Häagen-Dazs from the States when they brought over frozen goods. Years later, when Häagen-Dazs finally became available in England, it was the biggest revelation for everybody else. But I was like"—here she stuck her nose into the air—" 'I've been having Häagen-Dazs since I was a kid.' "

When Stella was still very young, the McCartneys moved to a farm in Sussex, on the southern coast of England. The house was not your typical rock-star Taj Mahal. It was tiny and quirky and shaped like a lantern, and it was surrounded by woods. There were only two bedrooms, one of which was shared by all three sisters. (James, who was still a baby, slept in the dining room.) A few years later, the family moved to another farm about five minutes away. The new house was bigger—all four children had their own rooms now—but it was similarly informal and unpretentious. The children went to local schools (where Linda's vegetarian lunches, some of which featured a meatless lunch-meat substitute called Bolono, were coveted by their classmates). Stella was a tomboy. She spent most of her playtime riding horses, catching frogs, and roaming the woods, and she never owned a doll.

"It was all very normal," she told me. "Family life was just family life: school, dinner, telly, bed. Normal. Although sometimes there was mad stuff, usually on holiday, like hanging out with Stevie Wonder or Mick Jagger or Michael Jackson. But it didn't seem mad at the time—it was just hanging out with Mum and Dad's friend." She paused for a moment. "Except Michael Jackson, maybe—I knew who the hell he was. We used to spend summers on Long Island with my mum's family, and when I was about ten we were all going to go to a Jackson Five concert. All of us kids were upstairs in a back room beforehand, and I had a puff of a cigarette. When it was time to leave for the concert, I went to kiss my dad goodbye, and he smelled it and said, 'Stella, did you smoke a cigarette?' And I said, 'Noooo.' I was totally busted, and I didn't get to go to the concert. That was just like him. He's a bit Northern—very old school. 'If you're not back by twelve o'clock, you'll get grounded'—that type of thing."

To an impressive degree, Paul and Linda were able to protect their children from the full brunt of Paul's celebrity. Stella says she always knew that her father was a popular musician—he did almost all his recording at home, first in a studio at their house in London, then in an outbuilding on the farm—but that she didn't understand the scale of his cultural significance until she was essentially an adult. The moment of revelation came in 1990, at Maracanã Stadium, in Rio de Janeiro, during Paul's world tour. (Stella, who was eighteen, went along, accompanied by a tutor.) "There were almost two hundred thousand people in that stadium," she said, "and they were all looking at my dad, and it was so weird. All these thousands and thousands of people, all my dad's stalker fans. They were really looking at him, really watching him. I had no idea."

Paul and Stella. "She's my little baby," he says. Photograph by Harry Benson.

Stella drew collections of clothes when she was a girl. She executed her first serious design, a jacket made from a piece of artificial-suède upholstery fabric, when she was twelve or thirteen. During the next few years, with help from various friends of her parents, she served half a dozen mini-apprenticeships in the fashion industry. Among other things, she worked with the French designer Christian Lacroix as he put together his first couture collection; learned how to sew buttonholes while helping out in the studio of the British designer Betty Jackson; and spent a summer as an intern in the fashion department at British *Vogue*. She enjoyed some of these experiences more than others, but all of them reinforced her determination to pursue fashion as a career.

Even during these early years, she says, her feelings about fashion were consistent with her feelings about it today. She traces that sensibility to both of her parents, and especially to the way they lived and dressed when she was a little girl. During a brief lull in the hubbub at her office in London one day, she sat at her desk and described what she meant. (She had just finished blasting a Dusty Springfield CD, and Yuni, Annette, and Lena had sneaked out to smoke cigarettes in the stairwell.)

"What impressed me the most was the way my parents didn't give a shit," she said. "They both had a very natural way of being comfortable with themselves, not taking things too seriously or really caring about what people might think—the whole thing of wearing a Savile Row suit with a fucked-up T-shirt, which is very much my way of doing things. My mum and dad echoed each other, really, in the way they looked. You see it in those old pictures. Mum cut her own hair, and if you see a picture of my dad with a crazy hairdo, then she'd probably cut his hair, too.

"My mum was just really cool. You don't get chicks like that now—high-profile wives like that. They're all so manicured, aren't they? Even the ones that are trying to be punk have all had tit jobs and nose jobs. She wasn't like that at all. I remember going into her wardrobe when I was a little girl. She had some old Yves Saint Laurent dresses, because she and my dad had gone to some Paris couture shops when they first met, when they were young, but then right next to them were all the juxtapositions—an old vintage thirties dress,

"This is the path to adulthood. You're here."

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then a pair of platform boots, then a T-shirt, then a pair of fucked-up jeans. That kind of mixture pretty much became my philosophy."

In 1992, McCartney enrolled at Central Saint Martins College of Art and Design, in London, and spent the next three years earning a bachelor's degree in fashion design. In her spare time, she got a job working for a Savile Row tailor, because she felt that the curriculum at Saint Martins emphasized theory at the expense of technique. Although McCartney didn't know it until later, her near-contemporary and fellow Saint Martins graduate Alexander McQueen—who, in 1996, was named the chief designer of the French fashion house Givenchy, and who recently signed his own joint-venture deal with Gucci—also spent several years working on Savile Row, at roughly the same time. McCartney and McQueen have been so successful in their subsequent careers that Savile Row apprenticeships have become almost de rigueur among British fashion students, but in the early nineties a fascination with traditional tailoring was viewed as eccentric, or worse: McCartney and McQueen were like art students insisting on learning to draw. No one would ever confuse one of her collections with one of his—McQueen's sensationalistic clothes are aimed more at the inner hooligan than at the inner chick, and he loves animal hide—but both designers have been praised throughout their careers for their tailoring: they know how to build clothes.

"The first day I went to work they said, 'Right, go and get a thimble,'" McCartney told me. "I started off by doing this area here, the chest area. In a tailored suit, there are three fabrics that build up the chest area—horsehair and damask and canvas—and you sandwich them together with a stitch called a padding stitch. The padding starts below the shoulder and, on a man's jacket, it comes down below the chest. On a woman's jacket it stops higher, because of the boob—a fact I always resented, because I like the feeling of that hardness. Anyway, that's where they started me, and I learned a lot, and it was all very real. English tailoring is not fancy-schmancy—it's just, like, a suit. Nothing changes. It's like a house with two windows and a door—that's all there is. That makes it limiting in one way, but it's really concentrated and interesting at the same time. For example, almost everyone's got one shoulder that's higher than the other, and at that level of tailoring you compensate for it. Or if a man's got a pigeon chest you make him look as though he hasn't. Learning how to do all that takes years and years. Just learning how to put a sleeve on a jacket takes three years—it's the last thing an apprentice learns.

"Some of the most important things that I myself learned had to do with form and the body," she continued. "This was the early nineties, and they were still making that eighties suit, which was quite baggy, and I was interested to see how the tailors were scared to get close to the body, because when you do that it completely changes the drapery—the whole tension of the suit changes when you go tighter. Stuff like that still influences me a lot. Another thing about Savile Row is that they really work only for men; they hardly ever make women's suits. So it was interesting to me to see how limited they were and to see how much room there was for me to, for example, apply men's fabrics to a woman's suit. And I think it worked the other way, too. Savile Row is really the only area of the fashion industry where guys are straight. The guys I worked with were all just beer-drinking, fag-smoking East End guys, and they all used Cockney rhyming slang. I looked at clothes in a different way than they did, and I think I taught them quite a lot about the kind of tailoring that women like."

The benefits of McCartney's moonlighting were apparent in the collection she presented as the final step in earning her degree from Saint Martins. The clothes she made for that show—which included her own feminized revisions of the suits that she had spent three years learning how to tailor—were beautifully cut and sewn and, unlike many student fashion creations, they looked less like angry commentaries on the vapidity of modern civilization, say, than like stuff that people might actually buy and wear. (She included private references to her apprenticeship as well: the lining of one jacket was embroidered with the Cockney slang for cigarette: "oily rag.") The show got extensive coverage in the media—no doubt because it was attended by her parents, and because the models included her friends Naomi Campbell and Kate Moss. But the clothes were well received, and she was soon approached by a Japanese clothing retailer, who had shops in both Japan and London, and who wanted to buy the entire collection.

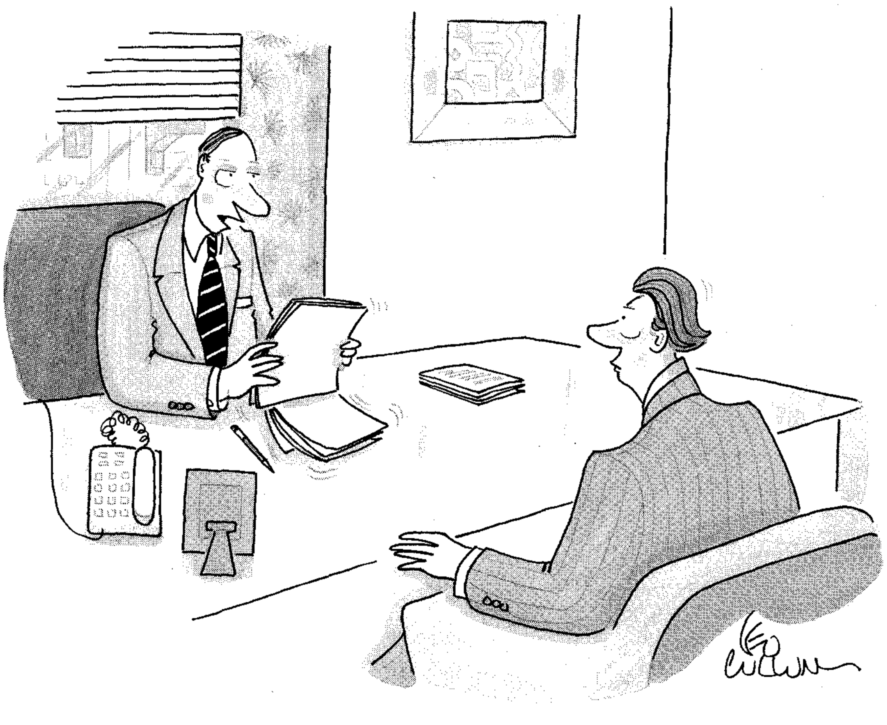
That was a huge triumph for a student designer, but it also created a problem. All the pieces in the show were one of a kind, and none had been conceived with a view to even limited production. She told the buyer that she wouldn't be able to reproduce her tailoring, because to do so would drive the cost of her pieces far beyond what she considered sane. She also ended up having to search for substitutes for the antique buttons, and scouring London flea markets at six in the morning for old lace. ("It didn't occur to me to just buy new lace and tea-dye it, which is what I do now," she said.) Then she sat down and made most of the clothes herself.

Despite these difficulties, McCartney's deal with the Japanese buyer launched her career. Her second collection, the following year, was bigger, though still very modest, and, because she had learned from her first experience, it was better geared to the exigencies of retail. She built a network of sources and suppliers, some of whom she still uses. She was also forced to educate herself in the business of fashion—a subject not emphasized at Saint Martins. Shops invariably wanted complete outfits, a requirement that was at odds with her own preference for mixing and matching. ("I had no sales technique at all," she says. "Buyers would come in and say, 'Right, what do you put with this?' And I was, like, 'Just buy *whatever*.' ") But she learned to adapt. She also got better at marketing herself. In the beginning, she says, she hadn't even known about London Fashion Week, a twice-yearly event organized by the British Fashion Council; her second year in business, she decided she'd better put on a show of her own.

That show is still talked about fondly in the British fashion world—whether because it was so refreshingly naïve or so creatively faux naïve is difficult to say. McCartney simply called the offices of a few fashion magazines that she liked and invited perhaps twenty members of the press to visit her tiny studio, in Notting Hill. Suzy Menkes, the influential fashion critic for the *International Herald Tribune*, heard about the show and called to ask if she could attend. McCartney couldn't place the name—"I was like, 'Who are you?' "—but told her to come along. The guests filed into her studio and sat on the couch. McCartney had hired three models, who put on her clothes and walked around the apartment, mingling with the guests.

"It was kind of cute," McCartney told me, "but it was mostly just ignorance on my part. And it was the kind of thing that made me begin to realize that I couldn't keep going all by myself. My business was growing so fast that it was starting to get away from me. It was just me and two part-time helpers, and we couldn't keep up. That was why I said yes to Chloé. I thought, This will take the pressure off everything in London. I will just slip away and go to Paris for a while, and nobody will even notice."

Several years ago, my teen-age daughter and her friends began wearing certain kinds of pants with the waistband rolled down (or, occasionally, cut off entirely). I laughed at what I took to be a local eccentricity. But a year or so later I saw a magazine photograph in which a famous model was wearing her pants in the same way. Clearly, the rolled-down look was an element of some far larger fashion trend, which somehow connected widely separated segments of female culture. I mentioned this to McCartney, and she said, "Well, sure. It lowers the waistband, so it shows more of your hip." That part of the hip has always been important in McCartney's designs; one of her (widely imitated) signature garments is pants that fit tight and hang low. (During the time I spent in her London office, the one fashion theme uniting her four assistants was a preference for men's trousers, which, on slim young women, tend to hang low all by themselves.) Sensuality in general has probably always been the principal undercurrent in McCartney's work. She once designed a series of satin-and-crêpe dresses in



"Oops! The padding just fell out of your résumé."

which the satin was all on the inside, hidden from view: it was intended solely for the pleasure of the wearer. She has also designed many articles of clothing whose most obvious inspirational ancestor was some classic piece of lingerie; to my mother and her friends, more than a few of McCartney's dresses would appear to be slips.

Women have long been the world's leading consumers of fashion, but the important designers have mostly been men. That imbalance has lessened somewhat in the past decade or so, and the list whose first entry is always "Coco Chanel" has grown, but young female designers are still rare enough in the fashion industry that McCartney's success has been regarded as a breakthrough. Vera Wang, who worked in fashion publishing for sixteen years before quitting, a dozen years ago, to become a designer, told me, "One of the things I love about Stella is that she has a very special appreciation for women, and for sexuality. It comes through in what she does. Let's face it, no man can ever know what it's really like to put on a bikini. And no man can know what a dress really feels like on your body."

McCartney would undoubtedly agree. "I think my design philosophy is to make clothes that allow women to reflect their inner confidence," she told me in July, on a train from London to Paris, "and to help women have the confidence to be different and to be noticed, but in a very subtle, attractive kind of way. And it's a huge compliment when people fall for it."

She laughed. "When I first started designing, a friend of mine bought one of my slip dresses, and she wore it to a bar and got all these compliments, and then she went home and her boyfriend just immediately shagged her. And she was like, 'The dress!' That, to me, is the ultimate. The goal is to keep it real, and not to insult the client, and to design clothes that people can really wear but that still get them noticed."

McCartney was taking the train to Paris that day to scout possible venues for her October show, her first Paris show as a member of the Gucci stable. Travelling with her was James Seuss, who is the chief executive officer of Stella McCartney, Ltd. Seuss is in his late thirties, and he is an American. He spent twelve years working for Tiffany, most recently as the managing director of the company's operations in the United Kingdom. He and McCartney met a couple of years ago, through mutual friends, and, from time to time, she asked him for informal business advice. He helped her put together her deal with Gucci, and ended up with a new job.

"We have similar ideas about how we grow the business," he had told me earlier. "We both like the fact that we are starting with a small, close team, and we're not trying to conquer the world all at once." On the way to the train, Seuss had grabbed a pile of magazines, one of which turned out to have a photograph of McCartney on the cover. (The magazine was a British business publication, and the article was about successful businesspeople under the age of thirty-five.) McCartney looked at the cover for a moment, then slipped the magazine into the middle of the pile.

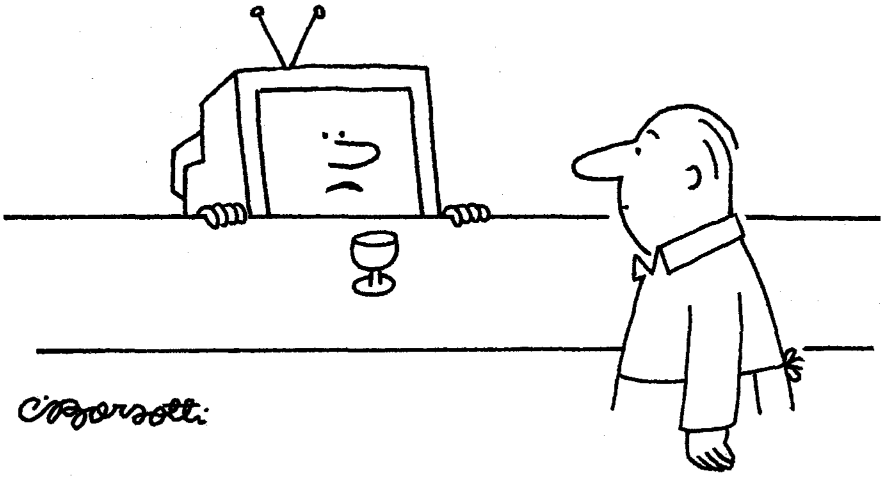
In Paris, we were met by a car and driver, who took us to the first potential show venue, a long, medieval-looking hall. (McCartney asked me not to identify any of the sites; her ultimate choice won't become public until a few days before the show.) McCartney's director of communications, Mesh Chhibber, who left Chloé last spring, when she did, in order to continue working with her, had already been in Paris for several days, doing fieldwork. He met us at the site. With him were two representatives of a French firm that finds and equips the venues for various kinds of exhibitions. Most of the designers had already engaged their sites, they said, so the list of possibilities was dwindling.

"I don't want someplace grand and enormous," McCartney said, "because the first collection is going to be small. I just want someplace that's really, really cool."

She looked around for a while, asked a few questions, and seemed unimpressed. Then everyone piled into the car, which was roughly half the size it would have had to be to contain the entire group comfortably, and McCartney squeezed into the back.

McCartney stayed on in Paris that night to attend a party, held by *Vogue*, in honor of Ben Stiller. I saw her again back in London the next day, and asked her how the evening had gone. She said, "It was nice, actually—it was very mellow." She had sat next to Stiller at dinner and had liked him. She had been interested to learn that he, too, was the child of famous parents. (Until that night, she had never heard of the comedy team of Stiller and Meara—who, like Paul McCartney, found their first large American audience by way of "The Ed Sullivan Show," in the early sixties.) She was also pleased that she had been seated next to the guest of honor.

"It was funny being at the A-list table," she said. "Because I don't ever really give myself credit for being that successful at what I do, and I don't really think of myself as that sort of person.



"Got to go. Somebody found the remote."

IN A PARISH

Were I not frail and half broken inside,
I wouldn't be thinking of them, who are, like me, half broken inside.
I would not climb the cemetery hill by the church
To get rid of my self-pity.
Crazy Sophies,
Michaels who lose every battle,
Self-destructive Agathas
Lie under crosses with their dates of birth and death. And who
Is going to express them? Their mumblings, weepings, hopes, tears of humiliation?
In hospital muck and the smell of urine,
With their weak and contorted limbs,
And eternity close by. Improper. Indecent.
Like a doll house crushed by wheels, like
An elephant trampling a beetle, an ocean drowning an island.
Our stupidity and childishness do nothing to fit us
For the sobriety of last things.
They had no time to grasp anything
Of their individual lives,
Any *principium individuationis.*
Nor do I grasp it, yet what can I do?
Enclosed all my life in a nutshell,
Trying in vain to become something
Completely different from what I was.

Thus we go down into the earth, my fellow parishioners,
With the hope that the trumpet of judgment will call us by our names.
Instead of eternity, greenness and the movement of clouds.
They rise then, thousands of Sophies, Michaels, Matthews,
Marias, Agathas, Bartholomews.
So that at last they know why
And for what reason?

—*Czeslaw Milosz*

(*Translated, from the Polish, by the author and Robert Hass.*)

Do you know what I mean? It was nice, in a way. I sort of thought, Hmm, I guess people really think I've reached a certain level in my field. But it was also weird."

Living a life in which you are surrounded by celebrity is different from being one in your own right. On August 6th, the New York *Post* ran a story on page 3, reporting that McCartney and Alasdhair Willis, the publisher of a British design magazine called *Wallpaper*, had been "caught canoodling" outside a pub in North London. This level of scrutiny has taken some getting used to. When she was younger, she told me, she was the member of the family who was always most bothered by the way strangers reacted to her father's presence. "I remember we were on holiday in Barbados once," she said, "and this photographer was taking pictures on the beach, and I got so annoyed that I ran up to him and threw sand in his lens. We basically had to leave the country the next day, because of what I'd done. My dad didn't really notice things like that, because he'd grown up with it. But us kids were always three paces behind, and I would see people's reactions immediately, and I became sensitive to it. Now that sort of thing happens to me—at least in London. I'll walk into a restaurant and hear the whispering. My ears are so attuned to that, and it's horrible, really."

That's not to say that McCartney avoids the public eye. When her father was inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame for the second time, as an individual performer, in 1999, she accompanied him to the ceremony wearing a sleeveless T-shirt that said "ABOUT FUCKING TIME!" She'd had the shirt made that morning, on a whim, at a shop on Carnaby Street, and decided to wear it after asking him if she should. "He said, 'Well, I would never be the person to tell you to wear it, but . . .' And it seemed clear that he really did want me to wear it, so I thought, Fuck it." During the ceremony, Paul called her up onstage to join him at the podium, so she and her shirt also appeared on TV. (A friend who watched the broadcast called her later and said, "How see-through was your shirt? They fuzzed out your nipples on the telly.")

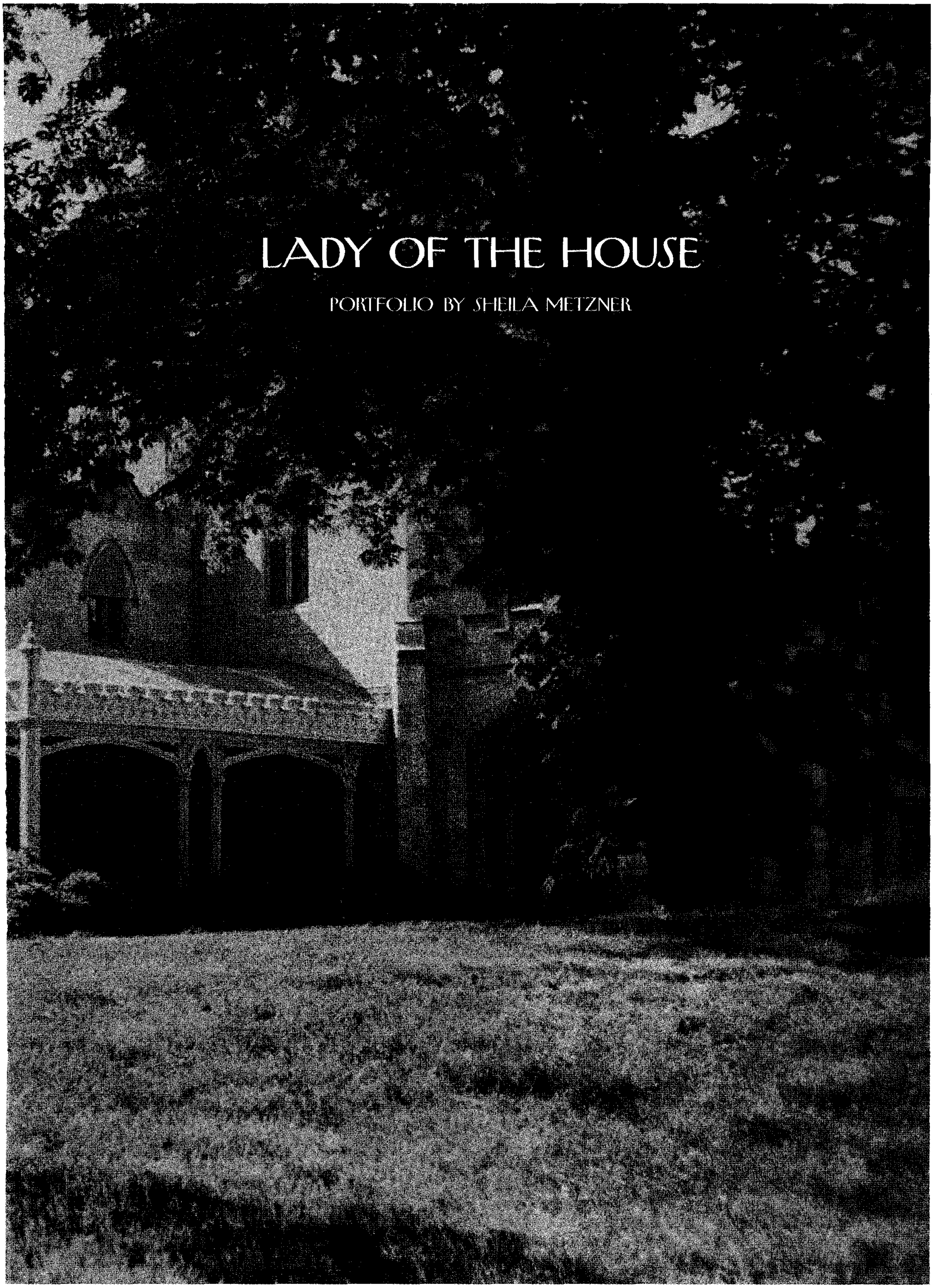
"When I set out as a little girl to be a fashion designer, it wasn't because I wanted to be well known," McCartney said. "There really weren't famous fashion designers in those days. I just wanted to make clothes." Now she was about to take another big step forward in her realization of that ambition, and she said that she was feeling nervous. As Anna Wintour would tell me later, "It's much harder to start a new thing than it is to take over something that already exists, however unsuccessful or successful it may have been." Still, I figured that McCartney must also be feeling a certain amount of confidence, since her four years at Chloé had gone so well.

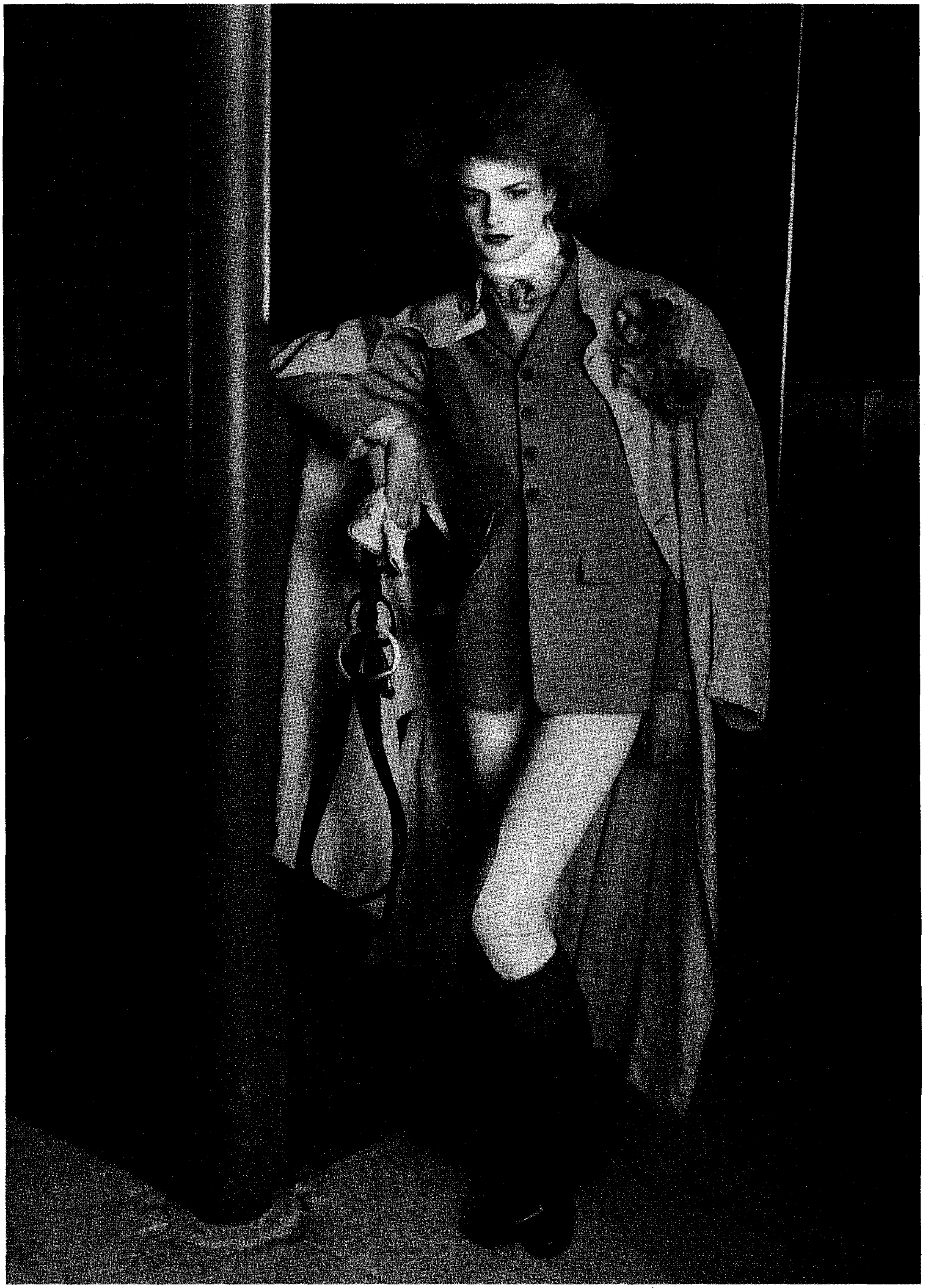
"Well, yes," she said slowly. "But I feel like I'm starting all over again. The fashion industry is the same as other industries: what you've done before doesn't count. If you're in a band, for example—if you're . . ." And here she hesitated.

"If you're lead singer for the Stones, say," she went on, "and if you then decide to go and have a solo career, those two products are separate. People may say, 'Oh, the Stones, they're so great, oh, God, yeah, the Stones.' But then when Mick goes and makes an album on his own, the things he did with the Stones don't matter anymore. It's just like, 'O.K., well—what are you going to do now?' " ♦

LADY OF THE HOUSE

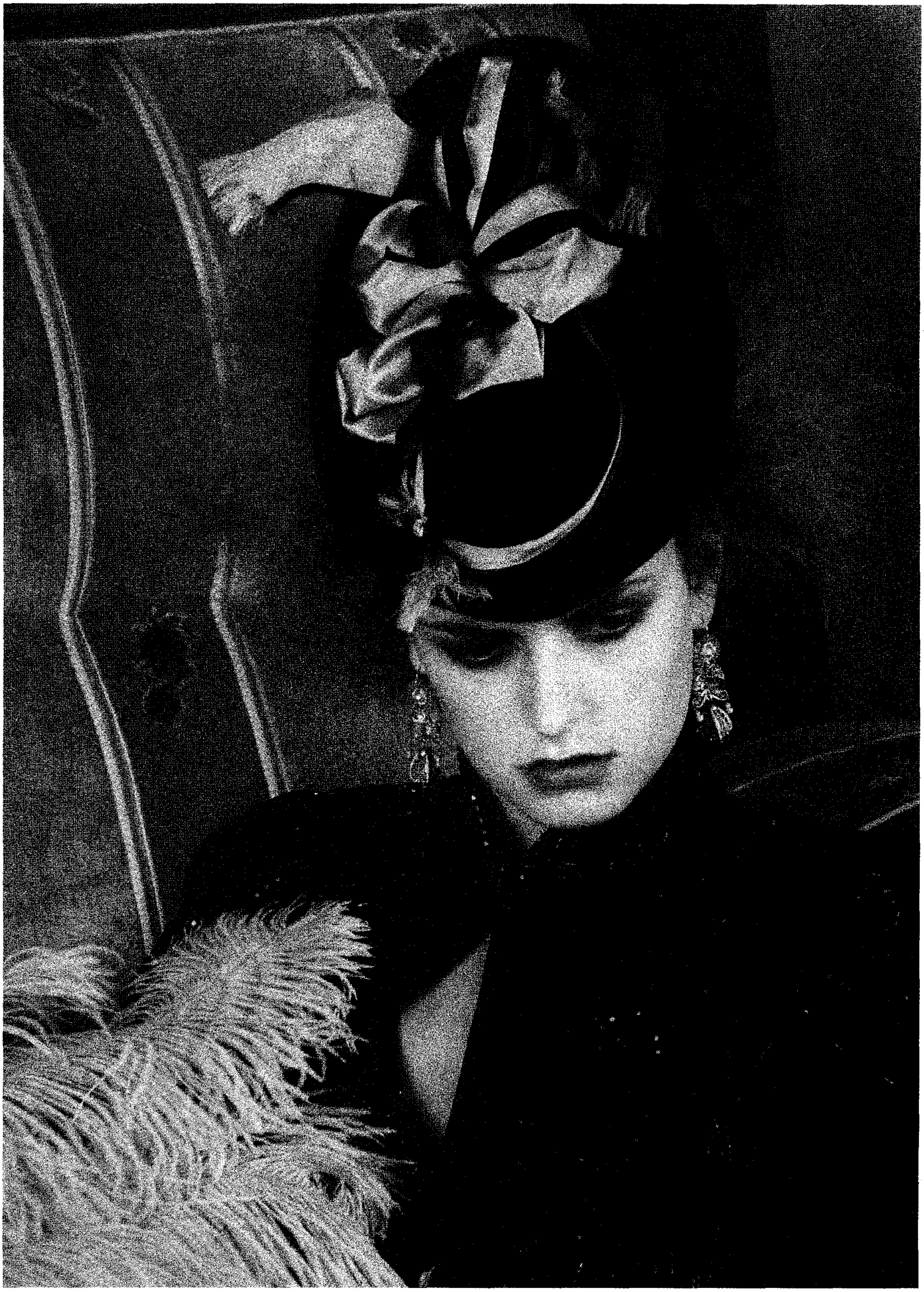
PORTFOLIO BY SHEILA METZNER



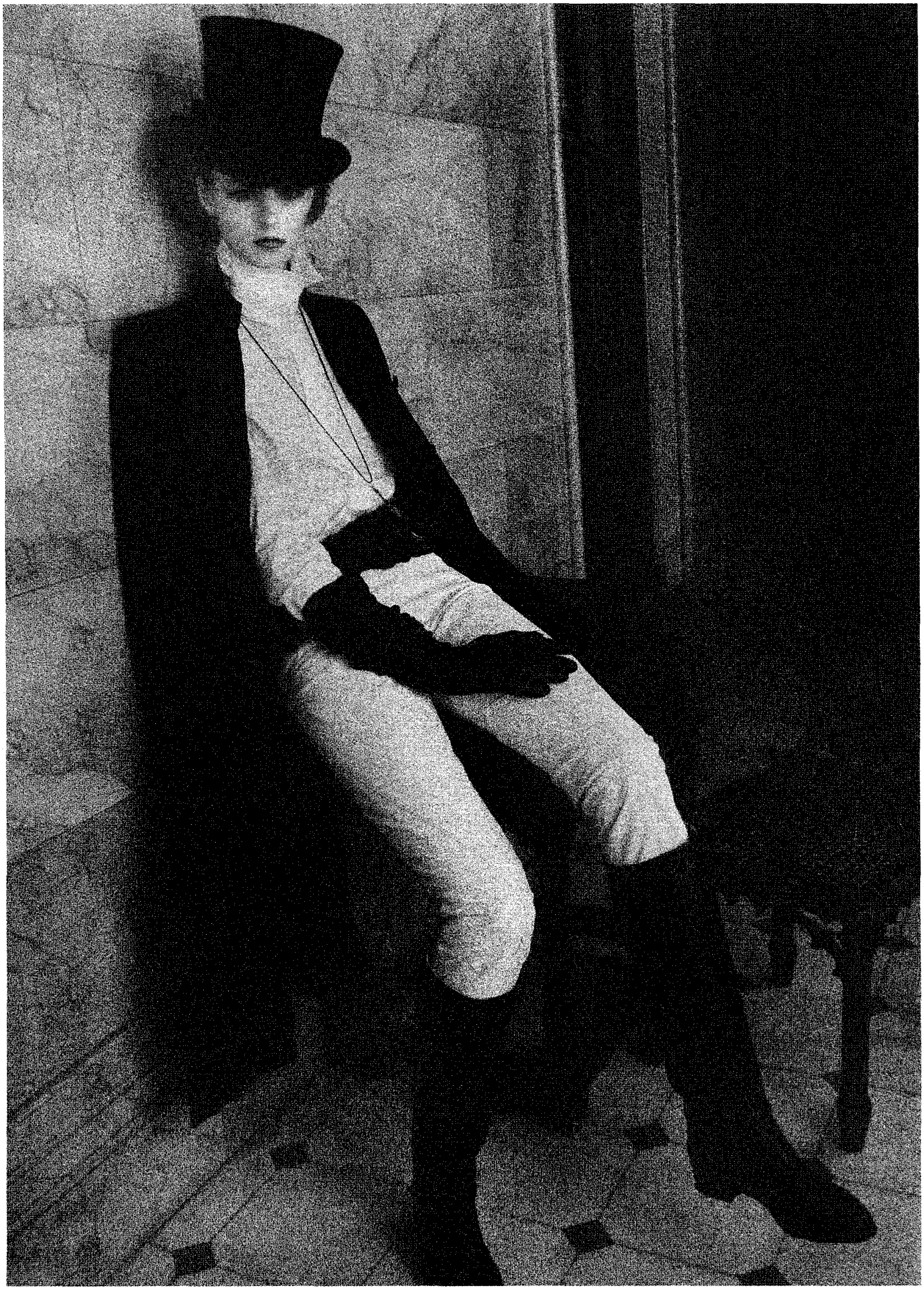


Equestrian outfit by Ralph Lauren, worn under a turn-of-the-century duster. Boots by Tanino Crisci; necklace by Suzanne Miller.

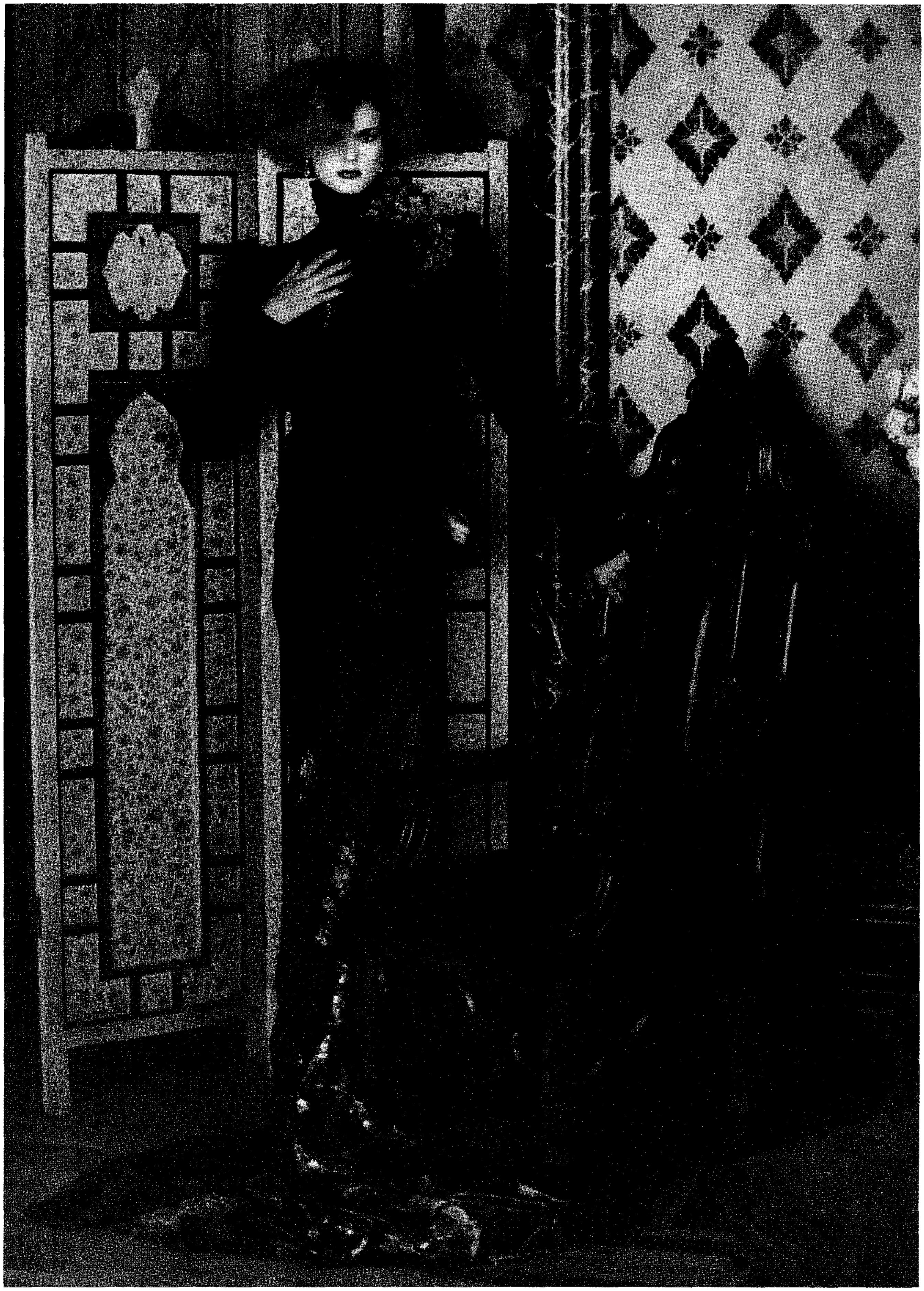
OPENING SPREAD: RUCHED MOHAIR COAT BY ROBERTO CAVALLI; BOOTS, BALLY; GLOVES, MICHAEL & HUSH; HAT, STEPHEN JONES; PARASOL, JIM GARDNER.



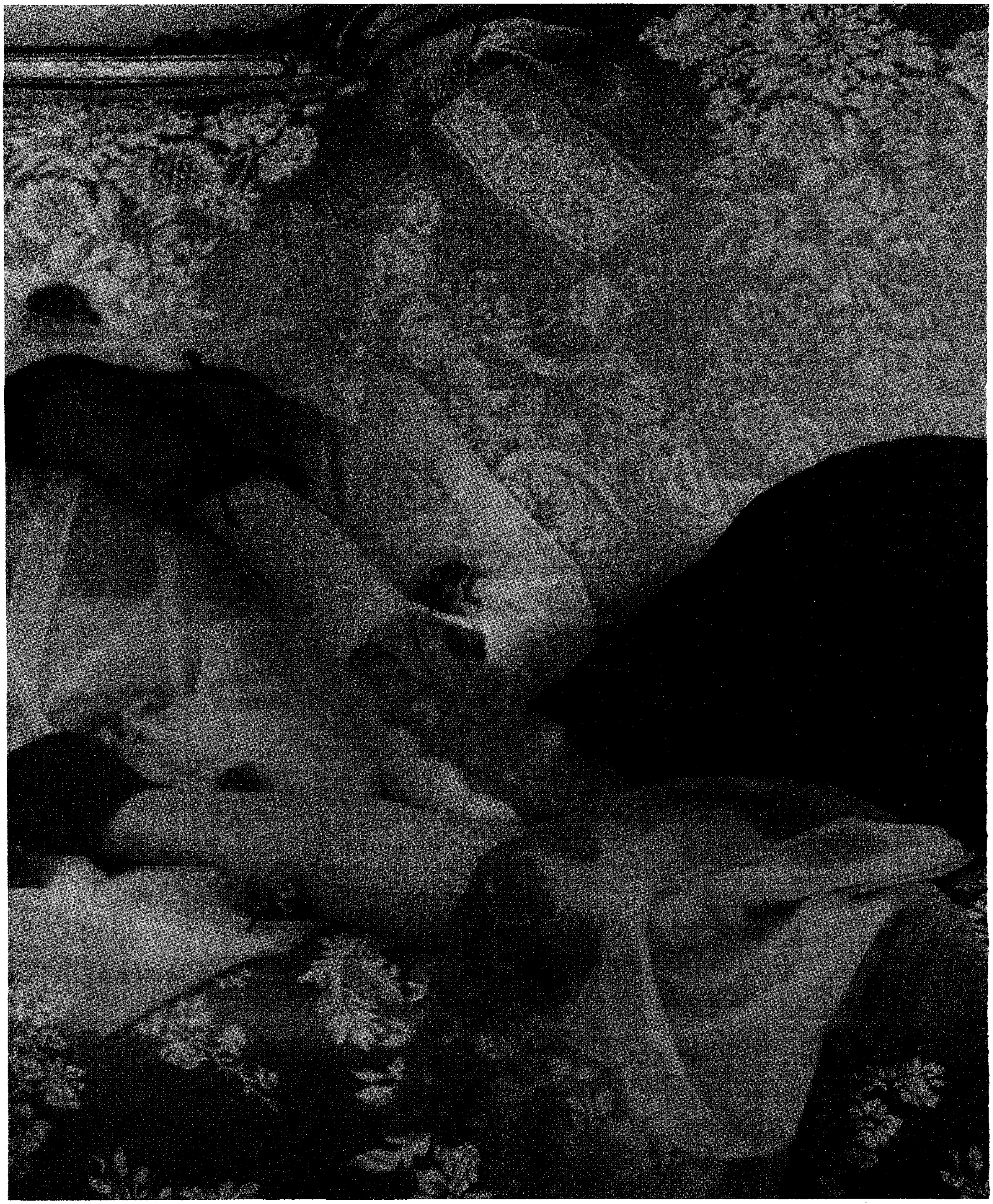
Jet-beaded matinée jacket with ostrich-feather cape, by Rifat Ozbek. Hat from Manolo Collection; antique earrings from Barneys.



Hunting shirt and jodhpurs by Bally. Coat by MaxMara; gloves by Daniel Sarto; boots by Tanino Crisci; silk top hat by Philip Treacy.

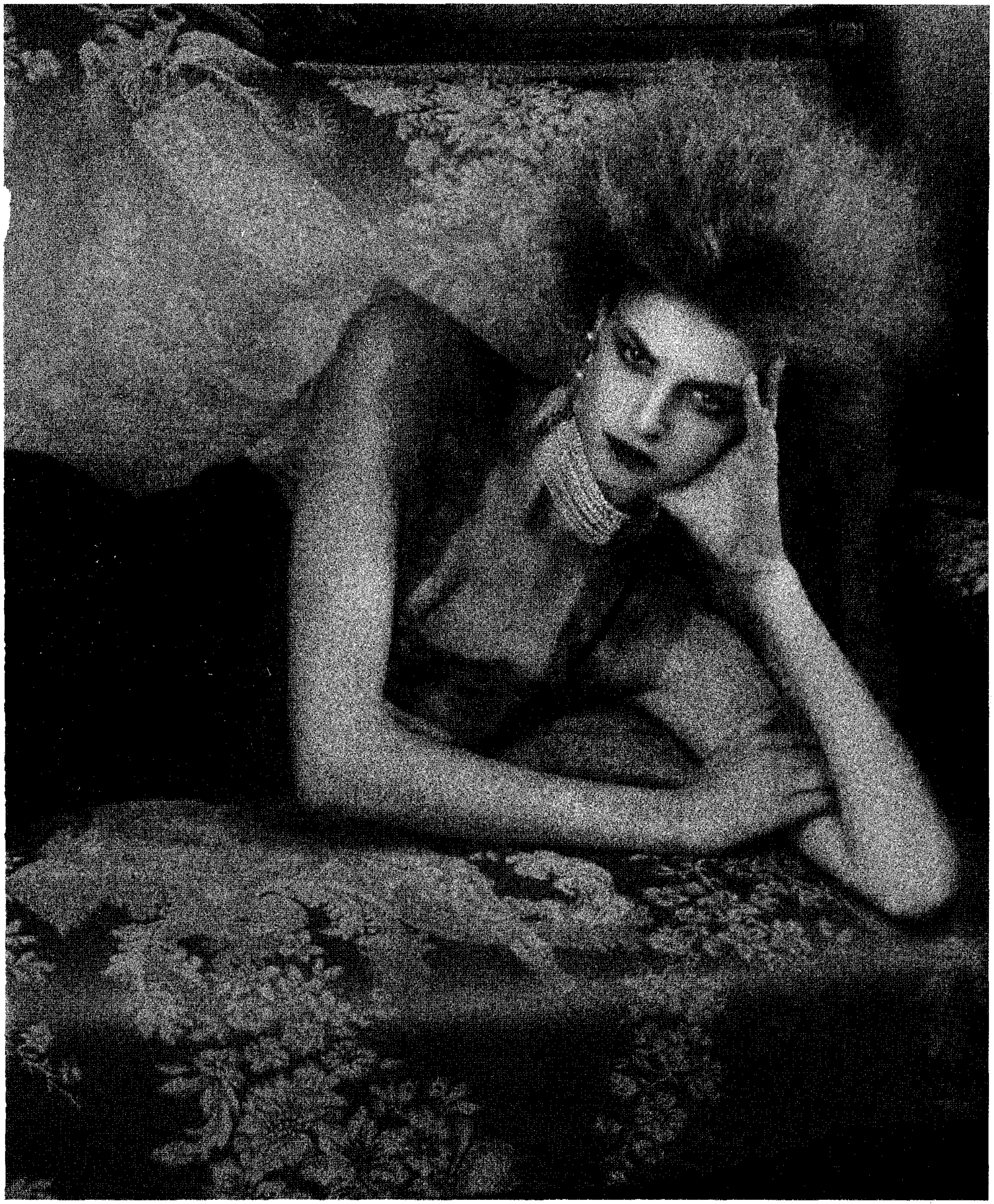


Sweater with puffed sleeves, by Sportmax; embroidered skirt with train, by Antonio Marras. Necklace by Terry Rodgers & Melody.



Organdy-and-lace dress with the look of Edwardian lingerie, by Rei Kawakubo for Comme des Garçons. Embossed velvet-and-leather an

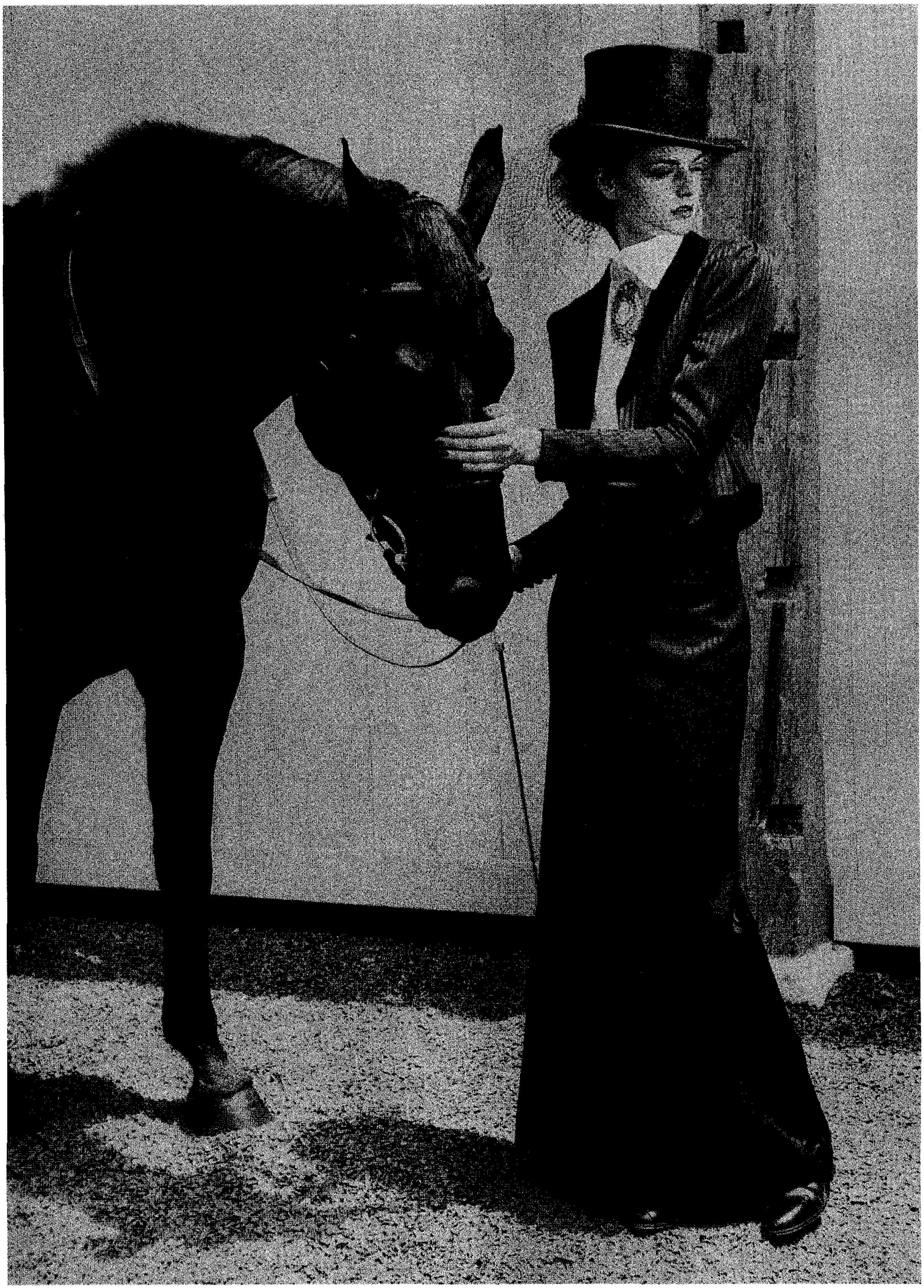
Sheila Metzner's photographs of fall fashions employ a technique known as Fresson printing, a turn-of-the-century process invented by Theodore-Henri Fresson, whereby dots of pigment are impressed in Seurat-like layers on photographic paper. A painstaking procedure passed on through generations of Fressons working in an ancient atelier on the outskirts of Paris, it gives Metzner's portfolio an air of Impressionism that complements the frankly vintage styles. Skirts have swirling trains of the kind last seen sweeping from a hansom cab; overblown sleeves resemble those which billowed from the shoulders of the



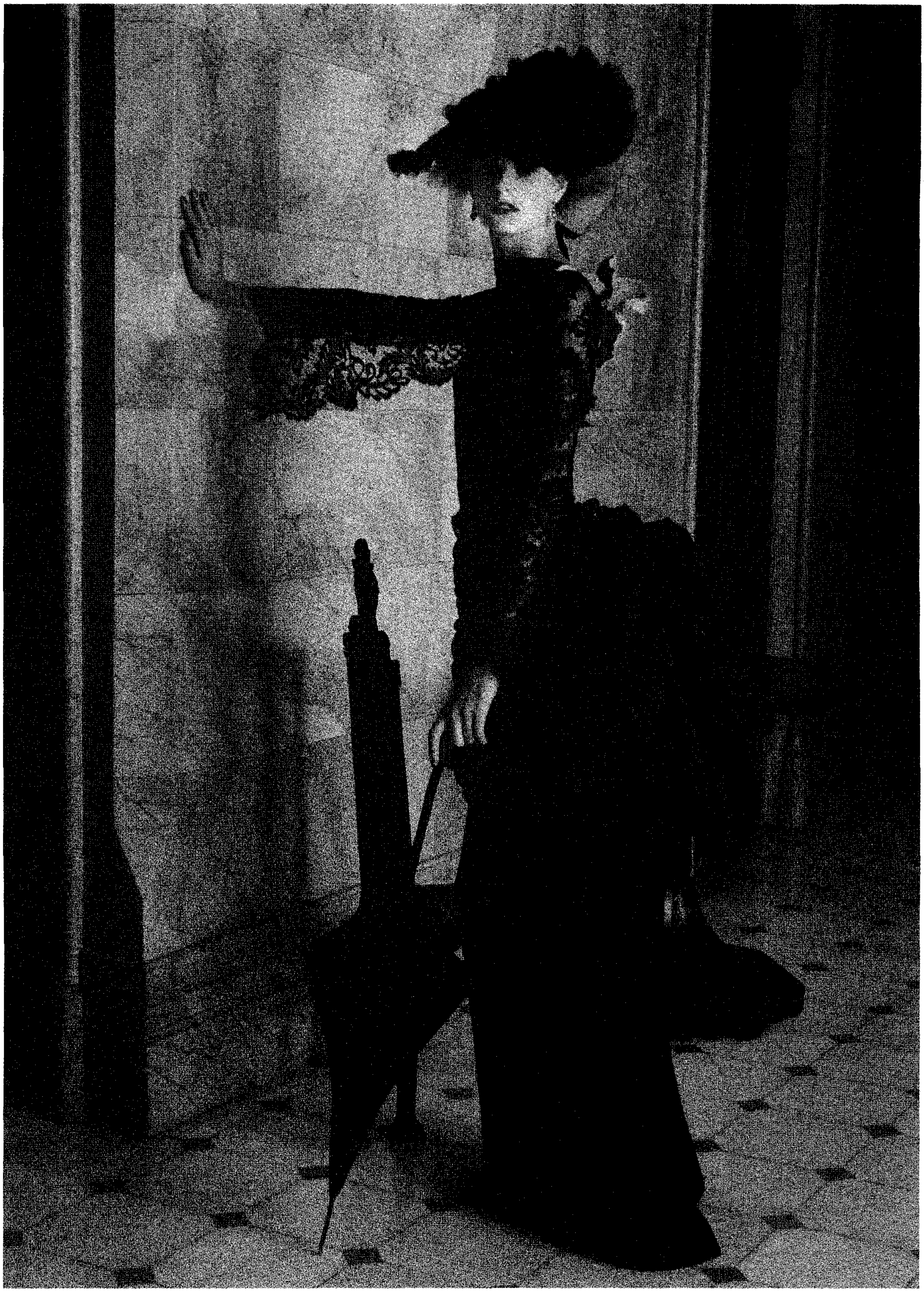
ts, by Manolo Blahnik; fifteen-strand Edwardian pearl choker and white-gold-and-pearl drop earrings, by Terry Rodgers & Melody.

Gibson Girls. Beading, embroidery, corsetry, swags, ankle boots—designers working in the here and now seem to have fallen heavily for modes of the there and then. Even the fabrics are woozy with nostalgia: silk taffeta, velvet, grosgrain, lace. As designers strain to conjure an autumnal world of equestrian meets, hunt balls, and Henry James's Grand Tour, we may instead feel trapped within the lushly costumed confines of a Merchant-Ivory epic.

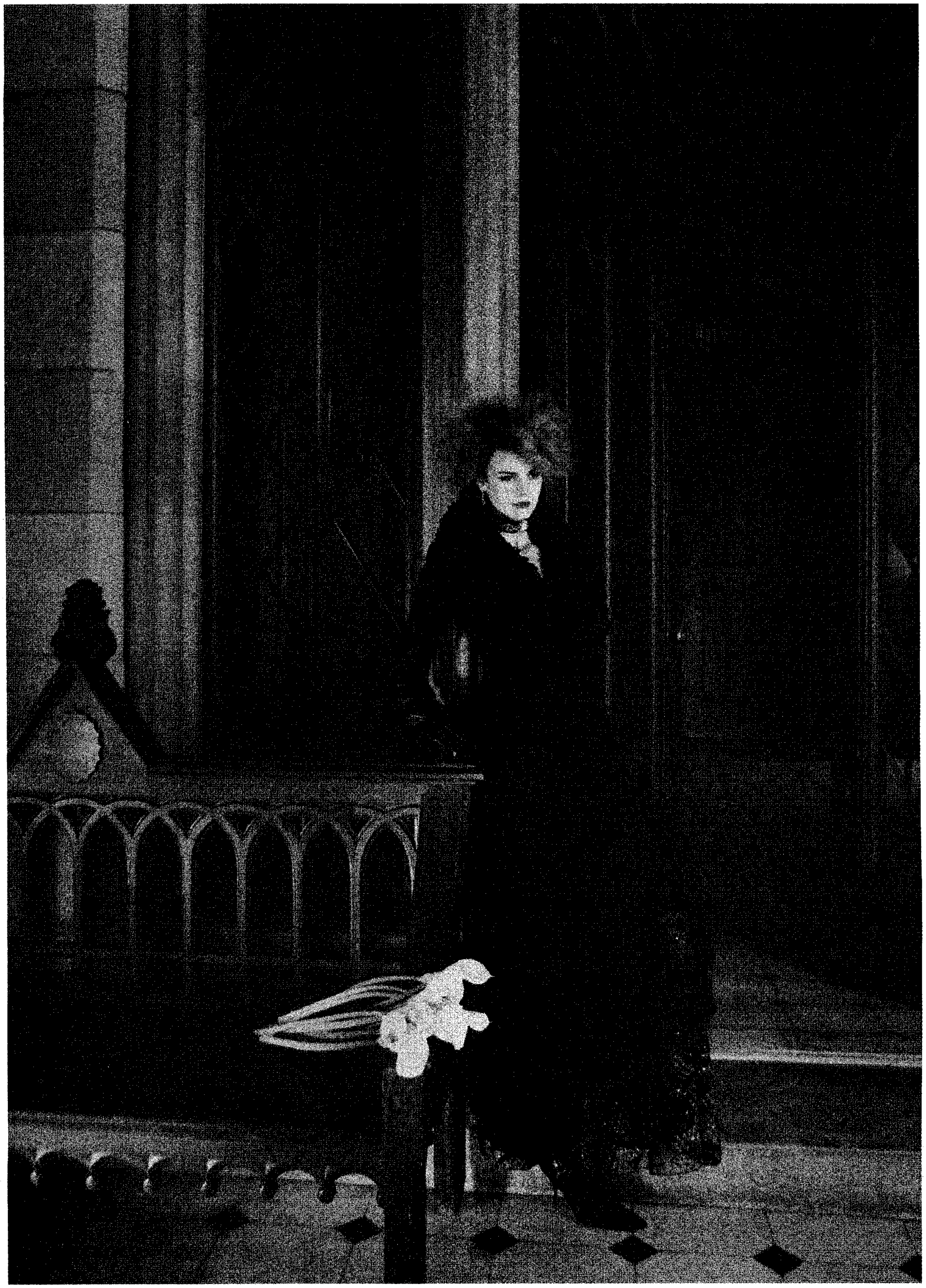
—*Michael Roberts*



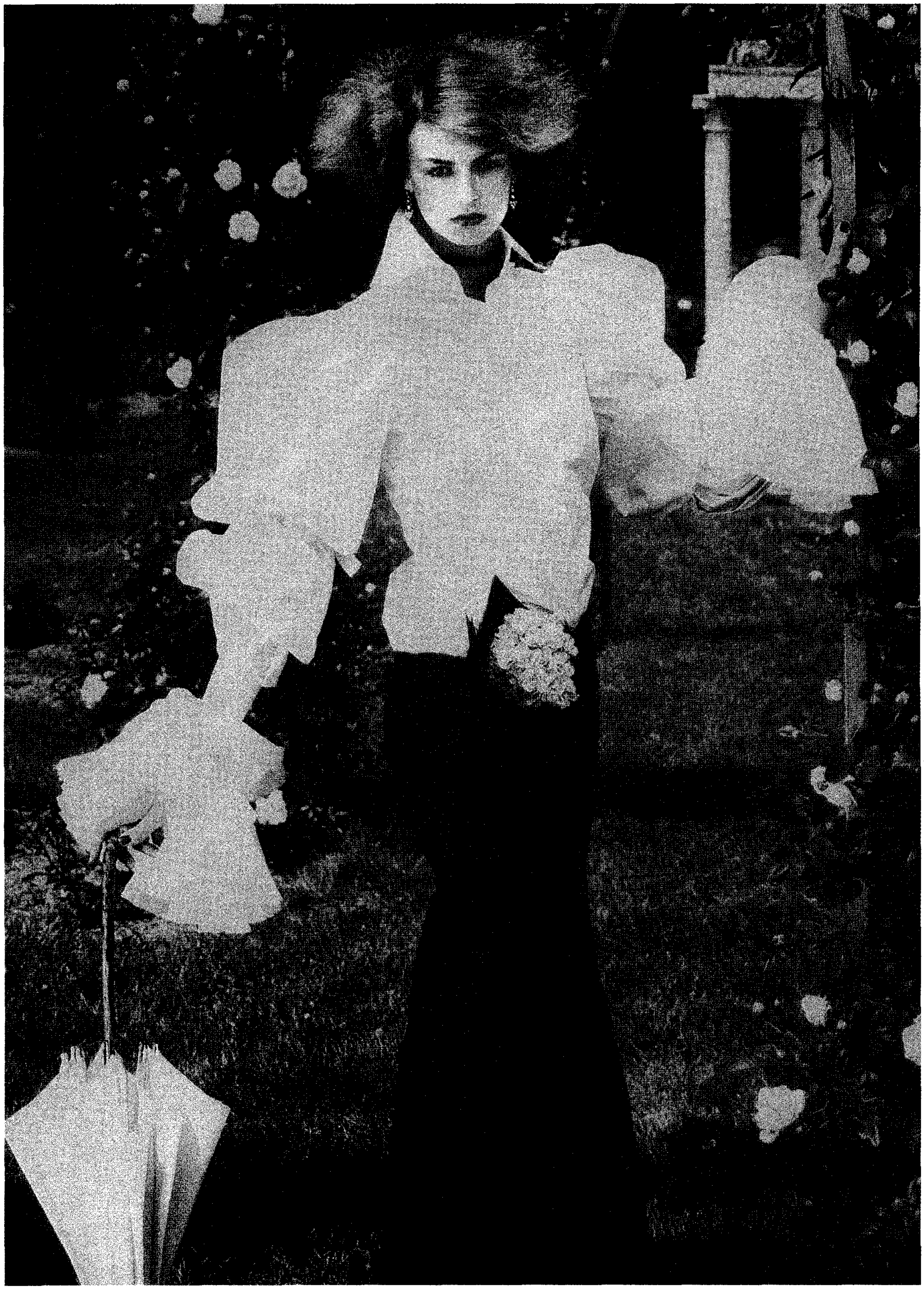
Re-creation of an Edwardian riding habit, with dress shirt and antique hat, by Antonio Marras. Ankle boots by Manolo Blahnik.



Lace top with trumpet sleeves, by Dolce & Gabbana; satin taffeta skirt by Valentino, decorated with a bustle. Lace hat by Stephen Jones.



Knitted coat worn over dress with Art Nouveau beading, by Giorgio Armani. Gloves by Daniel Sarto; boots by Manolo Blahnik.



Blouse with leg-of-mutton sleeves and skirt, by Gianfranco Ferré. Hair, Didier Malige for Frédéric Fekkai Beauté; makeup, Mary Greenwell.

FICTION

TOUCHED

BY HANIF KUREISHI

TOM PILSTON/THE INDEPENDENT

He shouted and jumped up and down. "See you soon, soon, soon, I hope!"

He continued waving until they disappeared round the corner, his many aunties, uncles, and cousins, packed into three taxis. Ali and his parents were standing on the pavement outside the house. The Bombay part of their family had been staying in a rented flat in Dulwich for the summer. Ali had seen them nearly every day; tomorrow they were returning to India.

"Come inside now." Ali's father took his hand. "I don't like to see you so upset."

Ali was embarrassed by his tears. His neighbor Mike was standing across the road, shuffling his football cards and scratching, watching and pretending not to be. He had been round earlier. After the uncles and aunts had begun their goodbyes, the front doorbell had rung and Ali had opened the door, thinking a taxi had come. His cousins crowded behind him.

"Comin' out?" Mike asked, biting his nails, trying to examine the faces behind Ali. Mike had lost a clump of hair; his father had pulled it out, beating him up. "What's going on? We could hear you lot from down the road, making a noise all day."

It was the Saturday of the Fifth Cricket Test. India had been playing England at the Oval. In the morning, Ali's three rowdy uncles and his father had taken their places in the small front room, pulling the curtains and shutting the door. The men had smoked, drunk beer, and cursed the Indian bowlers, while the stolid Englishmen, Barrington and Graveney, batted all day. The uncles blamed the Indian captain Prince Pataudi, who had only one eye. The Indian aunties had been teaching Ali's English mother to prepare several dishes, which she promised to make for her husband and son. The women carried into the room the dal, keema, and rice, which they had been cooking in huge pans since the early morning. The men ate with their fingers, plates shuddering on their laps, not taking their eyes from the screen. They yelled abuse in Urdu.

Ali was now allowed to go into the uncles' room whenever he liked. They had begun to speak to him as another man. One had even called him "the next head of the family." The oldest uncle owned factories in India, the second was a famous political journalist, and the third was an engineer who built dams. At home, all three were notorious "carousers" and party givers. During the intervals, they entertained Ali by betting on tossed coins or on which auntie would come into the room next; they played "stone, paper, scissors." Ali's abstemious father had a minor job in a solicitor's office.

Ali was an only child. He wrote down cricket scores next to the names of imaginary teams in a notebook his mother had given him. He spent hours alone in the garden with a sawed-off broomstick, batting a cricket ball attached by rope to the branch of a tree. The garden was his kingdom, and he was eager to share it with his Indian family as he had today, opening the windows and back door of the small council house. This was unusual: both his parents disliked drafts, whatever the weather. Today, three of his cousins had played cricket out in the garden; the girls, aged between seven and fourteen, had played chase.

The aunties, after they had washed up the dishes, sat on blankets in the shade, stroking and arranging one another's hair like people in a French painting. Ali was kissed and fussed over, enjoying the sight of his aunties' painted toes in their delicate sandals, and even of the rolls of fat around their stomachs, where their saris had come loose.

That afternoon, Ali had shown his cousin Zahida his bedroom. She was fourteen, a year older than him. They looked out at the view of suburban gardens, and he pulled out his copy of "The Man with the Golden Gun." They bounced on the bed and she pressed her lips to his. She said she wanted to be "secret" with him, and he got a flashlight and led her up the ladder into the attic. There were discarded toys and dusty trunks that had carried his father's things from Bombay. Her bangles clattered and jangled. The two cousins couldn't stop giggling. Zahida was convinced that there were rats and bats. Who would hear her muffled screams from so far up?

They kissed again, but she placed her mouth close to his ear. His body was invaded by such sweetness that he thought he would fall over. She bent forward, placing her hands on top of the filthy water tank, and in a delirium he continued caressing, until, making his way through intricate whirls of material, he reached her flesh and slid his finger into the top of the crack. That was all. She made noises like someone suffering. He could have remained with her there for hours, but his excitement was yoked to a fear of discovery and punishment. He said they should go downstairs. He went first; he urged her to follow.

"What's wrong?" she asked. They were back in his bedroom.

"You're leaving tomorrow. I don't want you to go." Ali envied his cousins for seeing one another almost every day. They lived close together and whenever they wanted the family's drivers ferried them to one another's houses.

"We are being called to weddings and parties the whole time," Zahida said. "Papa told me you're invited to stay with us."

"But that's not going to happen, is it? My parents don't like to go anywhere."

"Come on your own. There's plenty of room. All kinds of bums and relatives turn up at home! Come for the holidays, like we do here. Christmas would be good."

He said with shame, "I would, but Dad doesn't have the money to send me."

"Why not?"

He shrugged. "He doesn't earn enough."

She said, "Save up. Didn't you help out at the circus last Easter?"

"Yes."

"It made us all laugh like mad. You weren't a clown, were you?"

"I came on to clean up after the elephant," he said. "It made the audience laugh. Mostly I carried props around."

"But you're so small!"

"I'll get bigger."

She said, "You're big enough now to wash cars and dig gardens."

"That's true," he said. "I can do that."

"You can."

He kissed her. "Tell India I am coming!"

He was surprised to see his father standing at the foot of the stairs, watching them both.

It was then the taxis arrived, hooting their horns.

When everyone had gone, Ali's mother sighed with relief. She was leaving for work; she was a nurse who worked nights. She and Father had had a row earlier about what the eldest uncle had said. Ali's father was taking a correspondence course, which his wealthiest brother, the head of the family, was paying for. He had become angry with Ali's father, who had failed his exams and didn't seem to be making much of himself in England. At lunchtime, he had shouted, "There are so many opportunities here, *yaar*, and the only one you've taken is to marry Joan! Why are you letting down the whole family?"

His mother was already annoyed with the men as it was. A few days before, after she had shown off her new washing machine, they gave her all the Bombay family's washing to do. "I'm not their servant," she said, and then threw down the pillowcases that had been filled with dirty clothes. Father, with Ali's help, had to figure out how to work the machine, Ali reading the instructions, his father fiddling with the dials, as a pool of water crept across the floor. Then they ironed and folded the clothes, pretending it was Joan's handiwork.

Ali's father went into his room and sat at his desk. He might now study for hours, with a furious look on his face. Ali sat down, too. All he could hear was the ticking clock. The house seemed to have stopped breathing. His mother wouldn't return until the morning; she'd make his breakfast, insure he had a clean towel, and, when Mike knocked, send Ali off with him to the swimming baths.

Ali slipped out without his father appearing to notice; he didn't want to stay at home if no one was laughing or talking. He was surprised to find Mike still outside, kicking a tennis ball against the front wall.

"Come on out, yer bastard. Bin waiting for yer," he said. "What you bin doing, crying and all that?"

"Nothing," said Ali.

He and Mike trudged across the flat

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park at twilight; goalposts like gallows stood in the mud.

"You took yer time gettin' out," said Mike. "Nearly dark now."

"People were round."

"Hate it when that 'appens. Yer with yer mates now. Everyone'll be down the swings." Ali and Mike always went straight to the swings. If it was raining, they shared cigarettes in the dank shed where the footballers changed for the weekend league.

Mike shouted, "There they are! The scrubbers are out!"

They started to run. It wasn't far. Ali knew all the kids; they weren't his friends but lived nearby, some younger, others older. His mother called them "rough."

"Where you bin?" one of them said to Mike.

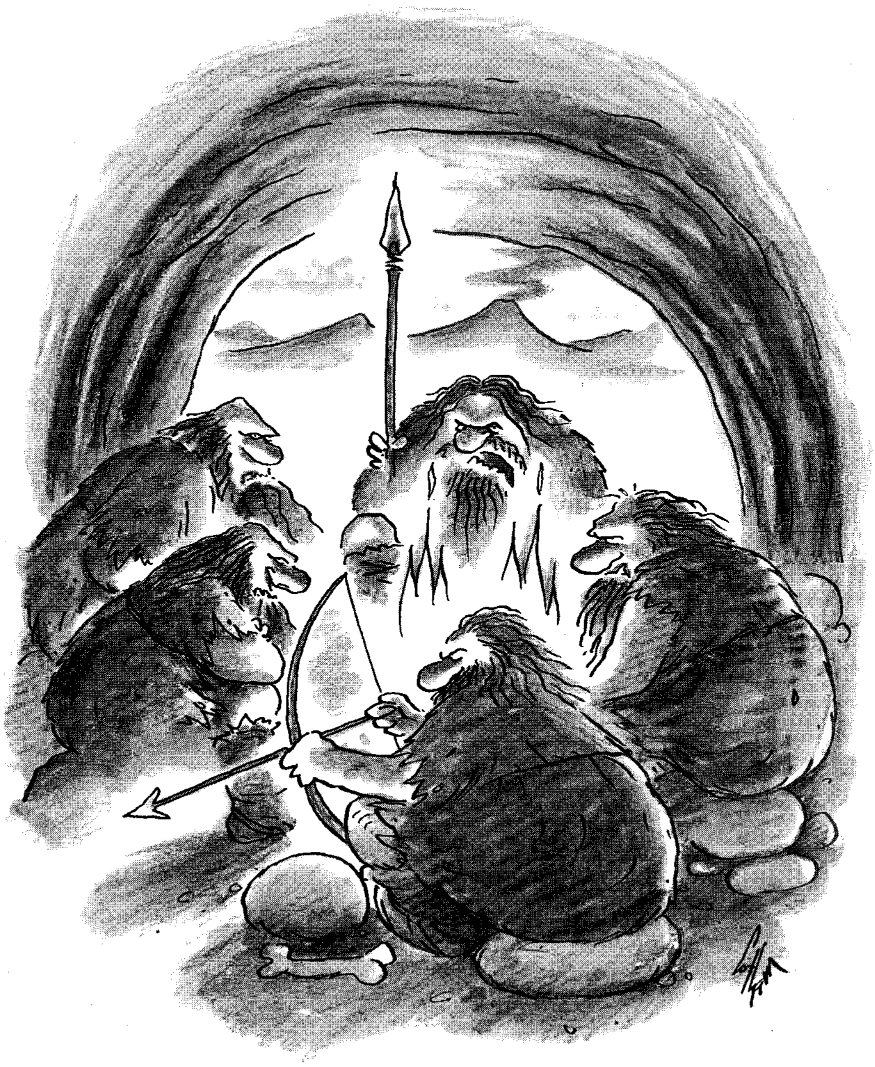
"Waiting for Ali. He had idiots round. There were dozens of 'em, smellin' the place out. It can't be allowed, so many darkies in a council house!"

The girls were on the swings, the boys smoking, spitting, and hanging from the metal uprights. The boys attempted to twang the girls' straps against their breasts as they swung up and down, but mostly they were discussing the dance. It was up at Petts Wood, and there'd be a reggae group. At the moment, everyone loved Desmond Dekker's music and they were talking about whether they'd be let into the dance hall or would have to sneak in through the back way and get lost in the darkness within. The girls would be allowed to slip past the doormen, but the boys were obviously too young. Ali knew he had no chance.

"There's nothing wrong with my family," Ali said to Mike.

"You over 'ere now," said Mike.

The two of them looked uncomprehendingly at one another. Ali spat and



"And make it look as if he'd been run over by a glacier."

strode away but realized he didn't want to go home. He would walk the streets until he was ready to see his father.

At the top of the road, he noticed Miss Blake's light on behind the net curtain. Sometimes he went in to see her on his way back from the young actors' club or his Spanish-guitar lesson. She always gave him sweets and half a crown. She lived with her brother, a porter at Victoria Station, who was well known for fighting in the local pubs.

Miss Blake was blind and always at her gate when the children returned from school and the commuters from work. Some of the other kids would cry out at her—"She's playing a blinder today!"—but she would continue to stand there, a pure, inane smile on her lips. Sometimes Ali walked around his bedroom with his eyes closed and his hands out in front, trying to know what it was like for her. He had visited her a lot lately, needing a few pennies. In return, she asked to hear what he'd done at school and what he thought of his friends. He had begun to enjoy his monologues; it was like keeping a diary aloud. Whatever he said, she listened. It was odd, but he spoke to her more than to anyone else.

He tapped on the front window. "Hi, Miss Blake."

"Come on in, Alan, dear."

She thought his name was Alan. He enjoyed being Alan for a while. Sometimes he went all day being Alan.

He followed her into the kitchen, which had patches of curling lino over the bare floorboards. The kitchen couldn't have been painted for twenty years and smelled of gas. To keep warm, Miss Blake always had the stove lit. She knew where everything was in the house, just by touch. The radio was playing wartime big-band music.

She got him a glass of water, which he tried never to drink (the glass was so filthy), and he placed it next to the metal box in which she kept her change. She always seemed to have plenty of change. She was said to have paintings inherited from her family, and in the neighborhood it was also rumored that, being unable to see them, she had sold them.

She sat there, waiting for him to speak.

At first, he thought he would tell her about the visit of his family and the restaurants they'd all been to; how they'd seen the zoo, Madame Tussaud's, and Hyde Park. But he had never mentioned his Indian connection before. She didn't know he was half Indian; she was the only person he knew who wasn't aware of this.

"Alan, light me one up," she said.

He pulled out a Players Number Six for her, and she took it and placed it in her mouth. She smoked heavily and liked him to light her fags so she could hang on to his hand. He had no idea of her real age. She could have been in her forties; she could have been in her early thirties. It was all the same to him.

"Where you been?" she said.

"Busy, busy, busy," he said.

She leaned forward. "It's good to be busy. Doing what?"

He told her about the visit of his uncles, aunties, and cousins. He told her the whole thing, dropping in casually the fact that they were from India. She listened attentively, as she always did, with one of her ears, rather than her eyes, pointed at him; he found himself speaking to the side of her head, to her wispy long hair and the lopsided smile.

"Our father was in India for twenty years," she said. "He was a tea trader. Said it was lovely. Better than here in all this cold. Now your family are off."

"They've gone."

"You're missing them." He didn't say anything for a bit. "What?" she said.

"Yes. I do, and will." He added, "I'm going over there, when I've saved up."

"Won't you take me?"

"You?"

"Oh, please, say yes, you will."

"To India?"

"Oh, take me, take me," she said. "My brother Ernie takes me nowhere. He just curses me. I beg him, just the day out, and why not? To smell and hear the sea, why not! They've got a blind school there."

"Where?"

"Bombay. I've been told of it! They might take me in to help the starvin' suffering children!"

What an extraordinary spectacle it would be in Bombay, the English Indian boy and the blind woman.

She was holding a chocolate. "Now, come here, you poor boy. Open."

He went to sit on the kitchen chair

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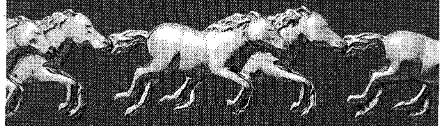

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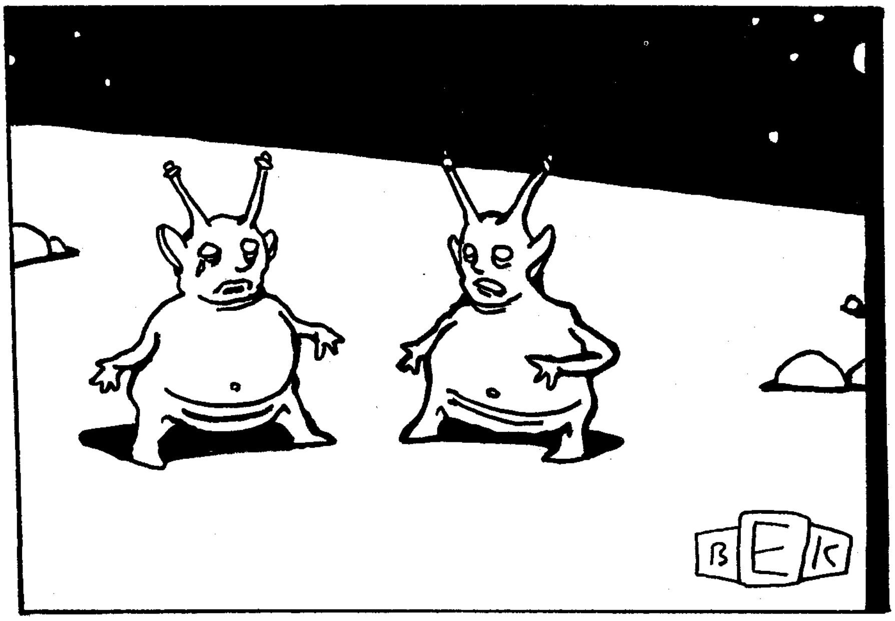

"You can't keep comparing yourself to those skinny little aliens you see in movies."

• •

beside her. Her pinafore was stained. Her eyes were heavy-lidded, always half closed. There was no reason, he supposed, for her to go to the trouble of keeping them open. The dark moons of her eyes seemed to have become stuck to the top of their sockets.

"Hot today."

"Where?"

"All over." He was flapping his shirt. "I'm sticky."

"No," she said. "Really? You need some talcum powder over you. I've got some somewhere. Let's do this first, because I know what you've come for."

"Do you?"

Ali opened his mouth in readiness. Then, he didn't know why, he closed his eyes as though expecting a kiss.

It was her other hand that reached up to his face; it was this hand that stroked his cheek, forehead, and nose, and traced the line of his lips.

"I'm only going to feel how big you are," she said, releasing the chocolate into his mouth. "Have you had a birthday recently? You seem bigger. That's what I'm trying to get at, Alan."

"No," he said, shaking his head and thereby shaking off her hand at last. "No increase in size this week."

"Just a minute." Now she was holding up half a crown, which he took and pushed into his pocket.

"Thanks. Lord, thanks, Miss Blake."

"Now keep still."

She reached for his throat. Her hand was trembling. She was fumbling at something around his neck, and then her hand eased down lower. Through his shirt, she was feeling his chest as if she had never touched another human body and wanted to know what it was like. Her eyelids seemed to be twitching. He had never been this close to her before. He let the chocolate sit on his tongue without biting it, until it melted and dissolved in the heat of his mouth. At that moment, strangely, he found himself thinking of writing to Zahida. When his father went to work tomorrow, he'd go into his room and take some of the flimsy blue airmail paper on which Dad wrote to his brothers. Ali always kept the stamps. He'd write Zahida a love letter, the first of many love letters, full of poems and drawings, telling her everything. Letters, he knew, took more than a week to get to India. He would start writing tomorrow and await her replies. When she replied, he would pick up her letters from the mat and read them on the school bus. Miss Blake worked Ali's shirt loose; it had come completely open.

Nurses like his mother had to touch strangers all the time. Mother said it was natural; she had seen some rotten things, but no human body had disgusted her.

Ali was silently counting the money he'd make; at this rate, he'd be able to stay with Zahida. There would be time for them to do "everything," as she had put it. He would go where she went, to the club, to the beach, to parties, in the chauffeur-driven car. The family would welcome him as their own. In the evenings, he would sit around with the vociferous men telling stories and jokes and talking politics. Maybe he'd get married over there, and his parents would join him. He'd have to work out the details.

Miss Blake continued to touch him. She seemed to have several hands, which went around and around his upper body, fluttering like dying birds. He had no idea where they would land next. His stomach? His back? He was unable to move, his eyes closed, and all he could hear was the radio and nothing on it that he liked. He made a move to leave, and Miss Blake let out a surprised cry and turned her face up to him. There was no alteration in the mushed clay of her eyes, but her mouth was twisted.

"Alan," she moaned.

He slapped the table and she slid another half crown across it. He put it in his pocket and skipped to the door.

"Alan, Alan!" Her fingers grasped at the air.

"You can't make me miss 'The Munsters.' "

She knew the house and could move quickly around it. But he was outside before she could touch him again.

Father was still at his desk, and his head was resting on his arms. Ali stroked his hair and then tickled his nose. Father sat up suddenly and looked around in surprise. "What time is this to come back?"

"Don't know."

"Don't go out with Mike too much," his dad said, trying to locate his pen, which Ali could see had fallen on the floor. Ali pointed at it. Dad bent down to pick it up and hit his head on the edge of the desk's open drawer. "Those boys are useless. They're all going to be motor mechanics!" said Dad, rubbing his head.

"I want to find better friends. Just like you want to find a better job."

"That's enough, Ali! We've got to work!"

Ali lay down on the sofa across the room. He pulled his shirt up; his fingers drifted across his body. He touched himself where Miss Blake had stroked him. He smelled his fingers. She was there on him, where Zahida had been earlier. Her money was in his pocket.

He got up. Pretending he was doing his homework, he began to draft his first letter to Zahida. He was already moving; he was already leaving this place.

Next morning, when he and Mike went past Miss Blake's house on their way to the open-air swimming pool, and Mike was singing a football song and kicking his kit bag on its cord, the blind woman was at her gate, rattling the bolt.

"Mike, Mike," she shouted. "Where's Alan?"

" 'Ere he is," said Mike. "Can't you see 'is stupid brown 'ead? Can't yer smell 'im?"

"'Morning, Miss Blake," said Ali.

"Alan, Alan!" She was leaning far over the gate. "Don't you want . . . something to eat? A chocolate or something?"

"I do, Miss Blake," Ali told her. "You know I do." Mike was laughing. "Just you wait there," Ali said. "I'll be back after I've had me dip."

"But Alan, Alan!" she called again, more urgently. "Won't you come here and light me snout?"

Ali looked at Mike and shrugged.

Ali went back to her, took the packet of Number Sixes from her hand, popped one in her mouth, took her lighter, and lit it. She grasped his hand tightly, as he knew she would. When the wind blew the flame out, he handed the lighter back to her. She slipped her hand through the gate and gave him sixpence, which he pocketed. He ran away up the street, to catch up with Mike. ♦

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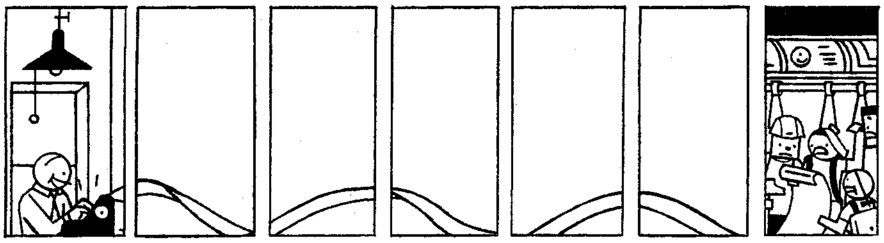

POSTSCRIPT

PAULINE KAEL

Loving the movies.

BY DAVID DENBY

She seemed constantly in motion, and constantly talking and laughing, too, saying so much that one was amazed by how much she also heard. At a screening, she reacted audibly to many things in the movie, sighing with amazement or dismay, sometimes panicking nearby moviegoers with a loudly muttered joke that disrupted the air like a plate crashing to the floor. Pauline Kael, who died last week at the age of eighty-two, in the house she loved, in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, struck many people as one of the most brilliantly and scandalously alive human beings they had ever met. She responded to everything she saw and felt—registering a soft breeze coming off the water or a curious-looking dog in the park, along with movies and books and people—and her responses were immediate, fearless, paralyzingly funny, and rarely altered or withdrawn. The many-sidedness of her attention fuelled her sense of movies as an all-encompassing art form, imperial in its range and its ability to absorb. She hated to see movies pinned down by theory to an essential nature—defined as purely visual or purely anything else. Movies were radically impure, that was the point; they incorporated many of the older arts, photography, painting, theatre, and the novel, and they required criticism alert to the spontaneous moment as well as to form, to an actor's fleeting expression as well as to a director's grand design.

In general, she was loath to speak of a movie thematically until she had established some flesh on the screen—a face, an image, a bit of color or movement, a sensuous or absurd detail that, connected to many other such details, embodied a judgment that breathed with anger and amusement. In print, as in person, she was insistent, rude, loving, and bawdy; always funny, often perverse, even perversely commonsensical. She enjoyed shocking the most important person in the room. She had a temperament resolutely opposed to forming any opinion by category or by aesthetic level. The old distinction between high and low, for instance, didn't much matter to her, for in movies, she was sure, art might not look like art, or, at least, like what people had been taught to respect as art—something formally composed, balanced, elegant. Movie art might be rough and raw, even messy. She preferred vitality to refinement; the irregular and jagged to the well proportioned; the aggressive, lunging uproar of American pop to the contained austerity of certain kinds of European art. The young Europeans she loved—the lusciously sensual Bertolucci of "The Conformist" and the word-happy and graphically dazzling Godard—were prized for their audacity. "An intellectual who is not afraid of sensation," Robert Brustein called her.

People who thought of her as a specialist in pop could be surprised at how much she knew, surprised by an acute and detailed appreciation of Henry James or an expert aside about nineteenth-century French painting. Born in Northern California, she was educated at Berkeley in the late thirties, and, while running movie revival houses there in the fifties and broadcasting on radio, she wrote not only for film magazines but for *Partisan Review* and, later, for *McCall's*, *Life*, and *The New Republic*. In some cases, her instinctive disdain for the received wisdom of the house (she panned "The Sound of Music" at *McCall's* and Antonioni's "Blow-Up" at *The New Republic*) led to a quick departure. Much of this combative and raucously funny work was gathered in the wide-ranging collections "I Lost It at the Movies" (published in 1965 and a best-seller) and "Kiss Kiss Bang Bang" (1968). When she joined this magazine, in 1968, she enjoyed for the first time in her life, at the age of forty-eight, the luxury of writing regularly and at length, and she published a long piece every week for six months at a stretch (in alternating periods with Penelope Gilliatt). Her work here continued, with one break, until 1991. In both abundance and quality, it was a performance very likely without equal in the history of American journalism.

Pauline arrived at the magazine at a challenging moment. The Vietnam War, and the social turmoil that arose in response to it, had produced a new critical and exploratory tone, a new moral realism in commercial American movies. It was a time for great popular art, and she became, quite consciously, the herald of a golden age, celebrating the early work of Francis Coppola, Steven Spielberg, Paul Mazursky, Robert Altman, Brian De Palma, Martin Scorsese, Frederick Wiseman, and many others. She reviewed, in the nineteen-seventies and eighties, the first two "Godfather" movies, "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" and "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial," "M*A*S*H" and "Nashville," "Mean Streets" and "Taxi Driver," "Dressed to Kill" and "Blow Out." These movies were very different in spirit from the movies she had grown up with and loved in the nineteen-thirties—the wise-cracking comedies

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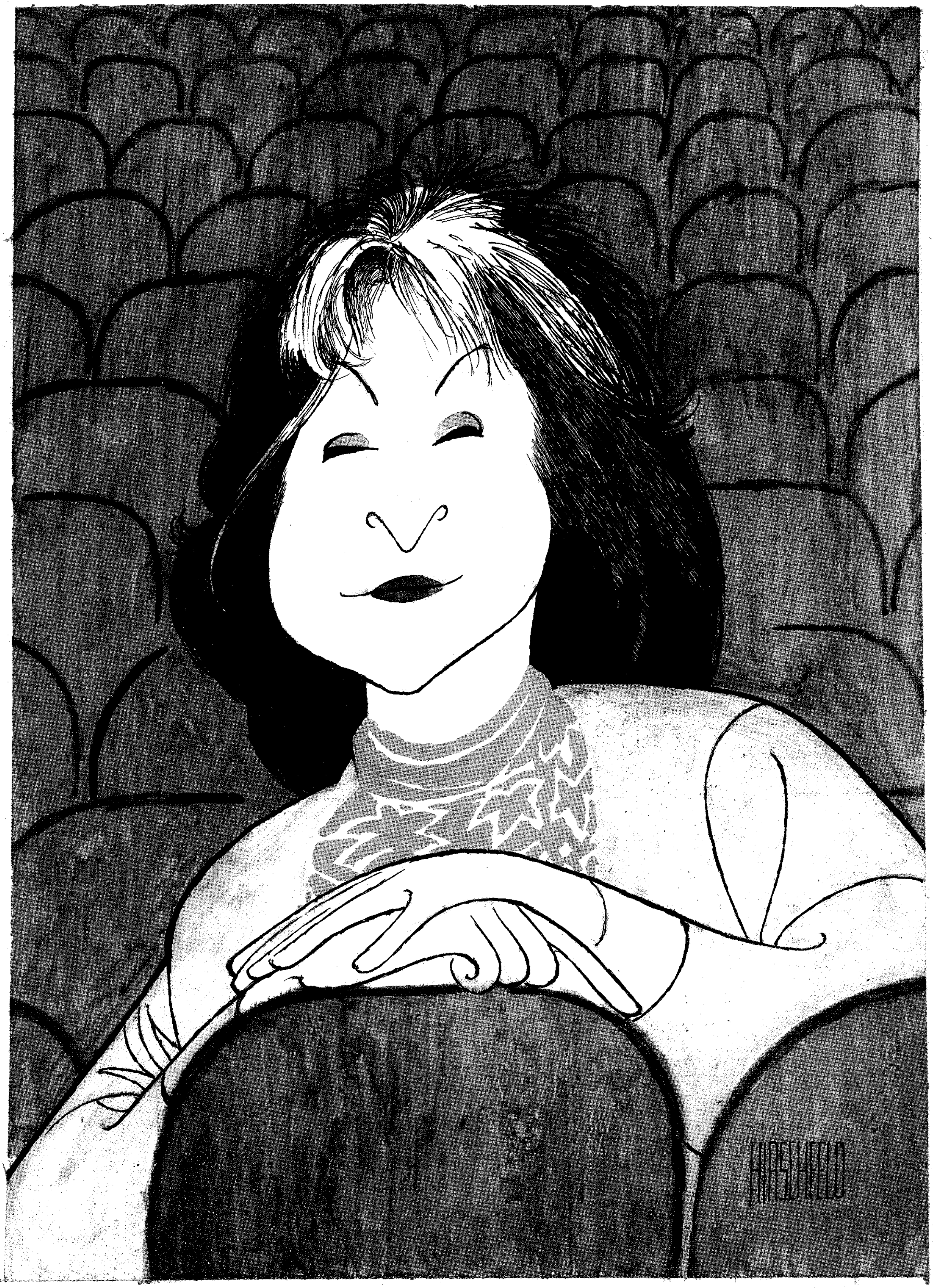

In print, as in person, she was insistent, rude, loving, and bawdy; always funny, often perverse, even perversely commonsensical.

and Astaire-and-Rogers musicals. The good American movies had become richer, more personal, more ambivalent morally, and they were often wounding rather than reassuring. She moved from the surface to the subtext, revelling in complications that other critics didn't have the equipment or the interest to expound; the reviews themselves had a tangled density comparable in texture to the movies that she loved. Pop culture was fresh, sometimes powerful, and subversive, and a single image or film, whether original or a reflection of something older, mattered enough to fight over. We weren't yet drowning in the waste of perpetual recycling, which has produced disgust as a mood and irony as a defense.

Pauline was too eager to get through to people to say one thing and mean another. Often surprisingly earnest and responsible and, if anything, concerned to a fault, as if she were the only one to whom a movie really mattered, she fretted over popular successes that she thought worthless ("Dirty Harry") and good movies that failed ("Band of Outsiders"); she grieved over audiences too priggish to respond to the sensuality of screen violence and those too savage to reject primitive kicks. She wanted to straighten everyone out; the world, particularly Hollywood, needed to listen to reason, her reason. But it was the brazen stylist, not the moralist or the pulse-taker of the national temper, that most people noticed. Readers and other writers quoted put-downs and ecstatic superlatives, but the famous one-liners were not just planted; they did their proper work, fastening the mood of a lengthy evocation or piece of analysis. She had the natural beat of a good musician, alternating the tension and weight of a long sentence with the brutal quick jab of a short one. She worked hard at momentum. Her writing was so urgent and heated that a complexly argued piece seemed to burst forth in a single unbroken stream of words that combined sternly proper syntax (reading aloud, she sounded like a schoolteacher) with free-ranging, rowdy habits of phrasing that might have startled a bartender. She was a master of informal rhetoric—the bullying mock question, the interjected taunt—and a great liberator of critical language, establishing the right, by means of charged rhythm and color, to speak one's mind on the page as one might talk to one's friends over a drink. She used slang, contractions, hype, insult, syncopated compound adjectives—anything for greater speed. The point was not to write like a lowbrow; the point was to write as an intellectual without closing the top button of your prose and thereby choking a strong, easy breath. Sometimes the good talk seemed to go on forever, stretching into dubiously omniscient evaluation of the psychology and soul of the movie's creators. She anticipated readers' objections and flummoxed enemies yet to appear on the horizon. She wanted to do everything—not only show us the movie but bring us the candy, sweep up the theatre, and walk us to our car after the show. In her hands, movie criticism burst its bounds and became a dominating star performance.

Goethe is supposed to have said that when we are faced with the great superiority of another person we have no means of safety but love. This poses a test that most of us would fail. Love? When Pauline Kael arrived in New York, many of the entrenched critics in town responded with loathing. She frequently brought this on herself, by shooting an arrow into the heart of another writer's vanity. She had the peculiar notion that everyone should have an exact idea of his own abilities, and she spent time adjusting the many (to her) unaccountable errors of self-esteem, building up some people, tearing down others. She got along poorly with some of her peers but responded happily to talent and ego in the young. She enjoyed the snarls of punky and morose young intellectuals (unless they hated pop culture), high ambitions and tart remarks. She created an aura of fearlessness around her, which attracted especially those just starting out and already stymied—a slumbering graduate student, a critic buried at a provincial paper—and she had an electrifying effect on such people, offering judgment of their work with such speed and decisiveness that a young critic hearing the amazing sentence "It's shit, honey" would feel both the dismissal and the endearment and would resolve, in a state of chagrin combined with revolt, to work on the writing yet again and try to make it better.

Pauline kept a notepad at her bedside and scribbled in the middle of the night. At dinner, among friends, she would suddenly dive into her bag and retrieve the pad, attacking it with a mysteriously sharpened little pencil, writing down sentences while laughing at the conversation going on around her. The first drafts of her reviews were composed very rapidly. She was tiny (about five feet), and would gather up her weight and lean on a tilted architect's table, writing in pencil on unlined paper. After a while, she'd get up to walk or dance around the room, only to return to the table and to an activity that was as much physical as intellectual. Fearing that she would end up a secretary, she never learned to type, so after she finished a review her daughter, Gina James, would run it through the typewriter while Pauline took a break, drinking a little watered wine, or talking to a friend on the telephone. Then, staring at the piece in horror and exclaiming at her own ineptitude, she would immediately begin tearing it apart, scissoring and recombining the paragraphs, writing in new observations and jokes in the margins or above the lines, at which point the piece would be typed again. The process continued without interruption at the office, where, like Proust after an injection of caffeine, she would assault the galleys, rearranging and rewriting, adding and subtracting still more jokes—on and on, until the pages were reluctantly yielded to the press.

It was this inexhaustible, unappeasable drive, as of an unruly river overflowing its banks, that produced for the reader the experience of being challenged, undermined, and satisfied all at once. The pieces vibrated; they were a living, ornery creation. To write criticism, she felt, you had to hold back nothing of yourself and keep nothing in the movie or the world at arm's length. At her peak, giving herself in this way, she seemed the happiest person alive. ♦

Like Joyce, Jean-Luc Godard seems to be a great but terminal figure. The most gifted younger directors and student filmmakers all over the world recognize his liberation of the movies; they know that he has opened up a new kind of movie-making, that he has brought a new sensibility into film, that, like Joyce, he is both kinds of master—both innovator and artist. But when they try to follow him they can't beat him at his own game, and they can't (it appears) take what he has done into something else; he's so incredibly fast he always gets there first. He has obviously opened doors, but when others try to go through they're trapped. He has already made the best use of his innovations, which come out of his need for them and may be integral only to his material. It's the strength of his own sensibility that gives his techniques excitement. In other hands, his techniques are just mannerisms; other directors who try them resemble a schoolboy walking like his father. Godard has already imposed his way of seeing on us—we look at cities, at billboards and brand names, at a girl's hair differently because of him. And when others pick up the artifacts of his way of seeing, we murmur "Godard" and they are sunk.

"Weekend," 1968.

Vulgarity is not as destructive to an artist as snobbery, and in the world of movies vulgar strength has been a great redemptive force, cancelling out niggling questions of taste. I think "Fiddler on the Roof," directed by Norman Jewison, is an absolutely smashing movie; it is not especially sensitive, it is far from delicate, and it isn't even particularly imaginative, but it seems to me the most *powerful* movie musical ever made.

"Fiddler on the Roof," 1971.

"The Sugarland Express" is like some of the entertaining studio-factory films of the past (it's as commercial and shallow and impersonal), yet it has so much eagerness and flash and talent that it just about transforms its scrubby ingredients. The director, Steven Spielberg, is twenty-six; I can't tell if he has any mind, or even a strong personality, but then a lot of good moviemakers have got by without being profound. He isn't saying anything special in "The Sugarland Express," but he has a knack for bringing out young actors, and a sense of composition and movement that almost any director might envy. Composition seems to come naturally to him, as it does to some of the young Italians; Spielberg uses his gift in a very free-and-easy, American way—for humor, and for a physical response to action. He could be that rarity among directors—a born entertainer—perhaps a new generation's Howard Hawks. In terms of the pleasure that technical assurance gives an audience, this film is one of the most phenomenal début films in the history of movies. If there is such a thing as a movie sense—and I think there is (I know fruit venders and cabdrivers who have it and some movie critics who don't)—Spielberg really has it. But he may be so full of it that he doesn't have much else. There's no sign of the emergence of a new film artist (such as Martin Scorsese) in "The Sugarland Express," but it marks the début of a new-style, new-generation Hollywood hand.

"The Sugarland Express," 1974.

Suddenly, in the last few years, our view of the world has gone beyond "good taste." Tasteful suggestions of violence would at this point be a more grotesque form of comedy than "Bonnie and Clyde" attempts. "Bonnie and Clyde" needs violence; violence is its meaning. When, during a comically botched-up getaway, a man is shot in the face, the image is obviously based on one of the most famous sequences in Eisenstein's "Potemkin"—to convey in an instant how someone who just happens to be in the wrong place at the wrong time, the irrelevant "innocent" bystander, can get it full in the face. And at that instant the meaning of Clyde Barrow's character changes; he's still a clown, but *we've* become the butt of the joke.

It is a kind of violence that says something to us; it is something that movies must be free to use. And it is just because artists must be free to use violence—a legal right that is beginning to come under attack—that we must also defend the legal rights of those film-makers who use violence to sell tickets, for it is not the province of the law to decide that one

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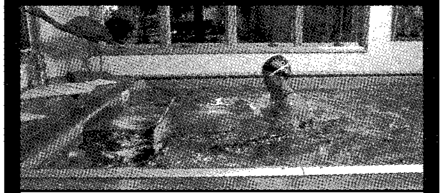

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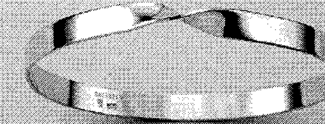

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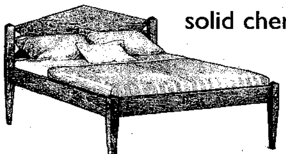
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man is an artist and another man a no-talent. The no-talent has as much right to produce works as the artist has, and not only because he has a surprising way of shifting from one category to the other but also because men have an inalienable right to be untalented, and the law should not discriminate against lousy "artists."

"Bonnie and Clyde," 1967.

It's a straight heterosexual film, but with a feeling for the sexiness of young boys who are bursting their britches with energy and desire—who want to *go*—which recalls Kenneth Anger's short film "Scorpio Rising" (1963). Anger celebrated the youth and sexuality and love of speed of motorcycle gangs while mocking their fetishistic trappings—the swastikas and black leather and chains that they used to simulate fearlessness. Those boys lived in a homoerotic fantasy of toughness, and their idols were James Dean and Brando, as the motorcyclist in "The Wild One." The boys in "Saturday Night Fever" have more traditional desires, though in a new, pop form. Their saint is Al Pacino—the boy like them who became somebody without denying who he was. When Tony looks in the mirror, it's Pacino he wants to see, and he keeps Pacino's picture on his wall. (He also has posters of Bruce Lee, of Farrah Fawcett-Majors, and of Sylvester Stallone and Talia Shire in "Rocky.") It's not just that Pacino is for the Bay Ridge boys what Brando was for their parents; Brando represented the rebellious antithesis of the conventional heroes of his time, while Pacino stands alone. These boys are part of the post-Watergate working-class generation with no heroes *except* in TV-show-biz land; they have a historical span of twenty-three weeks, with repeats at Christmas.

"Saturday Night Fever," 1977.

We all know that movie actors often merge with their roles in a way that stage actors don't, quite, but Brando did it even on the stage. I was in New York when he played his famous small role in "Truckline Café" in 1946; arriving late at a performance, and seated in the center of the second row, I looked up and saw what I thought was an actor having a seizure onstage. Embarrassed for him, I lowered my eyes, and it wasn't until the young man who'd brought me grabbed my arm and said "Watch this guy!" that I realized he was *acting*. I think a lot of people will make my old mistake when they see Brando's performance as Paul; I think some may prefer to make this mistake, so they won't have to recognize how deep down he goes and what he dredges up. Expressing a character's sexuality makes new demands on an actor, and Brando has no trick accent to play with this time, and no putty on his face. . . . The excitement of Brando's performance here is in the revelation of how creative screen acting can be. At the simplest level, Brando, by his inflections and rhythms, the right American obscenities, and perhaps an improvised monologue, makes the dialogue his own and makes Paul an authentic American abroad, in a way that an Italian writer-director simply couldn't do without the actor's help. At a more complex level, he helps Bertolucci discover the movie in the process of shooting it, and that's what makes moviemaking an art.

"Last Tango in Paris," 1972.

Meryl Streep just about always seems miscast. (She makes a career out of seeming to overcome being miscast.) In "Postcards from the Edge," she's witty and resourceful, yet every expression is eerily off, not quite human. When she sings in a country-and-Western style, she's note-perfect, but it's like a diva singing jazz—you don't believe it. Streep has a genius for mimicry: she's imitating a country-and-Western singer singing. These were my musings to a friend, who put it more simply: "She's an android." Yes, and it's Streep's android quality that gives "Postcards" whatever interest it has.

"Postcards from the Edge," 1990.

You have to be open to the idea of getting drunk on movies. (Being able to talk about movies with someone—to share the giddy high excitement you feel—is enough for a friendship.) Our emotions rise to meet the force coming from the screen, and they go on rising throughout our movie-going lives. When this happens in a popular art form—when it's an art experience that we discover for ourselves—it is sometimes disparaged as fannishness. But there's something there that goes deeper than connoisseurship or taste. It's a fusion of art and love.

"Movie Love," 1991.

ON TELEVISION

COMBAT FATIGUE

Reliving the Second World War on HBO.

BY NANCY FRANKLIN

The bonds of war: Tragedy and tedium unite the soldiers in "Band of Brothers."

TOM BACHTELL

The enormous surge of interest in the Second World War that has taken place over the past ten years was to some extent inevitable; the early nineties saw the beginning of a succession of fiftieth anniversaries related to the war, and it seems to be human nature to let no fiftieth anniversary go unobserved. Formerly reticent veterans, then in their seventies, began telling their stories, and reading newspaper articles and books about their experiences (and seeing them on the History Channel, which is so wrapped up in the Second World War that it is sometimes referred to by its devotees as the Hitler Channel) provided the education about the war that many of us never got in school, or—even if we had family members who fought in the war—at home. Finally, the children of "the greatest generation" could relate to their parents, and even be in awe of them. Baby boomers who had assiduously avoided all things military now fell in love with what was seen as the last "good" war.

Steven Spielberg's "Saving Private Ryan" was a product of this newfound appreciation, as is "Band of Brothers," HBO's new ten-part miniseries, which Spielberg and Tom Hanks, the star of "Saving Private Ryan," executive-produced. Based on the best-selling book by Stephen E. Ambrose, the series re-creates the experiences of a company of paratroopers—E Company—in the 101st Airborne Division, who began training together in 1942 and first hit the ground on June 6, 1944, behind enemy lines in Normandy, and went on to fight in Holland, Belgium, and Germany, ending up at Eagle's Nest, Hitler's mountain retreat, in the spring of 1945. In the foreword to the paperback edition of his book, Ambrose, who served as a consultant on "Saving Private Ryan" and is a co-executive producer of "Band of Brothers," said that it was "the personalization" of the story of Easy Company, as it was known, that he, Spielberg, Hanks, and readers were drawn to: "The war was so big, with so many characters and outstanding—and not so outstanding—generals and statesmen that people grow weary of reading about Dwight Eisenhower and the Supreme Command, or Franklin Roosevelt and his high command, or the strategy of war. What they seek is the experience of the individual soldier or sailor or airman. They want to know, What did he do? How could he have done that?"

Spielberg was widely lauded for the "authenticity" of the combat scenes in "Saving Private Ryan." In many earlier war movies, you find yourself waiting for the fighting; in "Saving Private Ryan," you can't wait for it to be over. "Band of Brothers" takes the same realistic approach, and watching it seems to replicate the experience of serving in a war: there are long, tedious stretches where you don't know exactly what's going on, punctuated by sudden intense, terrifying, chaotic stretches where you don't know exactly what's going on. You're right in the thick of things, and the camera often jerks all over the place, making it impossible for you to get your bearings (something called an image shaker is employed to achieve this vertiginous effect), and at times you long for the storytelling equivalent of an overhead shot—some glimpse of the big picture—to help you make sense of what you're seeing. The show, which cost a hundred and twenty million dollars to make, and heaven knows how much to promote—HBO all but sent C-47s around the country dropping leaflets from the sky—is so careful in its attempts to create a "you are there" mood that it's long on period detail and maddeningly short on information. (Adding to the general confusion is the difficulty of telling all those smudge-faced, helmeted privates apart.) You almost *have* to read the book to follow the series. In the book, Ambrose pulls back from the men's stories from time to time to give you some sense of the larger objectives of the campaigns, and his no-nonsense prose provides some historical perspective and judgment. In the miniseries, at the end of an episode about the Battle of the Bulge, during which the 101st Airborne was surrounded by the enemy until Patton's Third Army broke through German lines, an explanatory paragraph is shown on the screen which says, in part, "No member of the 101st has ever agreed that the division needed to be rescued." The same sentence appears in Ambrose's book, but with a leavening exclamation point at the end: with one stroke of a typewriter key, he conveys that we are meant both to appreciate the pride behind this sentiment and to treat it with some skepticism.

There are times in the series when the flatness of the drama does serve the story quite well, and you can feel the awfulness of what the war has done to the men. The Battle of the Bulge episode, called "Bastogne," begins, like all but one of the episodes, with a minute or so of interviews with real veterans of Easy Company. (These white-haired, well-spoken men are a joy—if that's the right word, given what they're talking about—to listen to; their reminiscences alone make "Band of Brothers" worthwhile. The veterans are not identified by name until very late in the series, which I found frustrating, but I suppose that's in keeping with the theme that their cohesiveness as a group was what mattered, not their individuality.) One of them mentions that even now, when he's going to bed on very cold nights, he'll say to his wife, "I'm glad I'm not in Bastogne." For a week in December of 1944, Easy Company endured extreme cold and a lack of food while facing daily sniper fire and nightly mortar attacks. This episode focusses on the increasing desperation and isolation of the company's medic, Eugene Roe (played by Shane Taylor), and it's almost like a dream—the kind of dream in which you know that something bad is going to happen and you're helpless to do anything about it. As Roe walks in the snow, tending to broken bodies, trying to stop the bleeding of wounded soldiers, and looking more and more blank, a strange sense of quiet envelops him, and you wonder if he is going crazy. It's one of the few times in the series, with all its explosions and splattering of blood, that the confusion and the arbitrariness of all the death has an emotional impact.

Both Ambrose's book and the miniseries make it clear that if Easy Company was remarkable—it was, after all, just one of many élite units in the war—it was largely owing to its remarkable leadership, chiefly that of Captain Richard Winters, who was the company's commanding officer for a good part of the war. He seems never to have made a wrong move, either tactically or, when it came to dealing with his men, psychologically. (Even later in life, Winters had the ability to get men to follow him: it was he who suggested, when Ambrose interviewed him about D Day in 1990, that Ambrose write the history of Easy Company.) Damian Lewis, one of the many non-household names that make up the cast of "Band of Brothers," was a good choice for Winters—with his big Burt Lancaster eyes and grave face, he is able to evoke Winters's humanity and accessibility, as well as the sense of mystery and reserve that emanates from all good leaders.

People watching this show will wonder whether they would have what it takes to do what Winters did if they were in his situation; in a show on the History Channel called "Moments of Truth" (which Ambrose executive-produced and which is timed to run after the first episode of "Band of Brothers"), Ambrose says that at the moment of truth a soldier in battle is thinking, "I could get killed out here." The overwhelming question, Ambrose says, is " 'Am I a coward?' And the only way you can ever find out is to be in combat." This is bad news indeed for the generation of viewers who grew up with the message that Coke, not facing death in war, is the real thing. Hanks and Spielberg have gone to great lengths to bring Americans who have never put their lives on the line as authentic a facsimile of that experience as possible, with all the requisite boredom and excitement and bonding and misery that go with it. In a sense, "Band of Brothers" is a lot like the war: it seems to go on forever, and you're glad when it's finally over. And, in a sense, that kind of authenticity may be the highest tribute that the filmmakers can pay the members of Easy Company. ♦

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BOOKS

GOD ON THE BRAIN

The curious coupling of science and religion.

BY JEROME GROOPMAN

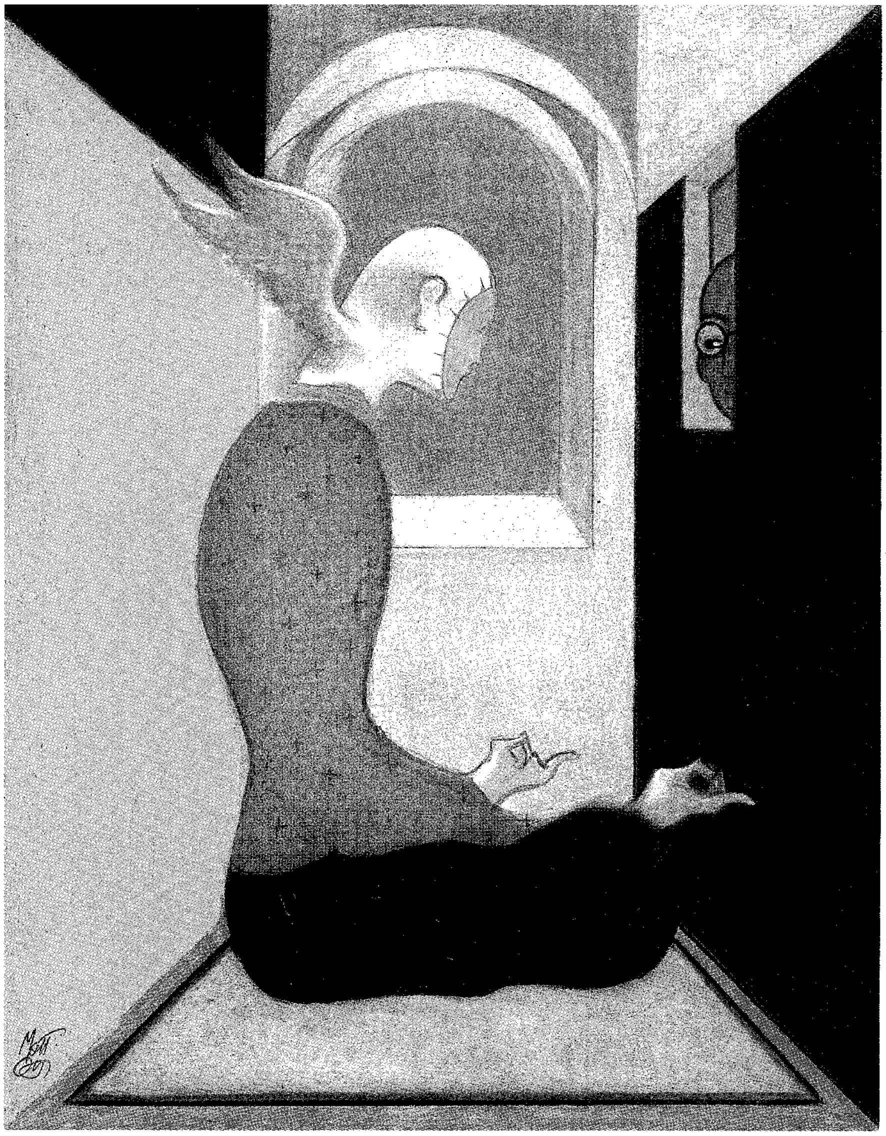
Each morning, as the sun rises I pray. The shaharith service is largely unvarying, except that there is a different Psalm for each day of the week. I know most of the prayers by heart, and often close my eyes as I recite them. This purposeful blindness allows me to retreat from the distractions of the surrounding world. My Jewish heritage is mixed—the tight scholastic rationalism of Vilna, in Lithuania, on my father's side, and the ecstatic Hasidic mysticism of Hungary's Carpathian Mountains, on my mother's—and, while praying, I try to touch both traditions. Sometimes I will think about the root of a particular word in an attempt to delve deeper into the message of the text. Other times, I recite the ancient Hebrew words in a rapid monotone until they flood over me, submerging distinct thought.

As I near the end of the prayers, I search for a kernel of meaning for the day ahead. For example, on Tuesdays, which I generally spend in the clinic, seeing people with cancer, blood diseases, and AIDS, I recite Psalm 82; it instructs us to "uphold the downtrodden and the destitute." Fridays are devoted to analyzing the week's accumulated laboratory data—the sequence or function of a novel gene, the structure of a cellular protein, the effects of a new drug—and that day's Psalm, No. 93, celebrates the mystery and majesty of the physical world.

But there are many mornings, at home or in synagogue, when ritual fails to bring meaning. Etymology then feels like a self-indulgent parlor game; the rhythmic chanting is distracting rather than transporting. Closing my eyes brings only darkness and a chilling sense of emptiness.

In the past, religion and biology have usually been in sharp conflict, but in recent years scientists of faith have sought to narrow the divide. Technological advances have made it possible to chart the neural circuits that are switched on and off during religious experiences; this work dovetails with studies examining the physiological effects of repetitive prayer, chanting, and meditation, and with recent attempts to measure the effects of religion on health. Data on the science of spirituality are being sought not only in the laboratory and in the clinic but also in the church and the synagogue and the mosque. Much of the funding for these studies has come from the John Templeton Foundation, a philanthropy that focusses on reconciling science and religion. But what does this new partnership signify? And can the burgeoning biology of religious experience be used to argue convincingly for the existence of God?

In the past decade, Dr. Herbert Benson, of the Harvard Medical School, has attempted to assess the physiological consequences of prayer. In the early seventies, he showed that a "relaxation response" occurs in human beings during periods of intentional tranquillity: the heart rate, respiratory rate, and glucose metabolism all slow down. In his recent book "Timeless Healing: The Power and Biology of Belief" (Scribner; $14), he provides considerable data showing that the relaxation response can ameliorate hypertension, asthma, cardiac arrhythmias, and, of course,



LORENZO MATTOTTI

anxiety. But Benson, himself a believer, also broadens his focus here, arguing that faith—by providing meaning to one's life, relief from existential angst, and hope during times of difficulty—can significantly affect one's recovery during periods of poor health. Benson does point out that a secular humanist can achieve the same beneficial effects through meditation, and he is careful not to assert that any of his experimental data should be construed as indicating the presence of a deity, but the book's science is clearly serving a larger inspirational goal.

Is religion really good for you? In a monumental new work, "Handbook of Religion and Health" (Oxford; $65), Dr. Harold G. Koenig, of Duke University Medical Center, Michael E. McCullough, of Southern Methodist University, and Dr. David B. Larson, of Duke and Northwestern, subject that popular assumption to rigorous analysis. They review and evaluate some sixteen hundred twentieth-century studies and articles concerning the impact of belief on health. Their conclusions are not entirely encouraging: they suggest that although the relationship between health and spirituality is clearly worthy of serious study, much of the research done in the field to date has been shoddy. Koenig and his collaborators also go to great lengths to educate the reader about negative effects of belief and orthodoxies, which, in the current cultural climate, are rarely mentioned, such as the fear that disease is punishment for sin, and that assistance is preferably derived through miracles rather than through medicines.

Koenig suggests that the logical evolution of such research is to seek the place where religious beliefs originate in the brain; this nascent field is called "neurotheology." Dr. Andrew Newberg, of the radiology department at the University of Pennsylvania, with his late colleague Dr. Eugene d'Aquili, in the Department of Psychiatry, open their book "Why God Won't Go Away: Brain Science & the Biology of Belief" (Ballantine; $24.95) with a sophisticated SPECT-scan study of a Buddhist engaged in Tibetan meditation. The authors also cite studies of seven other Tibetan Buddhists and several Franciscan nuns. The researchers mapped these subjects' brains both before and at the peak of their transcendent feelings. Beforehand, the scan's computer portrays the brain's activity as a palette of fierce reds and rich yellows. During meditation or prayer, however, a marked color change was noted in a small region on the left side of the cerebrum called the posterior superior parietal lobe, which is just behind the crown of the skull. The flaming reds had turned into a deep azure, signalling a substantial decline in activity.

MARATHON
KOREN

"We're pretty wiped. In one day, we summitted Gucci, Fendi, Comme des Garçons, Louis Vuitton, and Century 21."

The parietal lobe is involved in how we locate ourselves in physical space; it integrates cues from the environment so that we do not walk into a door, or fail to raise our foot and step smartly off an escalator. The authors term this region the "orientation association area," or O.A.A., and they believe that the decrease in its activity during meditation or prayer is highly significant. With no sensory stimulus to delineate the borderline between the self and the world, the authors conclude, the brain would "have no choice" but to perceive that the self is "endless and intimately interwoven with everyone and everything the mind senses."

A dulling of spatial perception could well be key to experiencing a fluid sense of spiritual communion, such as many mystics do; this would also help explain why mystical occurrences, across a wide range of faiths, are often described in metaphorically similar terms. But then the authors take matters one step further. After declaring that these experiences are "not outside of the range of normal brain function," they conclude, "In other words, mystical experience is biologically, observably, and scientifically real." Later, they say, "If we do trust our perceptions of the physical world, we have no rational reason to declare that spiritual experience is a fiction that is 'only' in the mind."

This is the cardinal error of neurotheology: mixing terms and methods of science and religion in an attempt to confer the former's authority on the latter. Revelation, the authors suggest, need no longer be relegated to the spiritual realm—the sort of thing available only to a select few in the form of burning bushes or thundering voices in the desert. It can be seen on a computer screen, in vibrant colors, by all. The authors entertain the hypothesis that the images of the left posterior superior parietal lobe may provide a "photograph of God." Indeed, it is through this neural pathway that "God gets into your head." And they come close to asserting that the

SPECT scan proves the existence of God, or, in the authors' cross-cultural term, Absolute Unitary Being:

> Those who have experienced advanced states of mystical unity, however, claim that these states do feel like a higher reality. . . . They insist that when compared to our baseline sense of reality, Absolute Unitary Being is more vividly, more convincingly real. . . . Logic suggests that what is less real must be contained by what is more real. . . . So, if Absolute Unitary Being truly is more real than subjective or objective reality—more real, that is, than the external world and the subjective awareness of the self—then the self and the world must be contained within, and perhaps created by, the reality of Absolute Unitary Being.

Yet everything that happens in the mind happens in the brain, and can, in principle, be imaged with the new technology. It is all, in some sense, "real," because it represents the flux of electrons along neurons and the flow of neurotransmitters at synapses. Colors would also change on a SPECT scan during illusions and delusions, making them similarly "real." For example, hallucinogens, like peyote, that were used by some Native American tribes in their religious rites caused profound alterations in circuits of the brain which mediate sensory perceptions, like vision and hearing. Similarly, dreams—which my Hasidic forebears often interpreted as messages from a supernatural world—are associated with various changes in cerebral regions, particularly those which mediate visual perceptions from the retina, even though the eyes of the dreamer are closed. The words "real" and "illusory" become meaningless if one stays strictly within the cranium.

Not only do the studies of Newberg and d'Aquili fall prey to circular reasoning; they address only one facet of religious experience and elevate it to universal significance. My Vilna ancestors dismissed the mystical flights of their Hasidic brethren, staying steady on the rational road to God. Their parietal lobe on a SPECT scan would appear to be hot as they argued legalistic Talmudic questions and Biblical exegeses, not cooling down. Similarly, scholars like St. Thomas Aquinas and Moses Maimonides encountered God through reason rather than through ecstasy. Nor is the orientation-association area likely to be altered in the religious experiences that are familiar to most of today's Judeo-Christian faithful—learning the Bible, listening to sermons, observing the Ten Commandments. In other words, during the forms of worship practiced by most religions in the West today, the activity of the left posterior superior parietal lobe would not be sufficient to generate "God's photograph."

Carol Rausch Albright and the late James B. Ashbrook come at neurotheology from a nonmystical angle, but their reasoning is equally dubious. Albright was the executive editor of *Zygon*, a journal devoted to science and religion, and is currently at the Zygon Center for Religion and Science; Ashbrook was a professor of religion and personality at the Garrett-Evangelical Theological Seminary, in Evanston, Illinois, a United Methodist institution. The guiding argument of their collaboration, "Where God Lives in the Human Brain" (Pilgrim; $22.95), is that our cerebral circuitry provides a Rosetta stone that will allow us not only to decipher how we experience religion but also to decode God's attributes and intentions.

While disclaiming phrenology and acknowledging that all parts of the brain interact, Albright and Ashbrook nonetheless frame their discussion using the reductionist model of a "triune," or three-part, organ. This is the primitive "reptilian" brain, mainly the brain stem and hypothalamus; the overlying "mammalian" brain, which includes limbic emotive and hippocampal memory centers; and the neocortex, the most developed outer part of the cerebrum, which mediates higher functions such as cognition. This tripartite model roughly parallels the evolution of the nervous system of animals. And our descriptions of God, the authors say, roughly correspond to these different parts of the brain. For example, God as perceived in the concrete world is attributed to the workings of our reptilian brain, whereas God felt as nurturer, an object of affection and love, reflects the emotive system of the mammalian brain, and God as the Word, Logos, is a New Testament portrayal of the divine which is affirmed through the advanced neocortex.

It is perfectly plausible that emotions and thoughts that relate to God are mediated by the same circuits in the brain

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that mediate similar responses to worldly objects and activities. Yet here again neurotheology begins with science and ends in mythology. Albright and Ashbrook turn our cerebral experience of seeking God into finding God in our cerebrum—an inversion that prompts the authors to reformulate virtually every human discipline and domain into "neurotheological" terms. For example, the source of the Hebrew people's possessive feelings for the Holy Land is said to be derived from the reptilian brain, which stimulates a primitive animal's fierce sense of territoriality. Deep spiritual love and its memory are depicted as outgrowths of the emotive mammalian brain. Exegesis of a prayer's intellectual content is the outer cortex. So, as I face east, toward Jerusalem, I veer reptilian; as I recite Kaddish, I ascend to the mammalian level; and as I analyze a prayer I emerge neocortical.

In fact, what is missing from neurotheology is precisely what all neuroscience demands: rigorously designed experiments. Such experiments always include controls that provide both a known positive result and a clear negative result, which should be null for the expected phenomenon. With this essential methodology in mind, we would want to analyze the SPECT-scan experiment done on the Tibetan Buddhist at the moment he feels united with the universe and relinquishes his sense of self. The positive control for the observed change in the orientation-association area would be an event when the human soul actually merges with the divine, since that would validate the hypothesis that the O.A.A. is fundamental to authentic connection with the deity. And that event is—what? Is it a Cabalist unveiling the mystery of God through the mental gymnastic of numerology? Or is the positive control an exhausted Catholic penitent carrying a massive cross on his back along the Via Dolorosa, or a flagellant whipping himself in a Spanish rite? What do SPECT scans look like then? Forms of worship that demand mathematical calculations or the experience of physical pain would recruit different neural circuits from those used during serene Buddhist meditation or Franciscan prayer. Should we search for "a photograph of God" in these other brain regions during such mystical experiences?

One is equally hard put to identify a negative control for the SPECT-scan experiments. That would require a nonreligious experience, when the brain is totally detached from the divine. If God is omnipresent, a cardinal concept in nearly all faiths, then every experience at every moment can have religious valence. Even doubting God is a part of faith, the Protestant theologian Paul Tillich argues. If that is so, then a SPECT scan done on me when I feel a cold emptiness after praying would not serve as a "negative control." Paradoxically, such alienation could be a key religious experience bringing me closer to God, even though my parietal lobe would appear to be metabolically "on," flaming yellow and red.

Albright and Ashbrook make even less of an effort than Newberg and d'Aquili to embrace the structure of experimental neuroscience. Their basic premise—that dissecting man's brain provides a template for God's attributes and intentions—doesn't allow for any positive and negative controls in experiments that may affirm, or refute, this hypothesis. Perhaps, as the authors suggest, evil should be taken as a counterpoint to God. Then the triune brain of a Nazi is a negative control. Its dark impulses, these authors write, reflect excess reptilian activity. But the data for this, of course, are nonexistent, and Albright and Ashbrook do not even feign to find them. Moreover, Adolf Eichmann appeared to be highly cerebral—a calculating, organized intelligence—and all the more evil for it. The genocidal apparatus he designed was more likely the product of his neocortex than of his reptilian brain.

For centuries, religion staked its claims on reality by skirting the scientific method, as Galileo and Darwin well knew. There are still creationists in our society who reject astrophysics and evolution, but for the vast majority science has become both pervasive and welcome in our daily lives. Its power, we are told, is unlimited. For example, the success of the human-genome project inspired intoxicated enthusiasts to proclaim that the new information will ultimately control disease and retard our aging. It seems that nothing is beyond the reach of our astounding new technologies. Science is emerging as an entity of unending veneration—with the attributes of omnipresence, omnipotence, and omniscience, and promises of a veritable paradise on earth. Sound familiar?

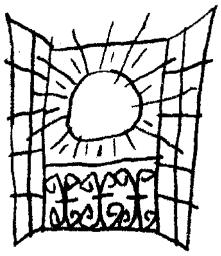
This ascendancy of science frames the question: Why do we have this strained attempt, clothed in the rubric "neurotheology," to objectify faith with the bells and whistles of technology? Polls show that we live in a time of spiritual thirsting, and that nearly all of our citizens (some ninety-five per cent) believe in God. About eighty per cent pray on a regular basis, and more than forty per cent attend church weekly. It would be comforting to be able to worship at the altar of science if that altar could be relocated to a church or a synagogue or a mosque or a Buddhist temple. Doubt and uncertainty are erased by science's insistence on reproducible, measurable results.

But science does not seek such worship. The attempt to overlay its authority with the cloak of mysticism or the imprimatur of Logos tells us more about the persistent sense of vulnerability that people of faith, like myself, live with than about the deeper workings of the Deity. Man is a proper subject for study in the world of science. God is not. Science is a discipline that demands accurate measurements of phenomena upon which to build models of cause and effect. But the dimensions of what we call the soul—the divine spark in human life—cannot be so delineated, and thus the soul must be excluded from such considerations. Religion in modern culture seeks properly to attribute spiritual meaning to the experience of the physical world, whereas science lays no claim to meaning: it is always agnostic. The possibility that we are intrinsically wired for spirituality cannot be dismissed; the complexities of the cultural forms we know as religion may well grow from blueprints in the brain that have evolved over the millennia. But, as has been the case with all past attempts to "prove" the presence or intent of God, SPECT scans and cerebral anatomy fall far short of doing so. Indeed, to believe that science is a way to decipher the divine, that technology can capture "God's photograph," is to deify man's handiwork. And that, both religious mystics and scholars agree, is the essence of idolatry. ♦

BRIEFLY NOTED

Lightning Field, *by Dana Spiotta (Scribner; $23).* The atmosphere of this skillful first novel, set in Los Angeles, is at once nervy and muted, like the double-edged mood that accompanies exhaustion. There's Mina, a restaurateur who drifts among three men in search of something she knows none of them can give her; Lorene, her elegant business partner, who once worked as a life-style consultant to the newly rich, telling them what single-malt Scotch to drink and what jazz to buy; Michael, her mentally unstable brother; David, her screenwriter husband; and Max, her lover and David's best friend. All five share a fear that they don't exist unless someone is paying attention to them, but since the possibility of lasting attention seems remote, they use style and taste to give shape to their lives: "I like small, orderly things I can contain," one says, explaining why he has cut himself off from his friends. Spiotta has a gift for evoking the way lucidity comes in flashes, like something glimpsed at the edge of a movie frame, making us want to see more.

Year of Wonders, *by Geraldine Brooks (Viking; $24.95).* In 1665, the intense young pastor of a plague-stricken Derbyshire village persuades his parish to quarantine itself from the outside world. This selfless decision leads to the deaths of two-thirds of the inhabitants but saves the surrounding towns, as it did in the case of the historical village that inspired the tale. The novel glitters with careful research into such arcana as seventeenth-century lead-mining, sheep-farming, and, of course, medicine, but its true strength is a deep imaginative engagement with how people are changed by catastrophe. Fear and despair fan the usual petty rivalries of village life into murderous hatreds, and the community fragments just when it should be pulling together. A rare few—including the narrator, a young widow who is a servant of the pastor—discover new strengths and abilities. When the epidemic is over, a year later, the survivors are too weary, damaged, and numb to rejoice.



Stravinsky Inside Out, *by Charles M. Joseph (Yale; $29.95).* Throughout his professional life, Igor Stravinsky—the preëminent composer of the last century—projected a confident image to the public: that of a musical visionary and intellectual sophist who was oblivious of the feelings of his audience and his critics. Joseph's book, not a conventional biography but an engaging series of studies, reveals a far more flawed and fragile human being, who craved approval, dealt ungenerously with colleagues, loved James Bond movies, and tried hard to further his son's musical career. Although the aged Stravinsky's eagerness to play the role of celebrity composer for the golden age of television (as long as the price was right) was an embarrassment, most of these episodes testify to the protean survival skills of an artist whose sense of identity was always in flux and whose cunning was commensurate with his talent.

Eyewitness to Wall Street: 400 Years of Dreamers, Schemers, Busts, and Booms, *by David Colbert (Broadway; $30).* Like Studs Terkel, Colbert has developed his own method of historical reportage—here, as in his earlier "Eyewitness to America," he collects hundreds of original accounts (newspaper articles, letters, diary entries) of New York's financial goings on. Almost every era of the city's history is represented: the early days of banking in New Amsterdam, the promotion of Liberty Bonds by the likes of Charlie Chaplin during the First World War, the recent Internet and day-trading boom. There is wonderful stuff here, but the many selections aren't all adequately labelled or contextualized. The book might have benefitted from a little more economy.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

THE BOYS IN THE BAND

What rock is all about.

BY DAVID DENBY

The hero of "Rock Star," Chris Cole (Mark Wahlberg), is a well-brought-up Pittsburgh boy who repairs copy machines during the day and tarts himself up with foundation, mascara, and eyeliner at night—the feminine accoutrements that make him a hetero killer. Sheathed in leather (but no underwear), he becomes the lead singer in Blood Pollution, a "tribute" band devoted to the implacably mediocre Brit kings of heavy metal, Steel Dragon. It's the mid-eighties, and Chris has modelled himself on Bobby Beers, Dragon's front man; he's got the shoulder-length hair, the pale, muscular flesh, a back arched like a bow. He can do all the vocals, including Bobby's endlessly prolonged banshee high notes, and, in a local factory, he and his friends put on a junior version of Dragon's touring extravaganza, complete with an Erector-set copy of Dragon's enormous stage rig. It turns out that Blood Pollution isn't the only Steel Dragon tribute band in Pittsburgh. In a parking lot, the boys get into a quarrel with another one—Black Babylon—over the details of their heroes' dress. The writer, John Stockwell, and the director, Stephen Herek, refuse to make fun of the arrant copycat behavior. Ridicule would be too easy, and no one could care about a hero who was just a soulless replicant. Chris may be lost, or confused—he'd rather imitate Bobby Beers than work on his own material—but he's dead serious about what he does, he's got some talent, and he's part of a pop subworld that, fuelled by rivalries and furious ambition, has its own mad logic. Girls, it seems, will go crazy over even a good tribute band.

Stockwell and Herek avoid the clichés of rock sociology: Chris is not alienated or rebellious, his parents love his music, and he's been going with the same girl since high school—Emily (Jennifer Aniston), who serves as his calculating manager and caretaker. She inserts a nipple ring into his chest with great delicacy, not something that any old rock manager can do for you. Solemn and determined, Wahlberg brings a forlorn quality to the role: Chris, for all his attractiveness to women, feels like a little boy climbing a hill to nowhere. In "Planet of the Apes," Wahlberg had less to say than the chimps, who mainly shrieked, and though he moved well, as an action hero he looked blank and out of place. But last year, in "The Yards," he was touching as a young ex-con who gets dragged back into crime, and his performance in "Rock Star" proves that when he's anchored in a family, a neighborhood, a milieu, he takes strength from his surroundings and can be very affecting. He'll never set the world afire, but he's not trying to. He's a solid, earnest fellow—not a trace of irony there—and his pale plainness has an almost heroic quality. There's no distance between what his characters want and what they're willing to do.

Kirk Cuddy (Dominic West), the head of Steel Dragon, a grinning shark with a thick mass of Louis XIV hair, suddenly calls from Los Angeles; Bobby Beers has been thrown out, and the band needs a new front man. Chris has copied Beers so slavishly that he's able to step right in. (The plot is drawn from a true story involving the British

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band Judas Priest and a young replacement from Akron, Ohio.) In his first concert with Steel Dragon, Chris tumbles off the band's huge stage set but picks himself up, dazed and bloodied, and continues to sing. His début is a sensation, though it may seem that what a lead singer does in a metal band requires more nerve than genius. The movie is saying that the original performer in this kind of high-schlock touring group has no special aura; the copy and the original are the same. Chris becomes a big star overnight, and Herek works from the point of view of the two Pittsburgh hicks: Chris experiences the sudden success as an endless temptation, Emily as the end of her life. A svelte sex parasite (Dagmara Dominczyk) who works for the band makes it clear that Emily's standing as girlfriend means nothing, and that Chris, who has been reborn in the band as Izzy, is now a piece of common property available to fans, hangers on, and groupies. Sex is what rock is all about. The night after the first concert becomes an initiation into the not unappealing rock-group study methods of constant partying; at a club, good-looking partners show up, seemingly out of the walls, and the dance floor becomes a sea of polymorphous perversity, followed by morning-after-the-orgy confusion in which Chris and Emily, separated, search for their clothes among the fallen bodies.

Aniston and Wahlberg: initiates into the rock-group study methods of constant partying.

STEVE BRODNER

"Rock Star" is a more sardonic and incisive back-stage look at rock than "Almost Famous," which was softened by Cameron Crowe's nostalgia for his own remarkable good fortune. Kirk Cuddy is a businessman-performer with no interest in creativity: Stay on the treadmill, please the fans, do the same thing year after year—that's the way to make money. Rock touring, as we can see, is a necessary system of excess. The band acts out the rituals of wildness and dissipation; the fans expect it, and it's good for business. Stephen Herek, who directed such entertainments as "Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure" and "Mr. Holland's Opus," works gently within a frame of wised-up disaffection. Herek has developed a pleasing way with actors; he brings out the private moment, the instant of recognition. There's a rather chilling scene in which Emily, consigned to a limo with the other wives and girlfriends (the boys hang out with fresh girls in the tour bus), realizes what the rest of her life will look like. The women in the limo, in their early twenties, are puffy-faced, blowsy, and cynical; Aniston's shrewd, hard little features have never worked better as a comic foil to what's going on around her. And Herek gets a moving performance from Timothy Spall, one of Mike Leigh's regulars, whose pronounced nose and teeth stick out from a swatch of matted blond hair. Spall looks like a debauched escapee from "Alice in Wonderland." He plays Mats, the manager of Steel Dragon, the guy who keeps the show on the road, and he has a saddened quality: Mats, gatekeeper and pimp, has left an ordinary life behind for this raucous and lewd show-business existence. He can't go back, but his look of regret is a reminder that there's a world outside rock touring.

Much of "Rock Star" is good. It's what's missing that holds the movie at the middling level. "Rock Star" is the story of a precipitous rise followed by rapid disillusion, and the rise works well, but the disillusion is more abrupt than Chris's fall off that stage set. The movie turns into an overly schematic morality tale about a regular guy who gets everything he wants, only to discover that he doesn't really want it. But there seem to be two or three scenes missing, and the filmmakers are far too protective of their hero. We see Chris fending off girls but not giving in to them; we see him wasted but not actually taking drugs. After six months or so with the band, he knows he's an imitator who could himself be easily replaced. But when he develops the desire to write his own songs the urge comes out of nowhere. The soft ballad that he eventually writes is not, putting it mildly, very distinctive. "Rock Star" doesn't have a good word to say about the commercial rock world, and people who think rock and roll became a crock after the early seventies will take a grim pleasure in it. Perhaps inadvertently, the movie suggests that there's no real creativity around; it presents the hero's soulful integrity as the best rock has to offer, and that can't be enough. ♦

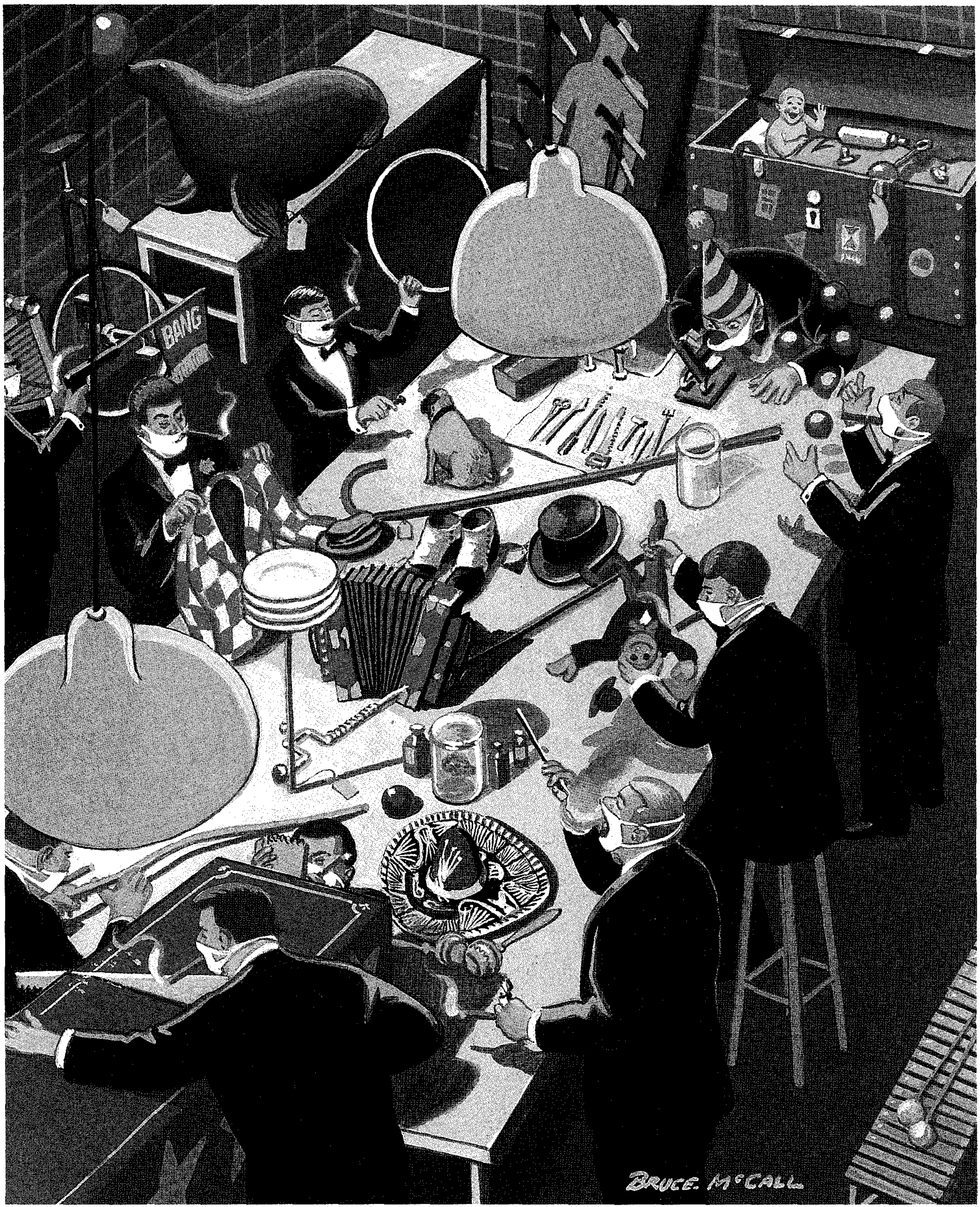
CORRECTION OF THE WEEK
From Circus Report.

In Donn Moyer's recent article about "Circus Magicus," the exhibit at the museum in Victoria, BC, the sentence about exhibits should have read:

"Reversible coat and juggling clubs of Tommy Hanneford. Standing on horse back at full gallop, he took off his coat and out in on inside out between two somersaults."

THE BACK PAGE BY BRUCE McCALL

FORENSIC COMEDIANS CLOSE TO SOLVING WHO KILLED VAUDEVILLE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BRUCE. McCALL

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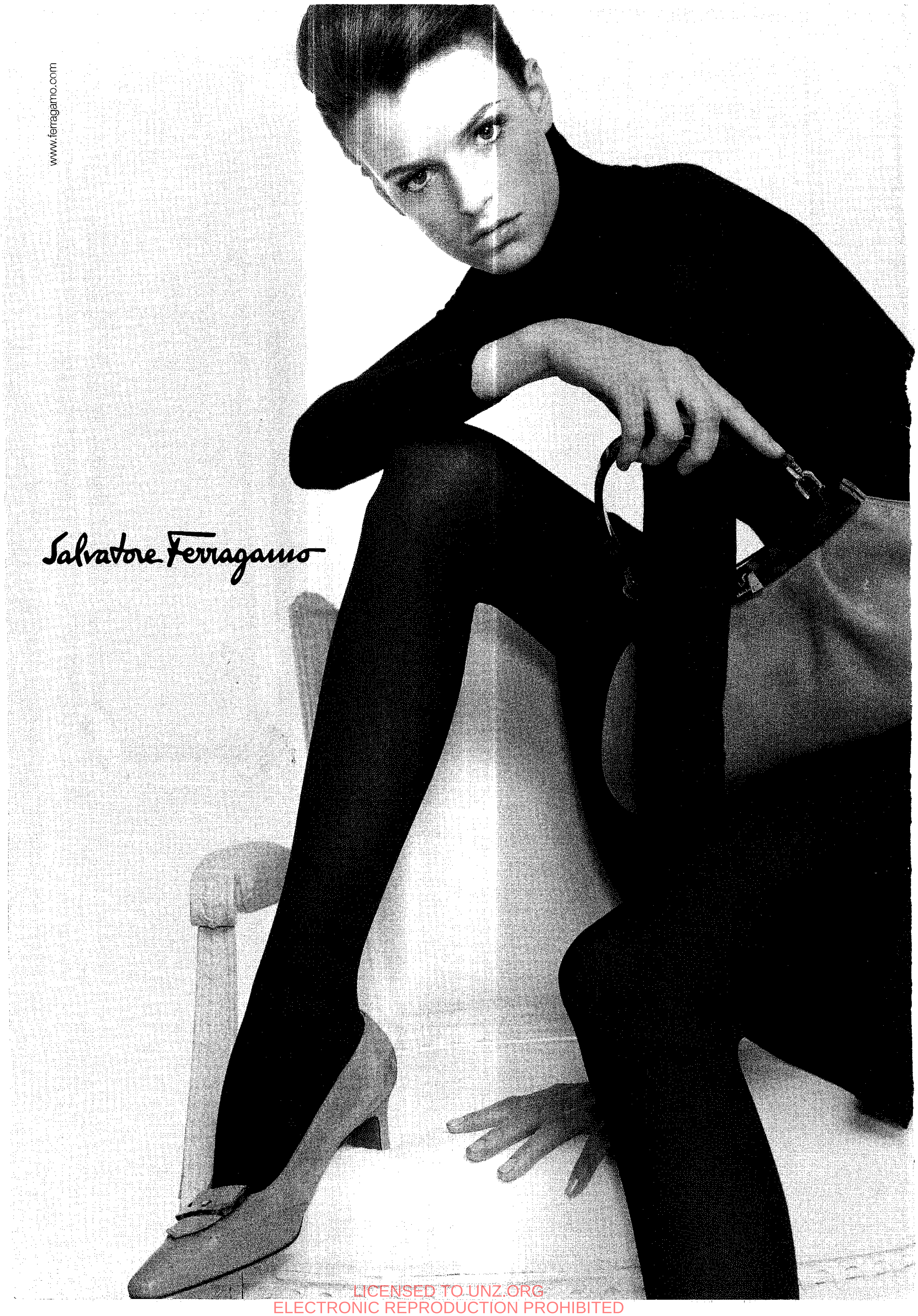
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